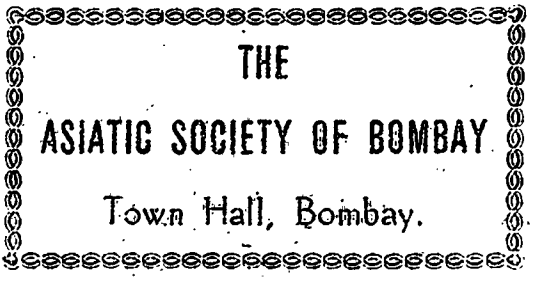
00021393

NOT TO BE ISSUED
OUT OF THE LIBRARY.



Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 26 June, 2018

MEMOIRS

OF

SIR PHILIP FRANCIS.

VOL. II.

LONDON

PRINTED BY SPOTTISWOODE AND CO.

NEW-STREET SQUARE

COPY OF A CARICATURE OF SIR PHILIP FRANCIS

MEMOIRS

OF

SIR PHILIP FRANCIS, K.C.B.

WITH

CORRESPONDENCE AND JOURNALS.

B 480

COMMENCED BY THE LATE

JOSEPH PARKES, Esq.

COMPLETED AND EDITED BY

HERMAN MERIVALE, M.A.

21393

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II.

XX-f-22

LONDON:
LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.
1867.

920.5
Fra/Par/Mem
21393

00021393

ECCIS

CONTENTS

OF

THE SECOND VOLUME.

CHAPTER I.

FRANCIS IN INDIA. PART I.

[1774-1777.]

Character and Conduct of Francis in office—Voyage to India—'Hints for my own conduct'—Opposition of the three Government Councillors to Hastings—Life in India—Clavering and Barwell—Trial and Execution of Nuncomar—'Memorandum of Proceedings of himself and colleagues'—Winnings at Whist—Death of Colonel Monson, and recovery of power in the Council by Hastings—Death of Macrabie . . . . . PAGE 1

CHAPTER II.

FRANCIS IN INDIA.

[1777-1781.]

Better prospects—Hopes of the Governor-Generalship—Character of Hastings by Francis—Indian Journal—Hastings refuses to resign—Decision of the Supreme Court between him and Clavering—Mahratta War—Death of Clavering—Arrival of Wheler—Burke on the Revenue Settlement—Affair of the Grands—Arrival of Sir Eyre Coote—Temporary accommodation with Hastings—Rupture—Duel between Francis and Hastings—Return to England 77

CHAPTER III.

FRANCIS IN ENGLAND: IMPEACHMENT OF HASTINGS.

[1781-1796.]

Return to England—Reception there—Defence of his Indian career in the press—'Booksellers' edition' of Junius—His fortune—Elected M.P. for Yarmouth—Parliamentary career and qualifications as a Speaker—Return to England and Impeachment of Hastings—Francis excluded from the Managership—Elected M.P. for Blechingley—Correspondence with Burke—Political Sentiments 203

CHAPTER IV.

PARLIAMENTARY LIFE—*continued.*

[1797–1806.]

Parliamentary Secession of Fox—Correspondence respecting it—Friendship with the Thanets—Returned for Appleby, 1802—Intimacy with the Prince of Wales—Fears of Invasion—Break up of the Addington Ministry—Family Affairs—Death of his two Daughters and his Wife—Visits to the Continent—Lord Grenville and Fox in office—Disappointments—Knighted . . . . . PAGE 303

CHAPTER V.

LATER YEARS.

Relations with the Prince of Wales—Reform—Peninsular War—Second Marriage—His conduct after the appearance of 'Junius Identified'—Personal Character—Anecdotes and Table Talk—Last Illness—Death 358

APPENDIX.

NO.		PAGE
I.	Catalogue of Tracts in the Library of Sir Philip Francis . .	421
II.	Character of Charles James Fox, a fragment	443
III.	Characteristics of the Kings of England, a fragment . . .	464
IV.	Characteristics of Junius as an individual, by Mr. Parkes . .	530

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

COPY OF A CARICATURE OF SIR PHILIP FRANCIS . . *Frontispiece.*

FACSIMILES *to be placed at the end of the Volume*, viz.:—

1. Specimen of the current epistolary Handwriting of Francis.
2. Specimen of the Clerical Hand commonly used by Francis in copying. Extract of a passage of Cicero, inscribed in a letter of 1780.
3. Smaller specimen of ditto; from an entry by Francis, of a report by himself of a debate in the House of Lords. (March 14, 1770.)
4. Passage in a letter written for Francis by an amanuensis, with words in his own hand introduced.
5. Author of 'Candor' to Woodfall.
6. Junius to Woodfall, private, No. 2. May 5, 1769.
7. Junius to Woodfall, private, No. 12. Nov. 12, 1769.

Erratum.

P. 417, line 1, *add* was, after all, *before* emphatically.

MEMOIRS AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF

SIR PHILIP FRANCIS, K.C.B.

CHAPTER I.

FRANCIS IN INDIA. PART I.

[1774—1777.]

Character and Conduct of Francis in office—Voyage to India—'Hints for my own conduct'—Opposition of the three Government Councillors to Hastings—Life in India—Clavering and Barwell—Trial and Execution of Nuncomar—'Memorandum of Proceedings of himself and colleagues'—Winnings at Whist—Death of Colonel Monson, and recovery of power in the Council by Hastings—Death of Macrabie.

We now enter on the second division of the life of Francis: his disturbed and eventful career in India. The materials for describing it, both public and private, are so extremely copious, as to leave the biographer only a perplexing task of selection. The parliamentary and other records of East Indian history, and in particular those which relate to the subsequent proceedings against Hastings, lay bare, as it were, the daily and almost hourly vicissitudes of the warfare carried on round the council table at Calcutta between the two sections of that body; or rather, the prolonged five years' duel, in words and writings, between Francis and Hastings, ending in an appeal to the actual pistol. But Francis, with that almost portentous industry which characterised him, while deeply engaged in council and

other business at Calcutta, kept also diaries, maintained an active correspondence with several friends in England, copied or got copied all his own letters, and preserved those addressed to him. I have before me seventeen large folio and quarto manuscript volumes, in which he has entered and bound up (apparently) almost all the letters addressed to him in India, together with transcripts of his own, mingled with official minutes of council (the most important of which were printed for parliament in the course of the Hastings impeachment), orders, memoranda, public papers of various kinds; and (from 1777 to 1781) a private journal, kept from day to day. His letters to his wife thus copied are few, and apparently he did not mean them to be preserved, except a few, which may be termed 'demi-official,' superscribed, in general, to 'My dear Mrs. Francis,' which, no doubt, were addressed to her with a view to their circulation amongst others.[1] Little order is maintained in these volumes, except that of dates, not very carefully attended to. The most secret and confidential communications are mingled with the most trivial, and

[1] Mrs. Francis kept for her husband's benefit, during his absence, a regular journal of domestic events, which she despatched to him from time to time. It is the production of a tenderly attached and admiring wife; but devoted almost exclusively to the record of the progress of the six children, their studies and their gaieties, her own little incursions into a social world for which she was by no means made; her solicitude for her own family and parents (until the death of both in 1777); and the vicissitudes, of which something has already been said, of her economical affairs. But it is touching in its homely way, as it shows the gradual effect of distance, and the evil influences engendered by long absence, on domestic love which had been so deeply rooted as theirs; until she, so absolutely confiding at first in her fondness, is forced to say at last, 'I was but too sure separation for seven years would make a great alteration in your affection; and indeed I am sorry to say, I fear it has a very great one indeed.' She was not, however, qualified to be a sharer in his plots, nor a partner in his fierce ambition, nor to partake in his public or literary pursuits; and her simple cares, hopes, and sorrows are better left unrecorded.

with long political dissertations in the epistolary form. Some, addressed to ministers and their influential supporters, especially Lord North and Barrington, Welbore Ellis and Wedderburn (Lord Clive's friend and counsel), are strangely free in their disclosure of the writer's personal feelings, in which he seems to endeavour to make his powerful friends join by mere force of violent language. Those to his private allies, chiefly Godfrey, D'Oyly, Sir Henry Strachey, and John Bourke at home, and in India Sir John Day the Advocate-General, Bristow, Fowke and others, are often humorous, playful, entertaining, but even more frequently full of ebullition, of sarcasm, or of rancour, of irritation from the climate and disgust at the society of India, and of profound disappointment and discontent with his position. Altogether, they form a complete picture of the ordinary life of this remarkable man, in the ungrateful task, such as he esteemed and greatly helped to make it, of his Indian banishment.

His activity with the pen was something prodigious, as, we have seen, it had been in youth. I have counted as many as twenty letters, many of them of several pages, written for despatch by a couple of ships only, in a Calcutta September, when (in these more luxurious days) 'the hills' are the refuge of every Englishman who can afford it, and all but absolute inaction is observed by the few who are forced to stay at home.[1] A very large

[1] It is noticeable that one of the points on which Francis's enemies in India attacked him was that of idleness, and using other men's brains instead of exerting his own. Captain Price, a personal enemy, in his observations on the travels of Macintosh (of which more hereafter), says: 'His next,' or 44th letter, 'seems to have been written with the sole intention of exhibiting the great abilities of his patron and friend Mr. Philip Francis. I shall, Mr. Macintosh, take occasion to inform the world that you needed not to have asked leave of that artful man to make a few short observations on his works. If he has written anything to the Honourable Company on the

portion of this mass of manuscript is in his own ascertained handwriting, but a good deal more in that of amanuenses or copyists. His private secretary and brother-in-law, Macrabie, describing his mode of life soon after arriving in Calcutta, says, that he sometimes dictated to five or six persons at once. The handwriting of Macrabie acquired by degrees a striking similarity to his own: I observe an endorsement on one paper by his son (Philip Francis the younger) to the effect that he cannot decide whether that paper is in his father's hand or his uncle's. He used

subject you speak of, they are not his own observations. He is, Sir, no better than yourself; a copier or commentator on the works of other men; the custom of writing minutes on political subjects to be entered on the face of the Company's consultations, at the members' own houses, has been the means of raising to Mr. Francis the little credit he has obtained. Whatever the Governor-General proposed in council, Mr. Francis objected to, and promised a minute at a future meeting. A copy of the proposition was carried home. Messrs. Shore, Ducarrell, Anderson, Alexander, or Mr. Charles Grant were sent for; the three first on all matters of revenue, or Hindoo laws and customs; the fourth on affairs of the army; and the fifth on mercantile affairs: they digested the minute, and Mr. Francis copied it and carried it to the board. To prove this, I refer to his crude and undigested letters to the Company exhibited in the Second Report of the Select Committee of the House of Commons, namely, Nos. VII. and VIII. of the Appendix. He never thought that those curious productions would have been brought forward to the public eye; or he would have got Mr. William Harwood, a very able Company's servant, who came home in the ship with him, to have revised them for him. But he, like his friend Mr. Macintosh, never fails to be caught tripping, when they attempt anything purely from their own knowledge. I shall prove the copartnership by-and-by.' To any one who has been conversant with the papers of Francis and observed his almost incredible industry, such charges are ludicrous. But it is true that he was a good deal assisted in his 'minutes;' chiefly by David Anderson, Shore (afterwards Lord Teignmouth), and his own (and Lord Clive's) particular friend Ducarel. Francis says so himself, in one of his latest letters from India, and complains that some of his minutes were a good deal 'underwritten,' a phrase by which he denotes an inferior style of composition. The most important of these minutes are printed, but buried among masses of parliamentary papers. They exist also in many folio volumes of MS. preserved by himself. 'Before I went to bed' (says the poet Moore, in his Journal, Oct. 1818), 'I read some of Francis's Indian minutes, which are very ably done; quite able enough to mark him as the author of Junius.'

also occasionally a numerical cipher (especially in corresponding with D'Oyly, the most confidential ally of all), which I have not unravelled, but its occurrence is rare. Such are the materials with which his biographer has to deal. They would afford materials for a most complete history of British India, for seven important years, as well as of Francis. I must avoid the former, interesting as the subject is. It may be studied in the pages of Mill and other Indian historians, and, in a more popular form, in Macaulay's two best biographies—'Warren Hastings' and 'Clive;' and the additions to our substantial knowledge on the subject which these papers of Francis may contribute, will, I hope, be extracted from them by others. I must content myself with using them for the personal biography of the subject of this work, and assume in my reader some knowledge of the great public events in which he was engaged.

We have already had materials before us for judging, to a certain extent, of the character and disposition of Philip Francis. But the Greek proverb, that 'office shows what a man really is,' was never more distinctly verified than in his case. Thrown as he was entirely on his own resources when in India, almost without friends qualified to be counsellors, between enemies on the one hand and dependents on the other, the peculiarities of his disposition, which comparative obscurity had hitherto kept in the background, exhibited themselves at once, and his merits and defects, as a chief among men and administrator of a great empire, came prominently forward: the latter, unfortunately, counterbalancing the former, rendering his great abilities almost useless, and casting a lurid shade even over the real virtues which he possessed.

The pugnacious disposition of Francis, at once hasty in quarrel and implacable in the conduct of it, is fixed

on by Macaulay as one of those principal characteristics which assimilate him to *Junius*. The well-known passage to this effect (in his essay on Warren Hastings) affords an admirable instance of the sagacity of our great historian, in deducing right conclusions from imperfect knowledge. Had he studied that mass of manuscript remains from which these volumes are compiled, he would not have seen reason to correct or modify it in any degree. 'Junius' (he says) 'was clearly a man not destitute of real patriotism and magnanimity, a man whose vices were not of the sordid kind. But he must also have been a man in the highest degree arrogant and insolent; a man prone to malevolence, and prone to the error of mistaking his malevolence for public virtue. "Doest thou well to be angry?" was the question asked in old time of the Hebrew prophet. And he answered, "I do well." This was evidently the temper of Junius; and to this cause we attribute the savage cruelty which disgraces several of his letters. No man is so merciless as he who, under a strong delusion, confounds his antipathies with his duties. . . . All this, we believe, might stand, with scarcely any change, for a character of Philip Francis.'

Closely allied to this master defect was that of a proud and unaccommodating spirit. 'You have acquired the reputation of haughtiness,' writes his intimate ally, Godfrey, to him in a very friendly letter of advice, November 6, 1775, 'and an instance was mentioned to me of your treating a gentleman very unhandsomely at your own table.' 'I know not,' answers Francis, June 27, 1776, 'on what facts or appearances the charge of loftiness imputed to me may be founded, but I can assure you by everything that is sacred, the circumstance you allude to is utterly without foundation: and as you do not mention the name of the gentleman whom I am supposed to

have ill-treated at my own table, I can only say that it is not in my nature, and an infamous calumny.'

Whether the particular story were true or false, the moral of it was undoubted, and Francis would have done better to take it to heart than to fly into a passion at the notice of it. Men in Calcutta (says Mr. Impey) 'gave him in derision the name of King Francis, or Francis the First.'

'One thing, however, must be said for him, his haughtiness, like the 'sæva indignatio' of Swift, was, to a considerable extent, provoked by the close observation which his position afforded him of the weakness and meanness of ordinary men in public life. It had been thus with him during the composition of his anonymous letters, when the very necessity imposed on him of finding food for satire and invective compelled him to search out the privy faults of those whom he persecuted. It was so much more in India, where the exceeding venality and corruption of too large a proportion of the British 'Colony,' their absolute callousness to dishonour in the acquisition of pecuniary gain, obtruded themselves daily on his notice without any such research on his part. And it must be said to his honour, that he was proof, himself, against the corruption which he so vehemently condemned in others. Francis went to India to seek his fortune. I have found scarcely an imputation made by his bitterest enemies, and none whatever proved, that he added to it by accepting bribes or other dishonourable means. His opportunities for doing so were ample beyond the most extravagant wishes. In the state of complete financial confusion in which he found Bengal, the collectors of revenue, European and native, had the means of enriching themselves thrown recklessly within their grasp, and were ready enough to purchase

the influence of any member of the executive towards obtaining some profitable post. Francis (as we shall see) had no scruple in dealing the most sweeping accusations against his opponents in the Indian government of availing themselves of these opportunities of corruption. But I do not find that even the most unscrupulous among them retorted the charge. On this head, at all events, his career challenges examination, and merits real honour.

Another cause of the unpopularity, and comparative failure, of Francis, was of a different order. His abilities were very great. But they were in a certain sense unpractical; or rather, they did not stop short at the practical: a great defect in an English statesman, if immediate success is to be the test of his merits. Lord Brougham (who only knew him in very advanced life) has strangely misunderstood his leading mental qualities. 'His character' (he says in his 'British Statesmen') was full of fire, possessed of great quickness, was even, within certain limits, possessed of considerable force: but was wholly wanting in delicacy, as well as unequal to taking enlarged views, and unfit for sober reflexion.'

Those who study him, especially with the aid of his remains as yet unpublished, will easily perceive that his leading intellectual defect was of the very opposite description. He was apt to take too enlarged views of every subject—too enlarged, that is, for immediate use, and for the actual needs of his political chiefs and patrons. The tendency of his mind was eminently logical and generalising. He treated every question with a disposition to adopt the widest and most systematic conclusions. On the government of India—as on English constitutional law, politics, and history, nay, on questions of education, religion, literature—it is remarkable how immediately this disposition to reduce everything to system always

develops itself in his writings, and, in later days, in his parliamentary speeches. In this respect he bore a very strong resemblance to his great friend and countryman, Edmund Burke: his intense admiration for whom, at a time when Burke was not as yet adequately appreciated by the public, was no doubt partly founded on his consciousness of this similarity. And the result was that, like Burke, he 'shot over the heads' of his contemporaries, and especially of his fellow-labourers. 'Junius' had laid, by bold generalizations, the foundation of modern doctrines of freedom of the person and the press, when very few were disposed to follow out his theories, except mere demagogues, who could not really understand, and merely abused them. And Francis, as we shall see hereafter, may be said with equal truth, to have sketched the outlines of the system of Indian government which now prevails: although many years passed before his views were appreciated, and nearly a century before they were adopted.

It is necessary to repeat that under the Regulating Act, the government of Bengal was vested in the Governor-General, Warren Hastings, who was also President of the Council; and in four other councillors: Barwell, an old servant of the Company and devoted adherent of Hastings; and Clavering, Monson, and Francis, sent from England, in point of fact, to control, and, as they held themselves, to supersede, the existing authorities. For the Governor-General, although nominally head of the executive, was in council only the equal of any other member, unless he had occasion to use the casting-vote.

Undoubtedly, and notwithstanding their disclaimers, the three new councillors went out armed with the most uncompromising spirit of hostility towards the government of the Company, and towards Hastings in particular;

although, as yet, their acquaintance with the former was derived only from study in England, and with the second only from hearsay. But it must be remembered, in justice to them, that the Company's administration had at this time broken down in financial disorganisation and threatening bankruptcy; and that Hastings—whom subsequent events, and a reaction in the public mind partly justified by them, afterwards elevated into a hero—stood just at this time arraigned in general estimation of many heavy misdemeanours, and especially of the most recent and the worst of all, of which impartial history cannot clear his memory. He had sold the Rohillas, a brave and, as regarded us, an innocent people, to military execution, by fire and sword, merely to satisfy by the price of their blood the imperious pecuniary exigencies of his masters the Directors, which a nobler spirit would have withstood even in a less sacred cause. 'Nothing could be more unfortunate for Mr. Hastings than his war against the Rohillas, and the suppression of his correspondence with Mr. Middleton.[1] The first branded his administration with a mark, which its many virtues were never able to obliterate, of cruel and unprincipled aggression; and the second stained him with a natural suspicion of personal impurity. Both together gave his rivals those advantages over him which rendered his subsequent administration a source of contention and misery, and involved him in so great a storm of difficulties and dangers at its close.'[2]

The career of Francis at the council board in India is naturally divided into three periods, nearly equal in length. The first lasts from his arrival in October 1774,

[1] Hastings's agent in Oude, part of whose communications he was accused of suppressing.

[2] Mill's British India, iii. 587.

down to the death of Monson, in September 1776. During all this time, the three government councillors, by their combined action, outvoted Hastings and Barwell; and Francis, by far the ablest of the three, was practically the chief governor of the country, or would have been so had his own intemperate nature allowed. The second, from the death of Monson to the arrival of Wheler, December 1777: during which Hastings and Barwell turned the tables on the two survivors through the former's casting-vote, and absolutely wrested all power out of the hand of Clavering and Francis. The third, from Wheler's arrival to Francis's departure at the end of 1780; during which forces were not so uniformly balanced, and, for part of the time, a suspension of hostilities existed between him and Hastings; but, on the whole, the Governor-General prevailed.

To return from these anticipatory remarks to the events of Francis's voyage to India. These are recounted in an entertaining traveller's journal by his private secretary Macrabie. They embarked on board the Ashburnham on April 1, but were detained several days at Spithead, during which the following 'plan of life' was arranged:

> Our party being now completed: viz. General Clavering, Mrs. Clavering, three Miss Claverings; Colonel Monson and Lady Anne; Mr. Francis and Mr. Macrabie; Colonel Thornton, Captains De le Duespe and Webber; and Mr. Addison. These, with Mr. Lowder, Captain Jamieson, and the Doctor (Mr. Gordon) are the constant company at table. To these it is agreed that there shall be added at dinner, the officer of the ship who is on duty, and occasionally some one of the passengers who are in the second mess. Our regulations are as follows: breakfast at nine, dine at three, drink tea at six, sup at nine. No person, except the ladies, may appear at table in an undress. But it is resolved that all troublesome forms shall be banished; no toasts, nor any drinking of healths, neither are there to be any hot suppers. . . . N.B. We do not play cards on Sunday. But the party on board the Anson do; and drink healths and bumper toasts of all sorts.

When a six months' voyage was in contemplation, such preconcerted arrangements were desirable. The 'party on board the Anson' were the judges of the Supreme Court created by the same Regulation Act to which Francis owed his appointment: Impey, Hyde, Chambers, and Lemaistre. It seems to have been thought advisable that the two vessels should keep close company: they left England, touched at Madeira and the Cape, and entered the Hooghly together. The reader who may notice in the 'Autobiographical Fragment,' the angry spirit excited in Francis by the powers given to the Supreme Court—making the executive, as he alleged, the agent, instead of master, of the judicial power—will easily conceive the splenetic feelings which this companionship aroused. The arrangement seemed like that satirised by Juvenal—

ac sibi consul
Ne placeat, curru servus portatur eodem.

The Journal is full of gibes at the Anson and her legal freight.

On April 21 they anchored in Funchal Road, and remained ten days in the island, visiting the people of distinction. 'We observe,' notes Macrabie, 'that the commission with the great seal constantly attends the judges. The chief justice has stole a march on the gentlemen of the council in point of precedence: a mark of distinction which takes from the dignity of the latter without doing any credit, in my opinion, to the other honourable gentlemen.' On the 2nd of July they sighted the Cape of Good Hope, and anchored in Symon's Bay on the 3rd; 'amidst the rain and storms of mid-winter, which prevails in all its horrors at the Cape of Good Hope.' Nevertheless, 'Mynheer Brandt, the commandant, comes to pay

his compliments—which he does in pretty good English, though he never was out of the settlement. This gentleman speaks so much of Banks and Solander, and plants and shells, that Lady Anne can no longer resist the impulse of her curiosity, but resolves to go on shore immediately.' The whole party soon followed, establishing themselves in such lodgings as they could find, and remained a fortnight in the colony, leaving it on the 18th.[1] On August 20 they touched at the island of Joanna, and reached Madras, following their consort the Anson, on the 21st September. The lawyers, having originally stolen a march on the councillors, victoriously kept ahead.

The Supreme Court of Judicature, says Macrabie, always take the lead of us. They sail better than we do, and their charter gives them the precedence. Their worships landed two days before us. What marks of honour and respect they may have been distinguished by I know not; but nothing could exceed those shown to our party. . . . If splendour accompanied heat, a ball in India

---

[1] Some of the customs of the Cape people struck Macrabie's imagination by their singularity.

Sunday, July 10, 1774.—The first day of the week passes as heavily in the Southern as in the Northern hemisphere. . . . The order of things is strangely inverted here: we go to Church to avoid sleeping! A Dutch priest wears a long black wig: and I observe that sprinkling is the only ceremony used in baptism. The sign of the cross is cautiously avoided. I suppose with a prudent view. If young minds were to be affected with the vulgar prejudices of Europe, it might prove a stumbling-block in the way of their trade with Japan, &c. Two couples were married. One of the bridegrooms was dressed in a black silk coat and breeches, and a black wig. He had indeed a waistcoat of white satin and white gloves. One bride was dressed entirely in black: the other as white as snow. Godfather and godmother all wear black. What can be the meaning of all this?

Monday morning, July 11.—And who the plague is that man in a scarlet coat, going through the streets with a green velvet bag with silk tassels under his arms? Mr. Stahr informs me he is a barber. I took him for the Governor's Secretary. By-the-by, the Governor himself paid a visit of ceremony yesterday evening to General Clavering; and came in half boots, and Madame la Gouvernante had a small pink hat upon one side of her head, like that of an opera-dancer.

ought to be uncommonly splendid. The appearance of the ladies, even before country dances, was rather ardent than luminous. When the minuets are ended, they go home with their partners to undress, and, after a little refreshment, return again in the purest innocence of muslin, and in the simplicity of a nightgown. The zeal and activity with which they exert themselves in country dances is exercise enough for the spectators. By dint of motion, these children of the sun, in a very few minutes, get as hot as their father, and then it is not safe to approach them. In this agitation they continue, literally swimming through the dance, until he comes himself and reminds them of the hour.

After narrowly escaping an accident at the mouth of the Hooghly, they reached Calcutta at last on October 19.

Exactly at noon, a comfortable season for establishing the etiquette of precedency, the whole party are disposed in three boats, and both courts safely landed at the capital of their jurisdiction. The procession to the Governor's house beggars all description; the heat, the confusion; not an attempt at regularity. No guards—no person to receive or to show the way—no state. This the age of reformation. But surely Mr. Hastings might have put on a ruffled shirt![1]

Hastings—who, if informed, as he doubtless was by advices from England, of the disposition which his visitors, and especially Francis, entertained towards him, must have felt like Dryden's hunter when he listens to the approach of the bear—

> And saith, Here comes my mortal enemy,
> And either he must fall in fight, or I—

is said by Francis (but only in a mutilated MS. account of some private transactions between them, which I find in his handwriting, drawn up in a very vindictive spirit about 1776) to have been 'prepared' to bribe them with an hundred thousand pounds apiece, and to have only perceived with difficulty that corruption was out of the

[1] The common story (preserved in the number of the 'Calcutta Review,' already quoted) that the three new members of council took offence at being greeted with a salute of nineteen guns only, instead of a 'royal salute,' finds no confirmation that I can discover in the Francis papers, although he and party were ready enough to record any supposed indignity.

question.[1] At all events, he judged it best, at first, to assume a courteous exterior, and had already addressed to them at Madras a civil batch of letters, which will be found in Gleig's 'Life of Hastings.' They were acknowledged with equal politeness. But even this appearance of courtesy was destined to be of very short duration. On October 25 'that struggle of parties in the council,' says Mr. Gleig, 'began, which throughout four long years continued to make its baleful influence felt to the remotest corners of the Company's possessions in India.'

Macrabie thus announces their arrival in a letter to his American friend Richard Tilman :—

November 1774.

My dear Tilman,—We landed here October 19, upon which occasion the acclamations were as loud, and the congratulations as sincere, as we expected. We had a very narrow escape upon the coast. Many ships were lost in the same storm. Had the prayer of the wicked prevailed, we should then have met the fate of the Aurora, and our loss would have been as little regarded in the provinces. When virtue and justice fled from Europe, it was not in Bengal they found a refuge. Our friends whom the legislature have in their wisdom sent here for the better regulating the affairs of the East India Company have employment for an age. Their hands, heads, and hearts are full; and were it not for the most perfect unanimity, and that noble firmness of which I despaired of ever seeking such instances, the attempt were vain. But I shall still look forward in anxious hope that it is not too late for them to save a country. . . . Here I find Oliver, the intimate friend of W. Barwell, under whose protection he lives perfectly *en prince*. He laughs at my rigid virtue, and foretells the dissolution of it upon the first approach of warm temptation. I would laugh with him, if the subject were not too serious; but with the noble example I have every hour before my eyes, I (would remain) intact. I am well

[1] Monson, a man of scrupulous probity, was rather prudish (according to the notions of Bengal) in his mode of exhibiting it. He set his face against the practice of receiving, not only substantial presents, but 'nuzzirs' or trifling tokens of respect. For which he is only ridiculed by pamphleteers on the other side.

enough affected towards the good things of this life, but I should deserve hanging, could I be base enough to become rich by unworthy means. . . .

Among Francis's papers of this period is to be found the following, entitled 'Hints for my own conduct.' Very few men are to be found capable of carrying into execution the sagacious maxims which they thus propound to themselves, and Francis certainly was not of the number.

HINTS FOR MY OWN CONDUCT.

1. To aim at preserving a personal consequence as much as possible, independent of any supposed connexion with or attachment to 67.

2. To observe the strictest moderation not only in the transaction of business, but in all my discourses, especially where the interests or characters of individuals are concerned.

3. In council, to listen with a respectful attention to every man's opinion, and to deliver my own with gravity and dignity, and avoiding altercation. Never to deliver any opinion on a subject I have not considered.

4. To study the characters and views of Hastings and Barwell, and watch the appearance of private connexions between any members of the council.

5. Not to be forward to take any lead in business, but rather let it devolve on me.

6. To receive everybody with affability, and do as many kind offices as possible.

7. When prosecutions are necessary, to seem to be forced into them.

8. To encourage the resort of young people to me, from whom I may learn the current opinions with respect to persons and things. Their openness will more than make good their want of judgment.

9. To speak of the Company and Court of Directors with the utmost respect and submission.

10. In council, not to dispute or seem impracticable about trifles; and never protest but upon great occasions: then do it with argument, dignity, and firmness.

11. In making reformations, to take care not to offend bodies of men and individuals at the same time.

12. If *certain connexions* should be formed, to keep at a distance,

and let it be supposed that I would do more good, if it were in my power.

13. To watch everybody in my family with regard to the acceptance of presents, that, while I act clearly myself, I may not suffer by their corruption.

14. In general to avoid the odium of violent or offensive measures. Concurring only, not seeming to promote.

15. To adopt and unite all Lord Clive's friends to me, without however offending others.

16. To live with economy, but not with reserve; so that men may have a pleasure in resorting to my house without the expectation of extravagant entertainments.

17. Above all things to beware of giving a sudden assent to the measures or principles of any former government. To avoid, if it be possible, giving any opinion (concerning the system actually pursued) that may bind or entangle me hereafter. I think this may be done at the same time that I show Mr. Hastings that I meet him with a sincere and upright intention to support his future administration. The orders of the Court of Directors will always be a plea for not deciding suddenly upon systems.

Macrabie to Kirkman.

December 1, 1774.

I assure you most faithfully, that as far as my knowledge and observation extend, the three gentlemen whom I had the honour of accompanying to India left England with a most favourable disposition towards their colleagues; too favourable to be affected by trifles. This disposition was increased by the friendly congratulatory letters they had received at Madras from Mr. Hastings. But cordiality, at least in public affairs, is now at an end. The line is drawn, and neither party, with honour or decency, can recede. It goes so far, that I am sure it will be impossible for them to act together. . . . . We earnestly request that you will possess yourself of a thorough knowledge of the subject before you decide. Think and act for yourself, and you must do right. I speak in Mr. Francis's name when I entreat you not to commit yourself hastily on either side. . . . As to what personally concerns him and his friends here, they have already taken their resolution. They hold it unworthy of their character to be engaged in perpetual and useless contest and altercation. If their conduct hitherto is approved of, it should be declaredly so, and they must be supported. If not, they will receive their recall without repining. But woe be to Bengal—woe be to England, if that should happen.

Francis's first private letters of importance went by the same ship.[1]

Francis to John Bourke.

November 30, 1774.

I should be ashamed to throw away a thought upon my own misery—the greatest however that my nature is capable of enduring—when I see this glorious empire, which I was sent to save and govern, tottering upon the verge of ruin; and no other hope before me but barely that of preserving my own honour from the general destruction. To what a situation, think you, is the richest country in the world reduced (Bengal was once that country, and nature intended it should be so) when the conquest and extirpation of all the little innocent states about us, who were our friends, who were our barrier, and who ought to have been the constant objects of our care and protection, is considered as a necessary measure of finance, to support the declining revenues of Bengal, and resolved upon with as much ease and indifference as the most trifling article in the budget! Let the Court of Directors look to it; this is not a question of party, nor does it touch the India Company alone: the question goes to the nation—Bengal or not Bengal? We have told them the truth; we shall continue to do so. The corruption is no longer confined to the stem of the tree, or to a few principal branches; every twig, every leaf is putrified. Obtain a sight of our despatches. Talk to Ned Burke; there must be a miscarry. He is wanted here. It would take him out of the line of English politics, and place him where his virtue and abilities ought to be employed. Common men will not do. I would resign my place to him with joy, or I would act with him, or I would act under him. This is but a hint; I hope it will be adopted and pursued elsewhere. You see it is of a most secret nature. At all events, let me conjure him, by everything he owes to his own honour, to the cause of truth, to justice, and to the English nation, to banish every idea of prejudice or predilection when he examines the Indian question, which I

[1] Throughout his stay in India, Francis sent despatches and letters regularly by the Company's ships. He also often sent duplicates by way of Suez. A letter took from four to seven months in its transit, consequently more than a twelvemonth elapsed, as a rule, between the despatch of tidings from one country and the receipt of notice of its arrival in the other. How great an advantage such a state of things gave the authority in possession—that is to say, Hastings in his struggle with his colleagues—needs no explanation.

think will soon go before Parliament. I am in that predicament in which I will not, and cannot, be contented with merely his approbation. He, and every honest man (if you have none of that character left, we have none to send you), must come forward and give us his support. Tell him from me—and as I speak truth with knowledge, so may I be honoured with his friendship or blasted with his contempt—that everything he has ever said of the state of domestic affairs represents a state of innocence, of purity, a refinement of virtue, an excess of integrity bordering upon a vice, compared with the condition in which we find the administration of this wretched country. . . . My heart, my head, my hand, have all had too heavy a load upon them to perform their offices with regularity. I will not suffer myself, however, to speak passionately to anybody but yourself. In our public despatches you will find argument enough; on such an occasion more warmth than we have expressed might, perhaps, be not only allowable, but right: mere logic may convince, but we want an animated reason to make men feel.

Farewell! I do not call for any proof of the friendship you owe me. I do not appeal to your affection. Be the friend of the public, and you will be mine. Keep this letter, that if ever I should swerve from my duty, you may fling it in my face.

The following postscript of a letter to Lord Barrington, of the same date, 1774 (concerning matter of private patronage), is, I presume, sarcastic:—

It would give your lordship, as it did us, infinite comfort to observe the state of hearty union in which we found our colleagues. Such a glorious sacrifice of private enmity to the public service has not, I believe, been seen since the days of Themistocles and Aristides.

'To do positive good,' he writes by the same mail to Welbore Ellis, his own earliest patron—the little mannikin Ellis of 'Junius' was now treasurer of the navy,—' with the chief executive officer and another of the council perpetually meeting us in front, is impracticable. Mr. H. has contrived to draw the whole administration into his own hands. The consequence is, that whatever information we get is extorted from him; and you see how easy it is for a man in his situation not only to perplex and deceive us, but to retard and embarrass the execution of measures already resolved on. As to inquiries into abuses, he tells us plainly that he looks upon every such attempt on our part as a personal attack upon his administration;

and indeed with some reason, for as this country is sold in jobs from top to bottom, so, let the case be what it may, we are sure to find Mr. H. or some of his connections one way or other concerned in it. This makes our labour endless and miserable.'

Hastings' version of the state of affairs will be found in his private letters, especially that to Lord North, of December 4, 1774.[1]

'The cause assigned for these differences,' he says, after describing their intensity, 'is the Rohilla war,' on which he proceeds to justify himself.

'General Clavering,' he writes to his friend Mr. Palk, 'is, I verily believe, a man of strict honour; but he brought strong prejudices with him, and he receives all his intelligence from men whose aim or interest it is to increase those prejudices. And he has acted a foolish part, for which I could punish him, if I chose, by leaving him in the chair which he has taken much pains to strip of all its consequence, and to which neither his abilities nor his experience enable him to give a consequence of any other kind. Colonel Monson is a sensible man, but received all his first impressions from Major Grant, and acts in all things from them. He no doubt thinks the second place better than the first. *As to Francis, I shall say nothing of him!*'

The details of the violent proceedings of the majority, during the months which immediately followed their arrival, will be found in many authorities. They censured the acts of Hastings and recalled his agents; Middleton, withdrawn from Oude, was succeeded by a friend of Francis's, Mr. Bristow, in whom the latter seems to have taken a peculiar interest. He addressed the following characteristic letter to Bristow's sister in England, urging her to use her influence to get the appointment confirmed. Francis's correspondence with ladies often runs into this kind of humorous gallantry, but there seems on the present occasion more earnestness in it than usual.

[1] Gleig's 'Memoirs of Hastings,' i. 471.

To Miss Bristow.

January 11, 1775.

Dear Madam,—Your brother will fully inform you of the rank and consequence of a post to which his distinguished merit has raised him. But I must tell you, my sweet friend, that advancement in this country is not the necessary consequence of distinguished merit, and that his cause must be supported in England by the hearty exertions of all his family and friends. You, madam, are supposed to have eloquent eyes; and, setting aside every other consideration, I assure you you cannot employ them in a more honourable cause. Let them shine with all their radiance upon the present occasion. To your brother you are bound by ties and duties of which I need not remind you. To me you owe an entire credit, and some return, when I assure you that I am, with unalterable—I must chuse my word—attachment, duty, and esteem,

Dearest Miss Bristow,

Your faithful servant,

P. F.

Concerning this gentleman, one of Francis's correspondents (Colonel Fraser) writes from London as follows:—

January 12, 1776.

His friends, one and all, feel the obligation of his appointment with the utmost gratitude. The idea of objecting to him as not of sufficient birth to hold any appointment in the Company's service is too ridiculous. In that respect he is surely inferior to the Earl of Bute's son, but to very few of the Company's servants. His father, one of the most respectable, and once one of the most opulent merchants in London, was the younger son of an old family, possessed of an estate of 3,000*l.* a year, which Mr. Bristow's cousin-german now enjoys: one of his aunts was married to the Earl of Effingham, and another to the Earl of Buckinghamshire. If those employed in similar stations to his could give as good a pedigree, there would not be such complaints here about upstart nabobs.

On January 12, 1775, Francis informs Lord Clive that—

Colonel Macleane has resigned his employment, and goes home by this mail with the Hon. Mr. Stewart, a son of Lord Bute, under his care! They are both commissioned, as I verily believe, to support Mr. Hastings, and do us all the mischief they can. . . .

Hastings will assuredly stand his ground till the return of the letters; not from any comfort he enjoys in his office, or any real desire to continue in it; but he is afraid of a shot in his rear, and dire necessity makes him face about. He has no possible hope of saving his head but by suppressing those discoveries which would be immediately made if he were to keep his ground.

Francis, with all his acuteness, had not discovered the real purpose of Maclean's mission. The truth was that Hastings—driven for the time almost to desperation by the hopeless nature of the struggle in which he was involved against an overbearing majority, and apprehensive of not meeting support in England, notwithstanding the power of his friends, by reason of the unpopularity brought on him through the Rohilla war—had empowered Maclean to tender his resignation, conditionally, to the Court of Directors. The daring manner in which Hastings chose afterwards to repudiate his own instructions is matter of history. But Maclean's own evidence is surely conclusive.

If certain things were not obtained, I was ordered to signify Mr. Hastings' wish to be relieved; if they were obtained, I was ordered not to make this signification. . . . I have now notified to you Mr. Hastings' wish to have a successor appointed; and no blame can lie with me now, but that of having ventured so long to delay it.[1]

Hastings, therefore, after despatching Maclean, only awaited the result of his negotiation to leave the country, if that negotiation should turn out unsuccessful. But this result could not be learnt under a twelvemonth, and in the meantime the war, or rather the succession of blows administered to Hastings by the majority, continued unabated.

Leaving, however, for a while, the course of public

[1] See his letter of Nov. 10, 1776, in Gleig's 'Memoirs of Hastings,' vol. ii. p. 88. Thornton's History of India, vol. ii. p. 109.

events to develop itself, let us turn to the picture which these papers afford of Francis's private establishment on his first arrival in India. We owe this chiefly to his faithful secretary.

Macrabie writes in December:—

The expenses of this settlement are beyond all conception. Mr. Francis pays 500*l.* a year for a large but rather mean house, like a barn, with bare walls, and not a single glass window. His establishment of servants, which is thought pitiful, consists of sixty. I maintain fifteen, and yet am forced sometimes to clean my own shoes. My greatest comfort is to turn them all out and lock the doors. These brutes possess every bad quality except drunkenness and insolence; indeed, they make full amends for the first by stupefying themselves with chewing bang, and their want of the other is pretty well supplied by a most provoking gravity and indifference.

By the month of February, however, Francis had planted himself more to his taste, at a small 'lodge,' as Macrabie calls it, which he had purchased in the neighbourhood of Calcutta. He describes it as consisting of 'a spacious hall and four chambers, surrounded by a verandah and colonnade, and standing in the midst of twenty acres of ground: pleasant to the last degree.'

Family letter. Directed for Mrs. Francis, to the care of Mr. Roberts, India House. Sent by the Dutton, Capt. Cole.

Calcutta, January 14, 1775.

A. M. to his friends at Fulham and in Duke Street, greeting. . . . I have now left off journalising altogether, and in so doing I act doubtless the part of a good Christian. For if 'sufficient to the day is the evil thereof,' we have no right to plague our honest hearts and those of our friends with a recollection of evils which are past. In fact, many of our days are marked with such a superabundance of vexation, that, if we were not determined to kick our cares behind us, and forget them with all our might, we should scarce have resolution to encounter those of the time to come. In treating of this subject, it may be proper, in order to avoid confusion, to distinguish our cares under their several heads. We have public cares and domestic ones: cares general, and particular cares.

The chief weight of public care falls upon Mr. F., but as his spirit and resolution to meet its attacks, and his abilities to counteract and overcome them, are beyond all compare, he laughs at difficulties, and indeed gives vigour to us all. He keeps four of us in constant employment, and is sometimes dictating to all at a time.

I do not know whether the plague inseparable from my office of sheriff should come under the head of public or particular cares. By the bye, there is something whimsical enough in this business. Could any one have supposed that it was among the decrees of fate, and moreover should become one in a human record, that on December 20, 1774, A. M., junior, should be sworn in high sheriff of Calcutta, and that Samuel Tolfrey, the younger, should be appointed his deputy? Yet so it is; and a very active faithful assistant I have hitherto found him. If you were to fall in the way of India people, you would hear wonderful things concerning this same office of sheriff. You might be told, as I have been, that it has yielded a profit of 30,000, and in one year of 40,000 rupees, equal to from near 3,000*l.* to 4,000*l.* sterling. There is such a tradition, but it is one of those which has lost nothing by handing down; nor should I have quoted it but in order to add that I am assured it did not produce above a fourth part of the sum last year, and that the experience of three weeks has given birth to no idea upon the subject, in me or my deputy, except (after our obligations to the friends who honoured us with the nomination) a hearty desire to resign it whenever we can with credit. The plague and trouble we meet with in the execution of the duties are inexpressible, and the honours annexed to the office do not much lighten the burden of it. For whether I am taking a survey of the jail and the felons committed to my charge, receiving petitions from prisoners, or executing warrants to add to their number; planning modes of arrest with bailiffs, or marching in all the pomp of white staves, halberds, and maces, before my Lords the Judges, to court, and lolling upon a velvet cushion by their side within it, I feel myself out of my element, and wish the law and the execution of it, together with all the forms, members, and appurtenances, at the d——.

The domestic cares in this country, to the person who thinks it in the least degree essential to his welfare that bills should be examined before they are paid, and that servants who are born and bred rogues should cheat within some degree of moderation, will find full employment for his faculties. Our household consists of (list of servants). To superintend this tribe of devils, and their several

departments (the nature of which you shall have explained to you in my next letter at large and in plain English), we have a numerous collection of Banyans, chief and subordinate, with their train of clerks, who fill a large room, and are constantly employed in controlling or rather conniving at each other's accounts. We are cheated in every article both within and without doors; but let not my chapter of cares add a single scruple to yours. We are safe in essentials, and live in determined practice of prudent and proper economy.

In his next letter, Macrabie informs the family that Francis had purchased the small 'lodge' above alluded to, and 'talks already of quitting Calcutta or of having only a small house by way of office and dressing-room.' 'None but friends are to be admitted here: Lady Impey yesterday, Lady Anne and Colonel Monson to-day.' (Lady Anne was a great favourite with Francis, and one of the few members of his little society whose loss by death he seems to have really regretted.) Macrabie then describes the inmates of the establishment: *imprimis*, Macleod, Francis's indispensable steward and superintendent; and goes into a particular account of its economy, curious as a picture of Calcutta life a century ago. Francis had in all sixty-two servants; Macrabie, twenty; Mr. Livius and Mr. Collings,[1] who occupied part of the house, twenty-eight.

One hundred and ten servants to wait upon a family of four people, and yet we are economists! Oh, monstrous! tell me if this land does not want weeding! We rise, either in town or country, about six. Mr. F. then rides for an hour; breakfast before eight. Two mornings in the week are public;—we then sit down thirty, frequently more. At nine or ten Mr. F. goes to council: returns two, three, four or five to dine,—this happens five days in the week. You have been told of our dinners: often fifty guests, one hundred servants, but neither comfort nor society; seldom sit two hours. Then to bed to digest, rise at sunset, and take an airing in your carriage, if you

[1] Both of these friends and fellow-lodgers of Francis's had appointments under the government of Bengal.

have one, else walk as I do. (This was in February.) Return to tea, then dress and visit. Little card-playing, late suppers. In ten minutes after your return home, the servants desert, and leave you to your meditations.

Francis, at this time, and indeed throughout his stay in India, addressed frequent private letters to Lord North on its affairs. They are extremely valuable, but most of the matter which they contain is reproduced in the numerous official minutes and voluminous correspondence with the Court of Directors which passed at the same time. Each of the several leaders of party at Calcutta was plying the authorities in England with urgent representations of his own case. Few mails arrived which did not bring Lord North some violent Demosthenic attack by Francis on Hastings, some bitter complaint of Hastings against Francis. Hastings, in addition, used all the private influence he could procure with the Court of Directors; his friend Chief Justice Impey, with Lord Weymouth, Thurlow, and Dunning, as appears by his correspondence; Clavering, with his friends at Court; Francis chiefly with Lord Barrington, Welbore Ellis, and Wedderburn. If the councils of India were distracted, those of England on the subject of India were scarcely less so. Lord North, however, though vehemently suspected by each party at Calcutta of playing them false, seems to have held the balance, at least for some time, pretty fairly between them, and to have had throughout two principal objects in view—to banish Indian dissensions out of the House of Commons, and to keep on fair terms with the Court of Directors.

Among Francis's early letters to Lord North, that from which the following extract is taken is assuredly of no common interest. It shows, distinctly enough, that Francis conceived (almost as soon as he arrived, his

critics averred) the outlines of a complete scheme for the government of India, and moreover that the scheme in question was essentially the same in its main features with that which was inaugurated near a century afterwards, when the dominion of the Company, which had so long delayed the accomplishment of change, was brought to an end.

Francis to Lord North.

February 1775.

The first thing to be done is to declare the king's sovereignty over the provinces. This I mention as a fundamental condition, *sine quâ non*. Without it, there can properly be no government in this country. The people at present have either two sovereigns, or none. We coin money in the name of Shah Allum. We collect and appropriate the revenues by virtue of his grant: and if there be any such thing as justice in the country, it must be administered in his name, or that of his representative the Sabah of Bengal. It has been the policy of Mr. Hastings to abolish the sovereignty of the Mogul in fact, and to deny it in argument, without, however, attempting to substitute any other except his own. By this irregular way of acting, he has involved himself and us in a labyrinth of contradictions and absurdities, both of fact and argument, from which nothing can extricate our government but an immediate declaration of His Majesty's sovereignty over the kingdoms of Bengal, Bahar, and Orissa. This single operation will clear the way and relieve us from a multitude of difficulties.

The jurisdiction of the Supreme Court of Judicature should be made to extend over all the inhabitants, who will then know no other sovereign but the king of Great Britain. I conceive that this may be done without touching the country courts, or departing from the laws and customs of the people.

The Bengal and Persian eras must be set aside, and the Christian era established by an act of power.

The English language must alone be used in all accounts with the government; as conquerors we have a right to impose any condition on the people which may be essentially necessary to the preservation of the conquest. But it is unnecessary for us to impose it by authority. The people are sensible of the great advantage of learning English, and are universally desirous of possessing it. It is highly to the interest of government, in every sense, that this desire should be encouraged and assisted.

The lands should be granted to the Zemindars, Talookdars, or even to the Ryots, in many cases, either in perpetuity or for life, with fixed rents, and fixed fines upon the renewal of leases.

The collection of the revenues should be in the hands of the natives, or, at all events, kept distinct from the administration of justice. In short, we should assume the supreme government of the country, demand a fixed tribute, and secure our possession by maintaining a sufficient army, and stationing it to the greatest advantage for the purposes of internal tranquillity and foreign defence. In every other respect, the people should be left as much as possible to their own laws, customs, and religion.

His Majesty's government being once established on this or a similar footing, our colonising here would then be as unnecessary with respect to the security of our conquest, as it would be dangerous if not fatal to the mother country.

Whether or no it be advisable for Great Britain to depart so widely from the fundamental principles of her constitution, as to aim at the possession of a great foreign dominion, not essential to her commerce, nor to be held by colonisation, is a question which ought to have been considered some years ago. The proposition I adhere to is, that whether the sovereignty be directly assumed by His Majesty or yielded to him by the Mogul, the possession of Bengal can only be maintained by a system of government under which the natives shall be considered as a conquered people, and which shall have, for its first object, the security of a conquest.

The following observations, submitted to Lord North in another long letter, are not without their permanent importance, and may be conveniently inserted here, though of a later date (Nov. 1775):—

Be assured, my lord, it is a vain imagination to suppose that such an acquisition as Bengal can be long kept and governed without the intervention of the natives. Moormen (Mahometans) should be employed in the offices of government: the Gentoos in the cultivation of the land: the Zemindars should be answerable for the internal peace and good order of their respective districts. The English power should stand paramount, and hold the sword over the rest: watching the administration of men in office, contented with a gross tribute, and guarding the country from being ruined in detail by Europeans. This simple system, so natural to the genius of the people, seems best calculated to resist an external force, and has no

radical defect within itself. The difficulties of establishing such a system, considering all circumstances, are doubtless very great—perhaps not to be entirely surmounted—but it may be useful to keep the model in view, and approach to it as near as we are able.

To Lord Barrington.

With respect to the situation of affairs in this country, I shall only say in general that nothing on this side of flat despair can be worse. If there be a doubt about the immediate recall of our two colleagues, farewell Bengal. Mr. Hastings is determined, at all events, to hold it out until the return of the answer to my first letters. After that your lordship cannot expect that any of us will sit in council with either of them. My own present situation is highly embarrassing: I may lose my health, my credit and peace of mind, and not return home with even a moderate income. Again I commit myself to your lordship's patronage.

By the same mail, he advises the chairman of the Court of Directors, Mr. Wheler, if forced to dismiss one only of the hostile councillors, to recall Barwell instead of Hastings. 'You had better keep this man, who has some parts and considerable experience.'

In this month, Francis had evidently arrived at the conclusion, either that his position in the government was extremely critical, or that it was necessary to make his friends in England believe so, and summon them to the rescue. To Lord Clive (of whose decease he was of course unapprised) he writes:—

It is lucky I have but a word to trouble you with, since I have but a moment to say it in. *Look sharp after the fate of your Jaghire.* No man now has the folly to deny that the revenue is in a rapid state of decline. . . . I must now recommend myself in a particular manner to your lordship's friendship and protection. That I should continue here, with influence, is no less your lordship's interest than mine. I will not scruple to say to you what I have never suggested to any other person, that if I am recalled, or if an arrangement should take place under which I cannot exert myself with effect, you may as well take leave of Bengal for ever.

The next extract is from a letter in which Macrabie advises Francis's kinsman, Richard Tilghman or Tilman, the barrister, to migrate from America to India. Tilghman followed the advice, and joined Francis at Calcutta in 1776. He practised at the Indian bar, apparently with success.

Calcutta, February 26, 1775.

In one of your last letters you say that the practice of the law in America is little better than pettifogging; that you are tired of the place, and want to be put in a better situation, &c. As I have not the smallest doubt upon either of these heads, and as others of your friends besides myself think you was not designed to vegetate among hickory trees and corn cobbs, I engaged to give you a candid account of this country and of the prospects which it may afford you. If you were here at this instant I think you could not fail of making a fortune, and in your own line; but that could not be foreseen, nor perhaps may the chances continue. The establishing the Court of Judicature has drove the black people stark mad. They are fonder of law than even Dutchmen, and the dispensers of it thrive wonderfully. In forming your ideas of India you must not keep in view the lacs of rupees, which have grown into a proverb. They have existed here, but they are gone. The soil remains, and some of the people; but, without a proper government, Bengal cannot recover to a state of health and wealth. It is at that stage of consumption which time and the most judicious application of medicine alone will cure. The dissensions which have prevailed here during the last four months, with their several causes, will have fully appeared in the political world before this comes to your hands. You will meet with characters, opinions and facts which will amaze you. Our friends have been active, and—if there's a power above us who delights in virtue, justice and benevolence—they must be successful. Madness may recall them. Every principle of wise policy will concur in fixing them here, and enlarging their power. In the latter case, F. must be eminent.

Francis to Lord North.

February 28, 1775.

If in this, or any other instance, the Governor-General's conduct, or the motives I attribute to him, should appear upon examination to imply a weakness and want of judgment in him that exceed proba-

bility, I can only say, with an appeal to your lordship's future observation, that, without denying him some little talents of the third or fourth order, we were as much deceived with regard to his abilities and judgment as to his other qualifications. I look back to my own prepossessions in his favour as to a sort of delirium, from which he himself has recovered me.

To the same.

March 24.

It is settled that Mr. Barwell shall marry Miss Clavering. After all that this gentleman has said and done; after all that we have said of him; after the censures of him to which General Clavering has signed his name, and branded as he is in this country by the utter ruin of a province, by enormous peculation of every sort, and by a personal depravity of character of which he alone perhaps furnishes an example, I cannot but foresee the ruin or decline of that cause in which we have gone such lengths.

To Godfrey he writes respecting his own prospects (March 1775) :—

I relinquish my family and friends, and I pass my life in one eternal combat with villany, folly, and prostitution of every species. If I carry home 25,000*l.* by the severest parsimony of five years, it will be the utmost I can accomplish. I would now gladly accept two-thirds of the money, if I could be up to the neck in the Thames.

To the same intimate correspondent he sends the following agreeable description of Barwell :—

March 20, 1775.

. . . . Mr. Barwell in council supports the Governor, but abroad is endeavouring to make a bank apart, in order to screen his own iniquities. He is to marry Miss Clavering; [1] a damnable match,

[1] This formidable conjunction of the planets is frequently anticipated by Francis in his correspondence with much alarm. It did not, however, take place. Barwell married a Miss Sanderson, the 'toast' of Calcutta at the time, and a distinguished coquette, if the following anecdote in Mr. Grand's reminiscences (to be again mentioned) can be depended upon :—

'We met sixteen in her livery, one public ball evening, viz., a pea green

which can produce nothing but misery and dishonour to the lady and her family, and disappointment to himself. He is cunning, cruel, rapacious, tyrannical and profligate beyond all our European ideas of those qualities.

In the same month, Macrabie writes:—

Francis enjoys a vast flow of spirits, and a share of health which is never hurt, except by the great and constant exercise of his faculties. The Triumvirate carry everything before them, but with a high hand. The enemy dispute every inch, and flounce and struggle with wonderful violence, but with a degree of effrontery which your cold climate could not inspire even such men with. In the midst of this bustle, it has pleased Heaven to make me, for my offences, high sheriff of Calcutta. Bating the honour, it is, under favour, the most cursed office that ever was held by a sinner. The only comfort I enjoy in it is the reflection that somebody who possessed it some time ago made above 3,000*l.* a year by it. I am almost broken-hearted, and literally out of pocket.[1] My deputy insists that we shall have statues erected to our honour. I pray Heaven I keep clear of hanging—myself!

'The death of the Vizier' (Sujah-ad-Dowlah), writes Mr. Thornton (in February 1775), 'gave occasion to a quarrel of greater dignity and importance.[2] The majority in the council chose to consider all the obligations by which the British government was connected with the late Vizier as merely personal, consequently as terminated by the death of the party by whom they were contracted. And they regarded that event as affording an opportunity of making a better bargain with the Vizier's successor. Mr. Bristow was appointed resident at the Court of Oude, and by him a treaty

French frock, trimmed with rich silk, and chained lace with spangles; when each of us, to whom the secret of her intended dress had been communicated, buoyed himself up with the hope of being the happy individual.'

[1] The emoluments, however, proved by no means contemptible. Macrabie speaks of realizing 250*l.* in one case as percentage on the public sale of a ship.

[2] 'History of India,' c. vi.

was concluded by which the new Soubahdar agreed to surrender to the British government Benares and certain districts. . . . The three councillors were greatly proud of the achievement of this treaty.' 'The measure,' say they, 'is strictly and exclusively ours; the original plan was opposed in every step by the Governor-General and Mr. Barwell. Hastings recorded his conviction that it was not honourable to extort from the prince concessions inconsistent with our former treaties, to which the necessity of his situation alone obliged him, however unwilling, to submit; and the judgment of posterity must confirm the sentence. . . . Such a circumstance,' he adds, 'pours a stream of light upon their pertinacious opposition to every act of the Governor, and renders it impossible for the most extended charity to attribute it to any pure or honourable motive.'

It seems more just to attribute whatever there was open to censure in this proceeding, in which the Triumvirate could have had no 'impure' or 'dishonourable' motive in the ordinary sense of those words, to two causes: the difficulty which always besets vehement reformers, when in office, of refraining to follow in the same inevitable groove with those whom they have censured—the blindness which impels vehement enemies to find matter for blame in the policy of a predecessor, which they are unable to depart from without committing still greater errors.

About this time (in April 1775) the pugnacious General Clavering quarrelled with, and called out, Barwell, who, all civilian as he was, had no alternative but to go to the field. Francis gives in one of his memorandums a sarcastic account of the proceeding.

The General challenged Barwell, who desired a respite of a few days to make his will. They met on the Sunday following.

Barwell received one fire and asked pardon. I could easily collect, from Clavering's account of the affair, that Barwell behaved very indifferently in the field. This circumstance has since been confirmed to me by old Fowke. He had reason to be satisfied with his good fortune. The wonder is how the general, who is perfectly correct in all the ceremonies of fighting, happened to miss him. Clavering was highly pleased with himself on this occasion, and showed me his correspondence with Barwell with many tokens of self-approbation. It has been since printed.

But the disputes now assumed a darker character. Heavy charges against Hastings' personal integrity were received and debated in council. Hastings met them, for the most part, with a refusal to submit to the council's judgment, which those who have absolved him have generally regarded as arising from proper self-respect or at worst from haughtiness; those who have condemned him, from conscious guilt. The principal accusations alleged against him were that regarding the Ranee of Burdwar; that of a corrupt participation of the profits of the Foojdar of Hooghly; and, lastly, that arising out of the appointment of the native lady styled Munny Begum to the guardianship of the infant Nabob of Bengal: as to which Mr. Thornton—no hostile judge—says, 'Opinions may differ as to the extent of Hastings' culpability, but he must be a warm partisan indeed who will go the length of declaring that the Governor-General's hands were altogether clean.'

But these charges were first preferred, in part, by 'the acute and profligate Nuncomar.' Into the dark history of this unhappy man's crimes and of his suffering, not for those crimes, but because he charged others with crime—

> Happy for him, if he had borne to see
> His country beggared of the last rupee—

it would be impossible to enter within the scope of a work intended to develop only the personal character of

Francis; nor is it necessary to do more than to indicate the part—not at first sight a very intelligible one—which Francis personally played in relation to it. He had himself read, in council, Nuncomar's paper of charges against Hastings. He had (with his two colleagues) voted those charges true: and that Hastings had corruptly received thirty or forty thousand pounds. Yet when Hastings, through Sir Elijah Impey, the chief justice, took Nuncomar's life by way of reply, Francis seems to have been paralysed by their determination. This judicial murder —for such it undoubtedly was—does not appear noted in his correspondence with any of that bitter indignation which he was accustomed to lavish on far less flagrant subjects. He speaks of it with a kind of cautious reticence, quite analogous to the circumstances of his conduct reported from other sources. 'Messages were continually sent to Nuncomar in prison' (says Elijah Impey, in his memoir of his father), by General Clavering and Colonel Monson, Francis being too cunning to commit himself in this way.' And when a petition 'of the late Maharajah' found its way into council after his death, it was Francis who moved that it should be burnt by the common hangman, on account of the reflections which it contained on the judges of the Supreme Court. Did Francis know a little too much about Nuncomar to take his part? or was he actually afraid for himself, and shrank before the desperate resolution of Hastings, backed by the authority of Impey and by the European opinion of Calcutta? At all events, the following is the measured, though significant, language in which he writes to the distinguished admiral, Sir Edward Hughes, at Madras, of an event which was destined to occupy so prominent a place afterwards in the roll of accusations, backed and

urged on by himself in Parliament, against the Governor-General and the Judge :—

Francis to Sir Edward Hughes, at Madras.

August 7, 1775.

The death of Rajah Nundcomar will probably surprise you. He was found guilty of a forgery committed some seven or eight years ago: condemned, and executed on Saturday last. My brother-in-law, in virtue of his office, was obliged to attend him. Through every part of the ceremony he behaved himself with the utmost dignity and composure, and met his fate with an appearance of resolution that approached to indifference. Strange judgments, I fancy, will be formed of this event in England. Whether he was guilty or not of the crime laid to his charge, I believe no man here has a doubt that, if he had never stood forth in politics, his other offences would not have hurt him. This is a delicate subject, and rather open to speculation than discussion.

Long afterwards, in 1788 (February 26), when Francis was urging in Parliament the charge of guilt in the matter of Nuncomar against Impey, he was reminded of his own act in ordering the obnoxious petition to be burnt. He defended himself as well as he could; but he added words which showed plainly enough the real motive which prevailed in his mind. He said he 'feared for Clavering's safety, not knowing to what length those judges who had already dipped their hands in blood to answer a political purpose, might proceed on the same principle.' [1] This was no vague terror. The judicial body was absolutely at the service of Hastings. The military force (civilian as he was) remained, as Macaulay has remarked, always devoted to him. His own temper was tried to the utmost; and he was not famous for uniform control over it. Things were then done in the East, at six months' distance from London, for which the settled state

[1] This speech formed the materials of a pamphlet supposed to be by Francis, to which Sir E. Impey replied.—See his remarks on this passage in his son's memoir, p. 329.

of matters in England furnished no precedent or justification. It was in this same year (1776) that Lord Pigott, Governor of Madras, was seized and imprisoned by his own subordinates, and died in confinement. There can be little doubt, therefore, that the awe with which this act of high-handed power, according to Macaulay, struck the natives of India, was not confined to them alone:—'From that moment the conviction of every native was that it was safer to take the part of Hastings in a minority than that of Francis in a majority, and that he who was so venturous as to join in running down the Governor-General, might chance, in the phrase of the Eastern poet, to find a tiger while beating the jungle for a deer.'

The following touching and not undignified letter is copied in Francis's letter book as addressed to him by the Rajah from prison, and appears, even from its imperfections, to be genuine:—

Nuncomar to Francis.

July 31, 1775.

Most Worshipfull Sir,—In the perilous and unhappy circumstance of life I am now reduced at present, I doubt not but what you are acquainted with, I am now thinking that I have but a short time to live, for among the English gentry, Armenians, Moores and Gentoos, few there is who is not against me, but those that are not for me is continually devising all the mischief they can imagine against me, the reason whereof it is best known to your Worship, for my real intention from the begining tended that the revenues of the country might have been brought into the Honble. Company's treasury without embezzlement, for in former times when I had the management of the business, I took great care that no part of the revenues were pilfered—and as you and the other two gentlemen are sent out from England with intent to promote the interest of the Company, the good of the country and lastly to spread the Fame and Power of his Brittish Majesty, and it was also my earnest wish's to serve under you, and to have been an instrument towards this happiness to the natives. But alass my best endeavours in prosecuting the salutary means, have only tended to entrap my life in this

cause, of which I have very little hopes of saving it, unless your Worship will be graciously pleased to interpose in my behalf with the justices, and all my hopes under God Almighty is in you, therefore most humbly entreat in the name of God you will be pleased to intercede for me and procure a respite till His Most Gracious Majesty's pleasure is known.

But in the interim I do most earnestly entreat the favour you will be pleased to take my son Rajah Groodass Bhadoor who is devan to the present Nabob of Muredabad under your special favour and protection, that he may not be ensnared by the malice of my enemys, this as well as the means of respiting me till the king His most Gracious Majesty's mercy and forgiveness is procured through your means. I shall to the end of my life be entirely devoted to render you all the service to the extent of my power and abilitys,—and as I entirely rely on your Worships endeavour to do me all the good you can, I shall not according to the opinion of the Hindoos, accuse you in the day of judgement of neglecting to assist me in the extremity I am now in.

I must also entreat your Worship that you will be favourably pleased to write to me how far you have been able to prevail with the justices on my behalf.

Most worshipfull sir your Worships most obedient humble servant.

[signed] NUNDCOOMAR.

A translate from the Bengal original.

After the death of Nuncomar, and the cessation, immediately on that event, of the attacks on the Governor-General's integrity through the means of native testimony, against which it gave so pregnant a warning, a comparative lull ensued in the warfare of the Bengal Council Board. This opportunity may be taken for the insertion of a few details from Macrabie's journal, showing the manner in which Calcutta life, in the highest quarters, was then carried on.

This diary begins on September 1, 1775, and professes to give, in more or less detail, the daily occurrences of the life of Francis and his 'tail.' A few extracts from it—taken at different periods—may serve to give a sufficient notion of its contents: generally speaking, descriptive of

a regular life of business, and monotonous round of gaieties in the same society.

'*September* 1, 1775.—In the evening, played cards at Lady Anne Monson's: three whist tables and two at chess. Quadrille is little in vogue here. Lady Anne is a very superior whist player: Mr. Francis generally fortunate.

'*September* 15.—This bile is the devil. Mr. Francis has another attack of it, and has headache and fever. I will make him dine quietly at home, though we are invited to a card and supper party. He says he cannot be sick, with any degree of comfort, unless his dear wife is at hand.

'*November* 1.—Being Wednesday, it may not be amiss for me to look at my card account, and see how the reckoning stands between me and the world. I have been losing all this last month. Let me see. Pretty even. I am not ten pounds gainer or loser upon that account since I left England. But that is not right. I want money; I begin to love money; and if I can get it fairly, I will have money.

'*November* 3.—We have been in the heart of the enemy's camp (a party at the Claverings). The whole house of Barwell, with Sir Impey and lady. We wanted only the Governor to make it complete. *Entre nous*, the evening was stupid enough, and the supper detestable; great joints of roasted goat, with endless dishes of cold fish. With respect to conversation, we have had three or four songs screeched to unknown tunes; the ladies regaled with cherry brandy; and we pelted one another with bread pills, à la mode de Bengal.

'*February* 4, 1776.—Expedition to Barrasut. Drove to Dum Dum, which was in former days a retreat of Lord Clive's. There is a degree of singularity about the place

which gives it a merit, at least with an odd man. It is monastic. The country about it is dreary; but the noble forest trees, and lofty terraces upon the spot, give it a noble air. It has at least two desirable qualities for this country, being both retired and cool.

'*February* 5.—This day passed in much the same manner as the former, and at the close of it, and of our accounts, we found that the house of Francis and Company were winners several hundred pounds. Everything, my good friends, in this country is upon an enlarged scale, and the superior skill and attention of Mr. F. will make him successful both in business and sport.

'*February* 18.—Lady Anne Monson is no more. After laying speechless through the day, she departed last night about ten. The loss of such a woman is generally felt by the whole settlement; but we, who had the honour and the pleasure of her intimacy, are deprived of a comfort which we shall long regret.

'*February* 21.—We have at last engaged a capital house, the best in town; but such a rent! 100*l.* a month is enormous. Neighbour Collings and I must contribute towards it.

'*March* 2.—Mr. Barwell has lost again, and we have all won. I told you of his heavy losses at Barrasut. We all shared in the spoil, nor has any of this house declined giving him his revenge. Justice Lemaistre, who had before been a very considerable loser, having recovered his sufferings at the expense of Mr. Barwell, has tied up, as it is called, and plays no more. Colonel Leslie does the same. This a little vexes Mr. Barwell, who is fond of play, and will play for anything. We still go on.'

The dispensation of patronage was one of Francis's chief cares and annoyances, as it is of all men similarly circumstanced. Its details, and the disappointments with

which he was met in his endeavours to serve individuals, fretted his irritable nature. He was also continually apprehensive of offending those in England, on whose support he relied, by not showing sufficient zeal in the promotion of their wishes. He fancied that he had given mortal offence to Lord Bute by insufficient attention to his son, Captain Stuart, to whom Hastings (as his letters show) paid judicious court. He imagined that Lord North had become his enemy by reason of similar neglect. Certainly the minister was at times a little peremptory in his mandates on this head, as the following intimation from his private secretary, in behalf of the son of a personage of some importance in the royal household, Peter Pindar's 'Billy Ramus,' will show. It may amuse the reader to be reminded that, according to a story in Barker's 'Letters on Junius' (p. 190), this Mr. Ramus was employed by the court to pump Woodfall (through Garrick) about the authorship of 'Junius.'

Grey Cooper to Francis.

April 5, 1776.

I have received a letter this morning from Mr. Nicholas Ramus, first page to His Majesty, in which he acquaints me that a letter has come to his hand, from his son Mr. Henry Ramus, dated August 5, in which he expresses great mortification that he had not then been so fortunate as to obtain any mark of the favour and protection of the Governor and Council of Bengal. It consists with my knowledge that Mr. Henry Ramus carried out with him recommendations from the highest and most respectable authority. . . . . I have not ventured to take this liberty with any other of the council except yourself, but to you I do it most earnestly.[1]

On one occasion his discontent finds vent in a sarcasm not unworthy of Junius. A Mr. Fraser brings a letter

[1] Sir Grey Cooper was a barrister, who took early in life the side of the Rockingham party as a political pamphleteer. He became secretary to the Treasury, and (after the dissolution of the Rockingham administration) private secretary to Lord North until 1782.

of introduction from Strachey to Francis. His answer (July 11, 1776):—

My friends in England are very good to me. They give me as many opportunities as I can desire, and more than I can avail myself of, of serving persons of merit in this country; and they leave me the credit of it, clear of any return in England!

The following letter from the second Lord Clive, a student at Geneva, received by Francis early in 1776, may find a place here:—

Lord Clive (the second) to Francis.

Geneva, October 31, 1775.

Sir,—I am sorry to hear you found the Company's affairs on your arrival in India in so embarrassed a situation, but most sincerely hope they will soon be restored to order and opulence by the activity, firmness and integrity of yourself and your associates, and that the measures you adopt in the pursuit of objects so highly important to the Company and nation, will meet with every support from England. I very much regret that my want of knowledge and experience in business deprive me at present of the satisfaction I should feel in giving the support I wish to give (that my father, had he lived, would have given) to whatever is for the advantage of the Company. In the meantime, it remains for me to be most thankful to those who favour me with information on subjects that interest my country, and particularly on such as relate to India. May I remind you of the message, so flattering for me, with which you charged Lady Clive a few days before your departure from England, desiring my future friendship? May I venture, on so slight a foundation, to request the continuance of the friendly correspondence you had commenced with my father? Perhaps such a request, from a person you never saw, may appear unreasonable; I do not absolutely make it, whatever may be my wishes, but confine myself to assuring you that if you should honour me with any information on Indian affairs, I shall regard it as a very particular favour, and that wherever confidence is reposed strict secrecy will be adhered to.

I have just heard from England that bills to the amount of 26,000*l.* and upwards have been received. As the trustees have written to you on the subject of remittances, I only join with them in requesting you to continue in the management thereof, and in pre-

senting you with my warmest thanks for the trouble you have already taken.

I have the honour to be, with great esteem, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

CLIVE.

It will be seen by the next letter to D'Oyly that a new fear was now agitating the mind of Francis. Confident that Hastings must ere long be recalled, he already anticipated the succession of Clavering, the King's and Lord North's favourite, to the Governor-Generalship. He had, by this time, quarrelled irreconcilably with the general, although the ground of their differences—necessary as they were to one another—does not appear. And he set himself, after his usual fashion, to employ such means as he thought he could command in England, to prevent the catastrophe which must at once place him at the mercy of an enemy, and destroy his own chance of succeeding Hastings.

Francis to D'Oyly.[1]

March 1, 1776.

When you have considered the enclosed letter, I am sure you will enter cordially into the misery of my present situation, and the gloomy prospect before me. The letters and papers annexed are ostensible only for the purpose of self-defence, and not to attack or injure General Clavering in any shape. What am I to expect hereafter, when the highest power of the government shall devolve on him, if now, when my services are essential to his support, and to the cause we are engaged in, the first difference of opinion weighs down at once all memory of what he owes me, as well as every immediate consideration of prudence and decorum? Acting with such a man, I cannot be safe a moment unless by a blind implicit submission to his caprices. . . . Our late proceedings will enable you to judge how far General Clavering is fit to take this, or any, lead in the conduct of great affairs. . . . . It will, I conceive, be proper that my Lord North should be possessed of the facts, that his mind may be guarded against false impressions. . . . If

[1] D'Oyly was under-secretary in the American department from 1776 to 1778, after which he left public life.

General Clavering be Governor, I shall endeavour to arm myself with patience, until I can honourably take my leave of him for ever. Till then I must be content to pull the devil by the tail.

According to information received by Francis from Bristow in England, Clavering had written to Lord North asking for Francis's recall.

At this period (April 1776) Francis thought proper to commit to writing a private memorandum of the proceedings of himself and his colleagues since their arrival in India. It was preserved among his papers. I do not observe any evidence of its having been ever communicated to anyone. It is provokingly mutilated in the most critical portions, like the 'fragment of autobiography' of which it was, probably, intended as a continuation. Although its insertion must occasion some inevitable repetition, it is too important a document for a biographer of Francis to omit.

'An exact detail of every public transaction from the period of our arrival in Bengal, is preserved in the joint representations sent home by General Clavering, Colonel Monson and myself to the Court of Directors, or in my private letters to Lord North and Mr. D'Oyly. Some facts, however, of a nature too particular to be trusted to letters, remain to be stated. They will explain the real views and characters of the men with or against whom I have acted, and account for some extraordinary appearances and events, the true origin of which is not understood by the public, or which stand wholly unaccounted for. The subject is curious and interesting, and, if properly treated, would throw new lights upon the human character. In the breast of a European, the general operation of the passions is direct. Their quality, and the means taken to gratify them, are nearly the same in every individual, with no other distinction

but that of degree. On the contrary, a native of Bengal appears to have no passions, nor in fact have they any but avarice and ambition. The former predominates considerably, and uses the latter merely as an instrument. Patience, submission, an inactive perseverance, and an utter ignorance or indifference about good or evil, rather than a positive contempt of all principle, sense of honour and shame, are the arms with which they fight, and scarce ever fail to carry their purpose. I have been told that, among the nations of Upper India, the baseness of a Bengalee is proverbial. Even the name is a reproach. A national character of indiscriminate depravity is, I know, equally difficult to be proved, and likely to be exaggerated. The truth of it depends on facts, and must be established by evidence. In the present case, my own experience and observation reach no further than Calcutta. I have been chiefly conversant with Banyans or men in office, and cannot form a conception of more refined depravity. The united testimony of Moguls and Europeans is equally unfavourable to the inhabitants of the rest of the provinces. The fact, however, with respect to the Bengalees, is of less importance to my present purpose than another which springs from it. Men suddenly raised to arbitrary power from low stations are seldom improved by it. Besides this, Europeans, by long residence in Bengal, contract the character of the country, and, without the insignia of black faces and white turbans, are as completely Banyans as the people who serve them. The only difference is that to the vices of slaves, contracted by intercourse, they add those of tyrants, contracted by command. There are no such men in Europe, for example, as Hastings, George Vansittart, and Barwell. John Johnstone was avarice personified, but this is not a character peculiar

to any country. John Graham, I am told, had a mixture of the higher passions, which he could not always command. 'On the other. . . . . rapacious, and having no mercantile knowledge or application, lost in trade or in wild projects a considerable part of what he had acquired by plunder. He was excluded from the commission of supervisor, because, as Luke Scrafton observed, *there were too many crooked lines in his head.* His conduct at Madras, where he promoted the first expedition against Tanjore, was not irreproachable. From that station, however, he was removed to Bengal, with great applause and still greater expectation. Nothing can be more certain than that the whole plan and system of Sir George Colebrooke's administration of India affairs, supported by Sullivan, Purling, Cockburn, Macleane, Perry Cust, and a considerable party of occasional proprietors, was directed to stock-jobbing, and on this principle, to make the most of Bengal while they had it in their power. It is now well known that the Company was sold by wholesale and retail in England, about the time when Hastings was sent out, and John Stewart and Macleane not long after him, to act as the grand instruments of the party, and to serve the same purposes in Bengal. To carry their plan of operations completely into effect, it was necessary that he should set out with reputation, make a promising show of reformation, and maintain the appearance of strict integrity for a period sufficient to establish a character, and to enable him to do the greater mischief with a favourable direction at home. The grossest deceptions from this immense distance may easily be imposed on the Company, and still more easily on the nation. In effect, it was the interest of a majority of the general courts, as they were then constituted, to encourage such deceptions. Hastings

himself, in whom vanity, I think, is a prevailing passion, could not but take some relish for the excessive praises with which his conduct and abilities were extolled. He would not, I am persuaded, have sacrificed such a reputation to any trifling pecuniary advantage, though, when once immersed, he plunged deeper than any of his predecessors. The determined prostitution of John Graham broke in upon his wily reserves, and drove him from his plan rather sooner than he intended. These men, to understand one another perfectly, required nothing but a simple explanation of their respective views. As their objects and principles were the same, they could not long disagree about the means of satisfying each other. In the first opposition to Mr. Hastings, Graham concurred with Barwell, and pretended to give him the lead, until he had settled his terms with Hastings. He then deserted Barwell, carried over a majority of the council, and left Barwell to shift for himself. The five years' settlement of the provinces (made in 1772), by putting up the lands to auction, promised such a harvest as might satisfy the most insatiable avarice. The iniquity of this measure, with the institution of the Bank, must have been known to some persons in England before we left it. The Johnstones undoubtedly had received intelligence of what was going forward in Bengal, and I think my Lord North must have had some reason to abate of that excessive admiration and esteem which he professed for Mr. Hastings, otherwise the honours which were intended for him, and which General Clavering earnestly solicited of the king, would not have been delayed as they have been. The general, who dreaded nothing so much as Hastings quitting the government, urged this point with his usual violence, notwithstanding I often remonstrated to him upon the hazard and inconvenience of granting

honours before services were completed, or while there was a possibility that hereafter they might be thought premature. Yet, at that time, I had no suspicion of Hastings, and for my own part sincerely wished he might be treated with so much honour and respect by all parties as to be left without a pretence for resigning. The government to me was then an object out of all view or contemplation. The idea of its being by any possibility attainable never occurred to me till the beginning of December 1774, when Clavering informed me of his resolution to decline the succession himself, and showed me a private letter he had written to Lord North, in which he offered to serve under any man of rank and decided principles. The letter I wrote on this occasion will show what I thought of his resolution. He yielded to my remonstrances, and altered his plan. Otherwise, I am convinced he desired nothing better than to continue in the command of the army, leaving Monson and me without hope of advancement. . . . .Before my arrival in Bengal, I had no personal view of any kind but to unite with Hastings, to assist him in the detail and execution of business, and to prevent such an . . . The first glance of the measures of the preceding administration, convinced me that the root of the tree, and every branch of it, was rotten. I might indeed have sacrificed honour, duty, character, and ambition to immediate ease and a precarious fortune; but the services to which I must have submitted would have been too gross, the concealments and misrepresentations to which I must have been a party too hazardous, and the state of the country was too far inclined to distress, which must be felt at home, to suffer me to involve myself in so desperate a cause. Considering the nature of our appointment, and the curiosity and expectation with which our conduct was

likely to be observed, a union with Mr. Hastings would have been a very dangerous measure, even to men who might not be scrupulous enough to be stopped by any consideration but danger. The Rohilla war furnished us with immediate reasons sufficient to undertake and avow a determined disapprobation of Mr. Hastings' political measures, and to push our inquiries with the same spirit into every other part of his government. Clavering had been shaken by the private representations of Joseph Fowke, who I suspect had laid a plan with Nuncomar to take possession of us, as soon as we arrived, and through us to govern the country. The mean and dishonourable reception we met with at our landing gave Clavering the second shock. But it was the certainty of . . . The confusion of mind in which we found Mr. Hastings, and which betrayed itself in all his actions and discourses, can only be accounted for by conscious guilt, and by the impossibility he foresaw of inducing us to participate in it. On the day after our arrival we met in council, but found no business of any kind ready for us—no plan prepared for the first formal acts and operations of a new government, nor any measures proposed even for proclaiming it to the country. After four hours spent in stammering, hesitating, cavilling, and objecting, during which it was evident that Hastings wanted nothing but to gain time, he at last told us that the Company's instructions, particularly the powers given to the commander-in-chief, made so considerable a change in his situation, that he must desire a few days to determine whether he should continue in the government or not. I believe it to be true that, on this point, he was undetermined; but it could not be owing to anything he had then discovered in the instructions, since he had them in his possession for some time before

our arrival, and knew perfectly well what he had to trust to in every respect, except a total ignorance of the character and determination of his new colleagues. The next four days were accordingly employed in secret consultations with Graham, Vansittart, and John Stewart, which, after a multitude of qualms and plenty of ill-humour ended in a resolution to continue in the government, and of this, I believe, he repented within a day after he had communicated it to us. He could not but feel that an arrangement which left him to maintain the battle in Bengal, while Graham and the rest went home to make their party good in England, gave them every advantage over him. But it was his lot to be constantly awed or overreached by Graham. During the interval of these debates we were kept in a state of suspense and neglect, in which at any rate he should not have left us. The minutes and letters sent to the Court of Directors contain a very fair state of our subsequent debates. As in those days always . . . . possible, and did it effectually by the protest of the 28th October 1774, which Hastings, with some reason, received as a declaration of war. Till that moment he had no conception of what sort of persons he had to deal with. In the first place he concluded it would be an easy matter to gain us by corruption. His experience had not furnished him with instances of resistance; his principles excluded the possibility of it. On this ground I am assured he was prepared to meet us with an offer of a hundred thousand pounds a-piece. In the next, he totally mistook our respective tempers and qualifications. He thought that Clavering was the only man necessary to be gained; that Monson was too indolent to act, or might easily be awed or seduced; and that I was of no personal consequence, but a mere dependent of Clavering. The production of the minutes on the

Rohilla war placed every object in a new light before him. He saw that some of our strength. . . . .

'So sudden and decisive a step taken by men who had been but eight days in the country, opened his eyes at once to the horror of his situation. The proper moment of resigning the government or of securing some merit with us by laying open the real state of it, was past, and what had he now to expect but perpetual hostility with men who were determined, and probably would have it in their power, to expose all his villanies to the world. He concluded at once that so extraordinary and sudden a resolution to attack the man with whom we were commissioned to act, and whose character stood so high, could not be founded on the single measure of the Rohilla war, however liable to censure, or to any other error of judgment; and that we must have discovered secrets of more importance to his reputation and safety. The agitation into which he was thrown by so unexpected a stroke approached almost to frenzy. The sweat ran down his face, tears gushed from his eyes, he beat his head, and ran about the room in a fit of distraction. The reproaches with which he gave vent to his passion were too inarticulate to be understood, and the council broke up in confusion.

'No resolution could be more distressing to Hastings, nor more likely to ruin him in the event, than that of recalling the brigade immediately out of the Rohilla country. The secret engagements by which he was bound to Suja Dowla, if once violated, would probably provoke such a man to betray the most delicate and confidential part of the transactions between them. We had reason to believe that Hastings had not gone up to Benares, nor engaged in so dangerous and unwarrantable a measure as the extirpation of a nation allied to the

Company, without taking ample care of his own fortune. To quit the government of Bengal, merely for the pleasure of a personal interview with Suja Dowla, or to transact the ostensible part of the treaty of Benares, was a very unnecessary measure. On this subject there was but one opinion current in Bengal. Subsequent proofs of a more direct and positive nature have amply confirmed it. But even the internal evidence, which the whole transaction carries with it, is sufficient to explain the real motives of Mr. Hastings' conduct. He knew not in what manner Suja Dowla might be affected by the sudden recall of the brigade. Friendship could not exist between such men, and he had little reason to depend on his discretion. In these circumstances, it was natural that he should exert every effort, and employ every artifice, to defeat or retard a resolution so dangerous to him. By one contrivance or other, he obtained a delay of a few weeks, at the end of which the troops quitted the Rohilla country.

'Next to us, Colonel Champion, who commanded them, became an object of Mr. Hastings' resentment. Had the military operations been pushed with greater activity against Fyzulla Cawn and the surviving chiefs of the Rohillas, who had taken shelter in the mountains near Lolldong, at the extremity of the country, the war might have been concluded before our arrival, and the brigade returned within the limits of the vizier's dominions. In that case, we must have considered the Rohilla war as a measure not only decided, but concluded, and, having no immediate concern in the event, have left Mr. Hastings to answer for it to the Company. Colonel Champion, therefore, supposing it to have been in his power to have brought the war to a speedier issue, was the cause of Hastings' present distress, and of course the object of his

anger and reproaches . . . . between him and the Governor, which could not but produce some material discovery. They carried their animosities as far as it was possible, with one reserve only. Amidst a multitude of mutual accusations and reproaches, there was one ground which seemed to be held sacred by both parties, and on which neither of them ever ventured to commit hostilities. They never accused each other of taking money, nor even glanced at a suspicion that corruption on both sides might have been the source of those measures, which brought them into their present state of hostility. This cautious reserve on the most important topic of accusation, when every other was pushed to a rancorous excess, and when it was universally suspected that one, if not both of them, had made an immense fortune by the war, convinced me that the public suspicion must be well founded. The fact, as I believe, is, that Hastings made at least ten lacs by the war,[1] or obtained engagements from Suja Dowla to that amount, and Champion as much, if not more, by the terms which he obtained for Fyzulla Cawn, the last surviving chief of the Rohillas, much against the inclination of the vizier. This was a point in which he was expressly forbidden to interfere. The ostensible part he took had every topic of national honour, justice, and compassion to defend it; but it was in contradiction to positive instructions; and, after all, the English were not principals in the war. At all events, an officer, commanding a body of auxiliary troops, could have no concern in the management or conclusion of it. Colonel Champion's secretary, John Murray, negotiated with Fyzulla Cawn; the colonel and he had an interview; and the former

[1] All accusations of personal corruption against Hastings were so fully sifted afterwards, in the proceedings of many years against him, that passages such as the above are now only of importance as exhibiting the state of contemporary feeling on the part of his opponents.

carried an immense fortune to England. This state of facts does not do much honour to Colonel Champion's motives. Whatever they were, a part of the devoted Rohillas were unquestionably saved by his mediation; that is, he was determined by a large bribe to protect the same people whom Hastings had been bribed to extirpate. Either of them, if they could have changed places, would probably have adopted the measures of his opponent. Their principles and object were the same. But Champion, who never was on good terms with Suja Dowla, had laid his ground for clearing himself from any concern in the war as early as May 1774, and in the end carried off all the honour of the transaction. His letters remonstrating against the cruelties practised by our ally against his prisoners, particularly the brutal treatment of their wives and daughters, will always do him credit, and brand the name of Hastings with everlasting infamy.

'As soon as the recall of the brigade was found unavoidable, the next object was to palliate the matter to Suja Dowla, and to obtain from him a letter of accusation against Champion. For this purpose, Lauchlin Macleane (whom Sir George Colebrooke had sent, from the cabals of the India House and the ruin of Change Alley, to comptrol the accounts of the army in India) was despatched with a private commission from the army to Fyzabad. Having no ostensible business at the Durbar, his suddenly going thither gave us room to suspect that some mischief was in agitation. The vizier's letter against Champion appeared soon after. The European style in which it was conceived showed plainly that it had been fabricated by Macleane. The charges contained in this letter obliged Champion to take a much stronger part against Hastings than he wished or intended. After

many qualms, his answer was produced; and (excepting that he kept clear of any hints respecting money) was as bitter against the vizier and those who supported him as such a performance could be. To resist all these attacks, it was not thought fit that Graham and Lawrell should go home without the assistance of some person who understood the political geography of England. Neither perhaps was it quite safe for Hastings to trust Mr. Graham alone. Such were the motives which prevailed with Macleane to resign his place, and once more meet beggary and his creditors in Leadenhall Street. I take for granted he secured proper terms with his employers. They had money in abundance, and lavished it to everybody from whom they had a hope of assistance. In the person of this gentleman, they undoubtedly made a very judicious choice. With a natural disposition to intrigue, his zeal and perseverance are indefatigable. It has since been discovered that he carried full powers from Hastings, to which Barwell was not privy, to treat for him with the ministry, and even to resign the government if necessary. Hastings, however, was not so perfectly secure of the success of these measures as to renounce all hopes of accommodation with us. A few days before the departure of the first ship, he sent us a formal embassy by John Stewart, offering to act openly with us, to lay the real state of the government before us, and to yield to our ideas in future, provided we would drop the resolution of making any separate representation to the Court of Directors. The proposition was captious, and, if made at an earlier period, might have been listened to by some of us. But we were then committed by so many declarations, which left no plea for error of judgment, that none of us, I think, could have retreated with honour. . . . . heartily prayed for by the whole

settlement. On his recovery, every artifice was tried to gain him by the other party. His own temper inclined to a kind of mediating conduct, by which he would have stood well with all parties, without engaging decisively with any. . . . Notwithstanding Colonel Monson had signed the protest and minute on the Rohilla war, his subsequent peevishness and irresolution became insupportable, and was very near throwing the game into the enemy's hand. The recommendation of Bristow to succeed Nathaniel Middleton as a resident at Suja Dowla's court, among other incidents, gave great offence to Monson, who had unwarily recommended Hosea. From this time he kept a sullen reserve about offices, and never would recommend to any. Clavering and I acted with more determination; and, in the end, Monson himself, from mere accident or passion, and contrary to his principles, plunged as deep as either of us.

'Clavering's rupture with the chief justice took place a little before Graham's departure for England, when that man was accused of seizing the young Rajah of Burdwan, and carrying him away a prisoner from his mother's house.[1] The charge was true, and might have been very troublesome to Graham if he had not taken proper measures to secure the friendship of the chief justice. From that early moment I conclude that Impey had taken his line against us. The views of that party in England, which had placed such a man in such an employment, were now so evident, and the success of them so probable, that some of the natives, who had heard that Hastings and Impey were schoolfellows, have asked me seriously *whether they were not of the same caste?* Clavering, with his usual vehemence, inflamed by Joseph Fowke, was for

[1] Vide Ranny's petition.

immediate war with the judges, and a declaration against the establishment of the Supreme Court. I thought we had enemies enough to contend with. The secret rancour which long subsisted in the breasts of Impey and Clavering against each other, now broke out into an avowed personal enmity. No event could have been more favourable to Hastings. It gave him all the assistance of the Supreme Court of Judicature, engaged all the lawyers personally against us, increased the objects of our attack, and distracted our attention to new matter, though we had already more than we could manage. Chambers . . . . . in all their public opinions and decisions, particularly in the verdict against Fowke and the murder of Nuncomar, his deserting us in that manner, and condemning us with an apparent reluctance, looked like the confession of a friend, and did us more mischief perhaps than the declared hostility of the others. I resisted Clavering's importunities to attack the Supreme Court until I thought there was public ground for taking such a step, and long enough to make it appear . . . . when it was done. I dissented from the first proposal made by the Governor-General himself in Feb. 1775, to remonstrate against the institution of the court. . . . . At that early period, when it was impossible for us to have any experience of the effects of the institution, the step appeared to me precipitate and indecent. It seemed only an opposition of our abstract opinion, without facts to support it, to the wisdom of the legislature. Our duty unquestionably required of us, in the first instance, to endeavour to carry the Act of Parliament into execution; or why did we undertake the government instituted by it? General arguments against the institution of the Supreme Court were as obvious to us in England as they could be within three months after our arrival in Bengal, when in truth the court had hardly

begun their operations. It required experience to inform us either that the plan itself was ruinous to the country, or that the judges would make it so by an unlawful and unlimited extension of their jurisdiction. Hastings at first was more averse than any of us to the institution of the court, and to the introduction of British laws in any shape whatsoever; but he wished to compass the dissolution of the court without injuring his friend Impey or Lemaistre, whom I then took for granted he had found means to reconcile to his purpose. Of Lemaistre that suspicion was unquestionably ill-founded. The paragraph, which he himself drew up and substituted in the place of one proposed by Clavering, should be preserved in this narrative with my dissent, in consequence of which the general letter was altered after it had been signed. Neither of these papers appear on the records.

'The difference between Clavering and Hastings is, that the former lays the fault on the judges, the latter on the law.

'The observations contained in these memoirs will contribute everything that may be wanted in the public records to give a true idea of the state in which we found Bengal, and to establish the future history of our government on a sure foundation. Hereafter I shall content myself with fixing the dates of remarkable events, preserving such anecdotes only as may serve to explain them. The true character of Hastings and Barwell, with their respective views in uniting against us, is the only point now which requires illustration.

'Hastings has resided so long in Bengal, that in many respects he may be considered as a native. He assumes the arms as well as the name of the Huntingdon family, but no man knows with what right or by what authority. I understand him to be the natural son of a steward of

the late Lord Darlington.[1] His birth, however, could never be the subject of a question but for his own folly in pretending to deduce it from the noblest blood in England. He has all the craft of a Bengalee, united however with a degree of vanity and impatience of contradiction which sometimes throws him off his guard. When these passions are under command, he can put on a smile and assume an air of innocence and candour enough to melt or seduce a generous mind, and to deceive any man unacquainted with his arts, or less proficient in hypocrisy than himself. His reserve, whether natural or acquired, is so excessive, that I firmly believe he never reposed an entire confidence in any man. This policy or temper suited the sordid objects he had in view, and the crooked ways by which he was obliged to compass them. Great ambitious views can never succeed, nor will they probably be entertained by men of such a disposition. There must be some degree of confidence and liberality in a mind which sacrifices everything to ambition. Mr. Hastings' first object is money, though I do not dispute that he would be well pleased to have honour into the bargain. Yet he is not strictly avaricious; for no man by all accounts takes less care of his money, or can occasionally bestow it more handsomely. Whether he takes care of it or not, he certainly keeps a most minute and regular account of all his expenses. Let it be remembered, however, that the sudden acquisition of immense wealth, and the constant traffic of large sums, naturally make us indifferent about small ones, and that such a one who, with the wealth of a nabob, makes

[1] So I have been repeatedly assured by Lady Anne Monson, who was a daughter of that family. She told me her father sent him with his own sons to Westminster School, where he was called *The Classical Boy*.

[The circumstances of Warren Hastings' birth (see Gleig's 'Life,' vol. i. p. 5), are certainly suspicious enough to have given currency to this or any other gossiping story. He was emphatically the child of fortune.]

a great contribution, whenever his generosity or vanity is appealed to, might not part with a shilling on the same occasion if fortune had left him where he was placed by nature. Rapacity, not avarice, is the general characteristic of our people settled in India. The facility of plundering banishes the idea of saving. The apparent generosity of men in high stations in Bengal must also be attributed in some degree to policy. The voice of any individual, however inconsiderable, is of consequence to men who have no public merits to appeal to, or whose conduct in office will not bear examination. On this principle the late Governor Vansittart, and Mr. Hastings in imitation of him, though not so gracefully, made it their study to gain every man who went to England by acts of liberality—not always at their own expense—or by marks of personal attention, by which the applause of men is cheaply purchased. These arts, supported by a general communion of interests, account for the praises industriously lavished on Mr. Hastings by those who, having seen him last, were supposed to be best acquainted with him. Since our arrival, he has applied himself with greater zeal than ever to gain individuals; and though questions of pecuniary interest between the Company and private persons come before us every day, I solemnly aver that I never knew him to take part with the Company in a single instance, except that of Colonel Stibbert's allowances, which he proposed should be reduced to about 7,000*l.* a-year, exclusive of secret emoluments, which, to a commander-in-chief in the field, must be as considerable as he thinks proper to make them. But Stibbert was patronised by General Clavering, and affected to take part with us. The general policy of this conduct is obvious. The attachment of individuals may be gained, but public bodies have no gratitude. In the least exceptionable

parts of Mr. Hastings' character he cannot be more exactly described than by some lines in that of Carvalho, the famous minister of Portugal. "He is sagacious; but having seldom the good fortune to reason upon right principles, his sagacity in many important instances serves only to mislead him. He has had experience; but ill-considered facts, without principles or instruction, have perplexed his understanding. He is industrious beyond measure; but his industry, supported by a jealousy of all competition with him, has this dangerous tendency, that while he engrosses more of the executive branch than he can possibly support, no one office of the state is executed as it should be; and business stands still."[1]

'The opinion of Mr. Barwell's personal enmity to Hastings, of his factious temper and petulant proceedings in council, prevailed so generally in England about May and June 1773, that the minister was blamed for admitting such a man to a place in the new government. Even after the bill had passed the House of Commons, it was secretly debated whether his name should not be left out by the Lords, and one of Lord Darlington's brothers was actually a candidate for the vacancy. Barwell's friends had no resource but to swear for him, by all their gods, that for the future he should unite heartily with Hastings, and support his measures whatever they might be without distinction. Such unlimited engagements are never made for men of honour or who have any character to maintain. They could not be made for Mr. Barwell without supposing him ready to renounce all his former declared principles and professions; and to accept of employment at any rate. He made good the opinion his friends enter-

[1] 'I cannot get rid of an idea, which incessantly occurs to me, that Mr. H. has many of the features of Charles I. in his character, but not as he is drawn by Lord Clarendon.'

tained of him, and ratified their engagements without scruple.

'Mr. Barwell, I think, has all the bad qualities common to this climate and country, of which he is in every sense a native; but I do not affirm that there is no mixture whatsoever of good in his composition. George Vansittart is the only man to whom such unallayed purity of character is supposed to belong. Barwell is rapacious without industry, and ambitious without an exertion of his faculties or steady application to affairs. He would be governor-general, if money could make him so; and, in that station, he would soon engross the wealth of the country. But he is too indolent to submit to personal labour of any kind, for the attainment of these or any other favourite objects. He will do whatever can be done by bribery and intrigue. He has no other resource. His mind is strictly effeminate, and unequal to any serious constant occupation, except gaming, in which alone he is indefatigable. Though he does not appear to want capacity, he is more ignorant than might be expected from the common education of Westminster School, though abandoned without farther improvement; and this never appears so grossly as when he studies to distinguish himself by a display of knowledge or ability. His style may be collected from the minute quoted in the margin. His appointment to a seat in the supreme council was known in India several months before our arrival. The first effect it produced was a reconciliation between him and Hastings, on such terms as Barwell thought fit to prescribe. In spite of all Mr. Middleton's remonstrances, a separate collectorship was detached from the district of Moorshedabad for the accommodation of Mr. Barton. On what other terms Mr. Barwell's friendship was purchased can only be matter of conjecture.

He may probably have been allured with the hopes of succeeding to the government, by some new arrangement, which the united strength of the India interest was to form and effectuate in England. The bargain, whatever it was, appeared in the end most advantageous to Hastings; Barwell at least might have made better terms with us, if he had been perfectly at liberty to choose. But the plain truth is, he had too many villanies of his own to conceal, to permit him to declare war with men who had it in their power to destroy him, and with whom, though personally at variance about the division of the spoils, he was necessarily united by one common bond of fear, guilt, and interest. The violent manner in which he declared himself for all Mr. Hastings' measures, past, present, and to come, showed plainly the determination of a man bound by contract, and performing his part of it without decency or judgment. Though he had no concern in the Rohilla war, and might have contented himself with simply supporting it as a fact, he voluntarily adopted the pretended principles of that measure in their utmost latitude, and pushed them to an excess to which Mr. Hastings himself was afraid or too prudent to follow him. His conduct was the same on every other question; so that Mr. Hastings, besides all other advantages, had the pleasure of seeing a man he hated reduced to be one of his own most vehement advocates, and so pledged and entangled by precipitate declarations, that he never could retreat. It was not long before Barwell saw the folly of his proceedings, and endeavoured to take secret measures to obviate the effects of them. In February, 1775, I began to perceive a change of language and behaviour in Clavering towards this gentleman, whom till then he had never qualified with any civiller epithet than fool or rogue. To Barwell himself he manifestly showed unusual

attention. To *us*, he affected to speak of him as a man of spirit and abilities, unwarily engaged in a desperate cause, which he was ready to abandon, if we were ready to receive him, and who in short would be an important acquisition. . . . .'

The fragment is here so mutilated that the attempt to follow its clue must be abandoned: and we must return to the private letters.

To John Bourke.

March 20, 1776.

Here I live, master of the finest house in Bengal, with a hundred servants, a country house and spacious gardens, horses, and carriages. . . . Yet so perverse is my nature, that the devil take me if I would not exchange the best dinner and the best company I ever saw in Bengal, for a beef-steak and claret at the Horn, and let me choose my company. Be so good as live till I return, and tell Mr. Burke that wherever fortune may think fit to place me, I shall think it an honour and a happiness to be permitted to cultivate his friendship. I will not return without an independence. You know the spirit that is in me. Oh, Burke! I wish you had a horse which has been lately sent me from Agra, positively the noblest creature of his kind. He is supposed to be cheap at two thousand rupees. And now I shall prance like a general officer, and ride over the vulgar. Périsse la canaille is the motto of the English Government in India; as poor Fitzpatrick once seriously thought it was mine.

'My good friend,' he writes to Mr. Fowke, at Benares, June 10, 1776, 'I cannot be blind to the particular disadvantages of my situation. If the business be done it must be by the representations sent home. By these we must stand or fall. Apparently they are joint and common acts. Yet no man, I presume, will hesitate to attribute the immediate manufacture of them to one of us. This is an honour I am by no means desirous of engrossing. In plain English, I have laid the foundation of such personal odium against me as I am convinced will last me as long as I live, and probably descend to my children—the only inheritance I shall leave them.'[1]

---

[1] There were four distinct persons of the name of Fowke who are more or less noticeable in connection with the correspondence of Francis.

1. General Fowke, who commanded at Gibraltar, and was 'ruined' (according to the second letter of 'Veteran,' Feb. 17, 1772) by Lord Barring-

The following, to the wife of his friend Mr. Strachey, partakes of that vein of *badinage*, sometimes happy but sometimes a little artificial, in which, as has been said, he was wont to address ladies:—

Dear Madam,—You write so good a hand, that I wish you were my secretary; but that hand is directed by so good a heart, that I hereby claim and insist upon your allotting me as much room in it as you can any way spare to a sincere and grateful friend. I have but little time to tell you how much I deserve of you in that character. Be so good as to live till I return, and you shall see wonders: you shall see me whom India has made neither rich nor saucy. I profess to have one or two qualities at least, to which this infamous climate cannot reach; the rest is at the mercy of the sun, whose light, the moment I can command wax candles and a coal fire, I solemnly disclaim for ever. Let him ripen his cabbages, and show peasants the way to their daily labour. I desire to have no further communication with him, but to vegetate in a hot-house, as a gentleman should do. I observe with great comfort that the family of the Lathams and Stracheys is growing very populous. State the numbers

---

ton persuading him to take the blame of certain injudicious instructions of his own when Secretary at War.

2. Francis Fowke, a literary man, mentioned in Boswell's 'Johnson' (July 11, 1776).

3. Joseph Fowke, brother of the last mentioned, went to India as a writer in 1736, returning to England in 1752, where he became acquainted with Dr. Johnson, who calls him his 'dear friend:' returned to India in 1770; was mixed up with Nuncomar in alleged conspiracies against Hastings, for which he was twice proceeded against in the Supreme Court; became a kind of dependent on Francis while he remained in India, and finally returned to England on a pension, where he died in 1806. See 'Gent. Magazine' for Dec. 1817. He was a friend and occasional correspondent of Francis to the end of his life, who nevertheless speaks of him with distrust in his journals.

4. Francis Fowke the younger, son of the above, appointed resident at Benares, removed by Hastings, which removal was repeatedly disapproved of by the Directors, on the remonstrances of the other councillors, but persistently maintained by Hastings, until he finally yielded the point to Francis under the circumstances which will hereafter appear.

From the mention of General Fowke by 'Veteran,' it has been conjectured that the general was connected with the other Fowkes, and in some way or other with Francis. I find, however, no proof of this. It would seem rather, by the letters before us, that the patrons of the family in India were Lord Barrington and General Clavering.

as high as you will, while the dispute continues, the exaggeration ends. This is Ned Burke, whose ideas of population I see it is needless to recommend to you. And so you have determined that I shall stay in Bengal till I have settled your infant colony for you, and can leave it in a flourishing condition. Indeed, madam, I am not satisfied with the share you have allotted me in this useful work. I would rather be employed as you are. Leave it to me to provide emigrants, and do you come here and settle them.

Soberly and sadly, this is no market for young ladies. The same heat which ripens the fruit, reduces the appetite, whereof the proofs are rather melancholy than pregnant. How long beauty will keep in this country is too delicate a question for me to determine;—you, who can read faces, would see lines in some of them which time ought not to have written there so soon.

The politics of this strange place are not for a lady's ear;—and it furnishes no other topics of conversation. We have malice and scandal enough to supply a larger settlement. But positively they live like camæleons on the air, without any solid facts to feed on. They also change their colour with their ground, so what is here calumny in one house is gospel in another. On arguments of this nature I am seldom consulted, because I profess to admire beauty on both sides of the question, and am not afraid to pay my respects to an agreeable woman even in the enemy's camp. At the same time time I have a reserve of moderation and coldness in my constitution which I keep for the use of aged ladies, including those whom the small-pox has not spared. In spite of all their politics Mrs. Hyde and Lady Impey are pleased to except me from my friends, and, as I take care to acknowledge their respective merits, allow me in that instance at least to be a just and generous enemy. As long as they show me the same countenance they may be secure of the same attachment.

About this time the news reached India of the proceedings at the East India House, December 11, 1775, when the removal of Hastings and Barwell was negatived, although supported by the friends of Lord North. This accounts in some degree for the dispirited tone of his letter to Mr. Strachey by the same mail:—

I sometimes think that our noble departed friend, while he was here, felt as I do. The firmest of all human minds could not always command the frail machinery in which it was lodged. The waste

of spirits in this cursed country is a disease unconquerable—a misery unutterable.

. . . . I begin to fancy that I myself have a very good constitution, or I never could have resisted such a climate and such toil in the manner I have done. My two colleagues are in a woful condition. Colonel Monson obliged to go to sea to save his life, and General Clavering on his back covered with boils. I see no reason why Barwell should be alive, but that death does not think it worth while to kill him. He is a mere shadow. As for Hastings, I promise you he is much more tough than any of us: and will never die a natural death. Nuncomar might have been a notorious rascal, but, by ——, he spoke truth, or why were they in such a hurry to hang him?

While thus deeply engaged in a course of partisanship on which (at least in his own opinion) his honour, and his success in life, were irrevocably engaged, Francis had been at the same time plunging with all the vehemence of his character into a very different course of excitement. We have seen (from Macrabie's Journal) that cards, and especially whist, formed the regular occupation of his evenings in Bengal; and also that he passed for a winner. But the extraordinary run of luck which at this time set in upon him, was such as literally to change—and permanently as it turned out—his pecuniary position and prospects in life. He had hitherto been only saving, as well as an establishment in India and one in England would allow him, out of his salary of 10,000*l.* a-year.

His first intimations to his friends on this subject, very confidential, occur some months earlier. He writes to Chandler in March, 1776, 'An extraordinary stroke of fortune has made me independent. Two years more will probably raise me to affluent circumstances.' And to his friend Francis Fowke, at Benares, in May, after discussing sundry modes of investment: 'I believe I must revert to my first request to you to procure me a small venture of diamonds on the most favourable terms

I can. I have actually won a fortune, and must think of some means of realising it in England. Keep all this stuff to yourself.'

'With regard to gaming' (he writes in April to another correspondent in India, whose name is not preserved in the copy), 'and all its dreadful consequences, your advice is unquestionably good, and not the worse for being tolerably obvious. It is true I have won a fortune—and intend to keep it. Your tenderness for the loser is admirable. If money be his blood, I feel no kind of remorse in opening his veins; the bloodsucker should bleed, and can very well afford it.'

The news of these successes, exaggerated no doubt by fame, reached England in due time; and drew forth the following friendly remonstrance from John Bourke, Oct. 29, 1776:—'I should not forget intelligence from Bengal which I heard last night. Barwell has lost at play sixty lacs of rupees: Leslie won ten, Lemaistre twenty, and Francis the remainder. Some say we may read thousand pounds sterling for lacs. Let me give Francis a piece of advice, though it may probably arrive 18 months too late: if he has won, let him keep what he has got, and avoid high play.'

'Your stroke of fortune (writes D'Oyly to him) has for some time been the general subject of conversation both at this end of the town and in the City. 'Tis said Mr. Barwell is in a great measure ruined, and that the sum you and others have won of him is immense. This affair, I am sorry to tell you, has totally locked up the minister's mouth to me concerning you, and the Directors and the City are by no means kind to you on the occasion. For God's sake,' adds Godfrey on the same count, 'since you have incurred the censure of the world, keep the money to console you in your afflictions.'

These letters were crossed by one from him to Godfrey, which gives the corrected account of the transaction:—

Calcutta, September 16, 1776.

My dear Godfrey,—I enclose you an order for a part of the produce of a small parcel of pearl. Ask Mr. Chandler if he received the original. If he has, burn this order. If not, let him present it. It is but for a few hundred pounds. You must know, my friend, that, on one blessed day of the present year of our Lord, I had won about twenty thousand pounds at whist. It is reduced to about twelve, and I now never play, but for trifles, and that only once a week. Keep all this to yourself.

I approve much of your idea of Harrow for my son. I hear a great account of the master, but that his school and house are too much crowded. I protest against Westminster or Eton. What I wish is, that when you have determined upon the public school, he and young Clive might go together and have a tutor with them. If a proper man can be found, I shall not regard the expense.

Wherever he goes, I insist on his constantly lying alone. His learning may take its fate. He will always have enough for an honest man. But his health and morals require all our care. You know all my ideas on this subject, and I hereby give you full power to act as you think proper. I do not myself see the necessity of removing him from Ribouville before the age of ten; but if *you* do, I agree to it implicitly. . . .

Whenever I am worth a clear entire sum of forty thousand pounds secure in England, Bengal may take care of itself. No, not for that fortune would I spend the same two years again. Since writing thus far we have advice from Madras of Lord Pigott's deposition and imprisonment. He was caught like a canary bird by Colonel Stewart, and there he may whistle.

It indicates the want of delicacy in matters of moral sentiment which certainly characterised Francis in some respects, that his recommendation to look closely after the training of his only boy in heart and head, should be addressed to Godfrey, a man of the world of the coarsest description, as his correspondence abundantly shows. Young Philip was finally sent to Harrow in 1780.

To complete the subject of Francis's extraordinary successes at whist, it may here be added that in a letter

to D'Oyly at a later period, deprecating the censure which his gambling propensities had brought on him, he estimates Barwell's whole losses at three lacs (30,000*l.*), of which, he says, Judge Lemaistre and Colonel Leslie had a share. As for himself he says, 'it was an accidental burst, which lasted but for a few weeks,' and excuses himself on the ground of having been drawn to the gambling table by a violent fit of low spirits and melancholy, such as, he says, D'Oyly had seen him in before at the period of Calcraft's death.

To return to the course of public affairs. Early in 1776, Francis had despatched to England the result on which he most prided himself of the application of his mind to the details of Indian administration; his scheme for a perpetual, or 'zemindary,' settlement of the land of Bengal for revenue purposes. The 'five years' settlement,' devised by Hastings, was about to end in 1777; and some definitive regulation was absolutely called for. Hastings advised its renewal; and the two rival schemes were soon laid in competition before the Court of Directors. Their decision, not received at Calcutta until near the termination of the five years, was in favour of neither; but evaded the main question by a series of temporary measures. It remained for Lord Cornwallis to carry into execution the great project which bears his name, but to the credit of which, or at least of its first promulgation, Francis seems indisputably entitled.

To whom the following alarming summary of events was addressed by Francis, I am not sure, the superscription of the copy letter being lost; but apparently to Fowke at Benares:—

Calcutta, September 10, 1776.

The news from Madras is portentous (here follows an account of the seizure and imprisonment of Lord Pigott by Colonel Stuart, under circumstances familiar to readers of Indian history). The

devil dances in all quarters. The French are gathering a force in India, and we have lately had a desperate quarrel with Mons. Chevalier. A war with the Mahrattas on the Malabar coast is not improbable,[1] considering all circumstances. In the newspapers it is asserted that the execution of Nuncomar filled the hearts of all honest men with joy: that addresses of thanks and applause poured in upon Mr. Hastings: and that the new councillors have seen their error! Col. Monson, I hear, intends a trip to sea. The General is actually covered with boils, and has suffered great misery, but I believe the worst is over.

Towards the close of September, 1776, the health of Colonel Monson gave way. The vacation of his office would unavoidably leave Hastings and Barwell in opposition to Clavering and Francis, but with the advantage of the Governor-General's casting vote, until this provisional state of things were terminated by orders from home; which, however, were by this time eagerly expected; news of strong dissension, in May, at Leadenhall Street, on the subject of the steps to be taken to reconstitute the council having been already received. Francis was now doubly alarmed. The loss of Monson would place him in the minority. But orders from home dismissing Hastings, and appointing Clavering to succeed him, would have been evidently as unacceptable. Clavering's arrogance of temper, and weakness of judgment, had no doubt undergone no improvement under the climate of India, and the polemics of the Council Board. Still, I have not ascertained from the papers before me any substantial cause for the vehement hostility with which Francis, his ally in public, by this time regarded him.

To Mr. D'Oyly.

September 13, 1856.

. . . . You know how I think and how I feel about ——. *That dominion would be insupportable.* Hereafter you shall know the truth. I have been ridden long enough over hedge and ditch,

[1] This prediction soon came true.

and can endure it no longer. The ballot of May 17[1], and Colonel Monson's resignation,[2] furnish me with very sufficient reasons for retiring. My conduct shall be steady, moderate, firm, and consistent. As for violence, I leave it to those who have a prospect of profiting by it. In one word, it is not in the nature of things that I can continue to *act with* ——, and you might as well hang me at once *as make him Governor*. That event, however, seems for the present out of the question. Hastings is determined to stand his ground; because there is no safety in quitting it. Barwell affects to be highly disgusted at the resolution of the Directors to remove him, and talks of going to England. His private affairs here are very much embarrassed, and he considers the above resolution as a bill of exclusion from the government. In short, we are all in a strange situation, but personally to me not disadvantageous. Clavering is outrageous *at my* withdrawing from the battle and for a very good reason. *It lowers his consequence, and deprives him of absolute power, with which no man, in my opinion, is less fit to be trusted, or less qualified to make use.*

I shall take your advice and never think of England without an independent fortune. Considering the distracted state of affairs at home, perhaps it is all in my favour to be stationed at such a distance.

In a few days more, Francis writes to the same friend (September 26, 1776):—'The death of Colonel Monson, which happened last night, leaves General Clavering and me, and all our friends, at the mercy of H. and B.; judge what quarter we are to expect from them.' Hastings, by the very same mail, writes to England: 'Having gone through two years of persecution, I am determined that no authority less than the king's express act shall remove

[1] On May 8, 1776, a motion had been carried in the Court of Directors at the East India House, for an address to the King praying the removal of Hastings and Barwell from office. In a General Court, held on the 15th, a motion for recommending the Directors to reconsider this resolution had been carried on ballot by a majority of 106. Ministers are said to have used their influence against Hastings.

[2] From an entry in an Indian journal of Francis (post, 110), it would seem that both Clavering and Monson wrote this month to England, tendering their resignations, probably on the ground of health; but the first in private, the second after consulting his colleagues.

me, or death. I have already drawn the line of my conduct, with the concurrent opinion and advice of Mr. Barwell and Sir Elijah Impey, and have written to Lord North to inform him of it.'

Hastings was not the man to neglect an opportunity. While awaiting the vessel from England, which must bring the news of his dismissal or of his triumph, he immediately set to work to use the majority which he had now acquired. Middleton was immediately sent back to Oude, and Francis's *protégé*, Bristow, superseded. 'Many circumstances concur to render this politically necessary,' he writes to Alexander Eliot, 'and many require the suspension of it. One, of much weight, is the present uncertainty of my own fate; but the greatest is that which I first alluded to. Francis dreads it worse than death.'

It was done, however, and the recall of Francis Fowke from Benares followed shortly after. 'The movements of this man of levity (Francis),' Hastings says in the same letter, are difficult to foresee or comprehend. His interest is the only steady principle in his composition, and operates in him as powerfully as in any man I ever knew; yet even this cannot always concentrate him, but by fits he flies off from it.

'I have wished, and Mr. Barwell has been equally desirous, to gain his concurrence in public measures, not only for the sake of quiet, but for the more quiet despatch of business. He, too, has appeared equally solicitous for such an accommodation. For some time past he has quietly concurred in all points of mere current business, and but faintly opposed such as were of magnitude sufficient to attract public notice, or were of a nature to excite the bitter spirit of the general; that is, he assents to measures of no consequence, concurs in appointments proposed by me of persons whom he wishes to serve, and

in all matters of importance either opposes in mild language or acquiesces with reservation intended to exempt him from a share in the responsibility. This temporising conduct he calls moderation, and makes a merit of it; yet, such as it is, I would avail myself of it if I could, having too much at stake to hazard by contending with a man whose character I despise, and whose friendship and enmity I should view with equal indifference under any other circumstances.' 'I could if I pleased,' he writes at the same time to another friend, John Stewart, 'change every part of the present system, and make my continuance in the government necessary almost to its existence; but I would not wish to hold it on such terms, nor indeed do I think such a policy very necessary; for it must be very apparent, and universally seen, by this time, that General Clavering is not qualified to hold the reins of a government like this, if vexation does not kill him before they can be put into his hands. As to Francis, like your gunpowder, he is not worth wasting words about.' [1]

Francis (by the same mail) to Doyly.

November 26, 1776.

If Mr. Hastings is to be continued in this government, General Clavering cannot stay here, and I ought not. If I could hope that the minister, or anybody else, would listen to my opinion, and you may assure those whom it may concern from me that they cannot take a more fatal step than that by filling up Colonel Monson's place with an Indian, or any man connected with India. What they call local knowledge is nothing but tyranny and prostitution. But this is not enough. A majority against a governor

[1] Gleig's 'Memoirs of Warren Hastings,' ii. 144, &c. The difference between Francis and Hastings is fairly stated in the Essay on the 'History and Discovery of Junius.' Ostensibly, they were mainly divided on the two great lines of Indian policy: the one, expediency, which Hastings patronised as most conducive to individual and territorial aggrandisement; the other, the immutable principles of right and justice, which Francis advocated as the true principles of government.'—Bohn's Junius, ii. 1.

may prevent his acting, but they cannot act themselves. The situation of the country demands instant arrangements for its recovery; and by all that is just, I see only one which can save it. If it be possible, discover whether anything or nothing is likely to be done. To stay here with Hastings and Barwell beyond another year is insupportable; or is it possible they can be so unjust as to leave me in this odious situation? Can any man, who is my friend, desire it? As to continuing an incessant battle with H., *I will not* do it. When a great and important occasion, such as that on which I now write to Mr. Ellis, requires it, I meet him in part, and, I hope, maintain my ground with dignity. But everlasting squabbles are equally disgraceful and useless. They know the man sufficiently by this time, and ought to act upon that knowledge. Hastings is actually in possession of full power, and drives furiously. I do what I can to keep Barwell in order merely to save a few individuals whose existence depends on me.

The climate of India was now to claim further victims among Francis's fellowship. His private secretary, and most intimate of friends, Alexander Macrabie, sickened in August 1776, and was forced to leave Calcutta on the precarious chance of recovering health by a sea voyage. He had just received the appointment of a writership from home, after assiduous efforts on the part of Francis to obtain it. He grew worse; and landed at Ganjam on the coast of Orissa, a spot then regarded as comparatively salubrious. There he lingered two or three months, and died in November. The loss of this clever, lively, unselfish, and most attached dependent evidently affected Francis very deeply. There is something very touching in Macrabie's numerous letters to his chief during this absence, which Francis had preserved, addressed to his 'dearest and best friend,' wishing him once more all happiness, and assuring him, 'sick or well, I am yours with the truest affection.' He seems not only to have loved his brother-in-law as a friend, but to have worshipped him almost as an idol. 'I need not dwell on this melancholy subject,' writes Francis to Chandler;

'your own feelings will give you the best idea of the affliction that has fallen upon me. But who will communicate the fatal intelligence to his unhappy sister! I sent a letter by the way of Suez, lately, to Mr. Godfrey, which I hope will have prepared her mind for the worst news; if not, I must solicit the kind offices of Mrs. Chandler to break it to her, in what terms I know not.'

The records of the year may be finished with a few caustic lines from Sir E. Impey to his old western circuit friend Dunning. Impey by this time detested Francis, with a hatred most cordially returned by the latter:—

Dear Dunning,—Clavering's very severe illness has shattered his constitution and hurried him into old age. . . His body is emaciated, his strength is vanished, and his spirits weak. I very much apprehend that the effect of his disease will prove mortal at no long distance of time. Should Mr. Hastings and Mr. Barwell be removed, Francis will be God when the news arrives.[1]

[1] From the Impey MSS. in the British Museum, a curious and very voluminous collection, from which the most important portions appear to have been selected and employed by Mr. Elijah Barwell Impey, in his 'Memoirs' of his father. (1846.)

CHAPTER II.

FRANCIS IN INDIA.

[1777–1781.]

Better Prospects—Hopes of the Governor-Generalship—Character of Hastings by Francis—Indian Journal—Hastings refuses to resign—Decision of the Supreme Court between him and Clavering—Mahratta War—Death of Clavering—Arrival of Wheler—Burke on the Revenue Settlement—Affair of the Grands—Arrival of Sir Eyre Coote—Temporary accommodation with Hastings—Rupture—Duel between Francis and Hastings—Return to England.

THE year 1777 found Francis in a position by no means such as his sanguine temper had anticipated: condemned to a permanent minority in the council by the casting-vote of his rival Hastings, his plans discountenanced, his friends neglected, and maintaining his ground only in combination with Clavering, whom in his heart he regarded, as we have seen, with as much aversion as he did Hastings himself, and with far less respect for his abilities. Nevertheless, we see him recovered, to a considerable extent, from the state of fierce discontent in which he has hitherto exhibited himself. His health was established. After some slight attacks of illness, his admirable constitution, which had resisted the utmost strain of intellectual occupation, seemed equally proof against the climate of Bengal, which was claiming its victims all around him. The following little memorandum, headed 'Dates of Facts,' inscribed by Francis himself in one of his journals, gives the melancholy record of the mortality which took place in his circle.

DATES OF FACTS.

1776, *Feb.* 17.—Lady Anne Monson died at Calcutta.
„ *Sept.* 25.—Colonel Monson at Hughley.
„ *Nov.* 29.—Mr. Alexander Macrabie at Ganjam.
1777, *Aug.* 1.—Mr. Hastings marries Mrs. Imhoff.
„ *Aug.* 30.—Sir John Clavering dies at Calcutta.
„ *Dec.* 11.—Mr. Wheler lands at Calcutta.
1778, *July* 27.—Mrs. Wheler dies.
„ *Nov.* 9.—Mrs. Barwell dies.
„ *Sept.* 12.—Alexander Elliot dies on his way to Nagpour.
„ *Oct.* 4.—Colonel Leslie dies at Rajegur.
„ *Dec.* 11.—Major Baggs arrives at Calcutta.
„ *Dec.* 28.—Sir Eyre Coote arrives at Madras.
1779, *January.*—Bombay army capitulates at Lolldong.
„ *March* 22.—Coote arrives at Calcutta.

And it must be remembered that at this time a sojourn in Bengal involved exposure from which Englishmen in official positions now shrink as absolutely inconsistent with the preservation of health. There were no 'hills' in those days—no occasional returns to Europe, or even the Cape, to invigorate the constitution. The only resource for the sick—wretched enough—was a trip to sea. Francis never availed himself of this, or any other, relaxation from his duties. He rarely left Calcutta, or his bungalow in its vicinity; and never seems to have gone a hundred miles from it during his five years' residence. He appears to have had no taste for the ordinary attractions of travelling; no kind of curiosity. In the numerous folios of his Indian correspondence, I have scarcely noticed a single observation on places or on scenery, and but few on individuals, except such as were brought into official or social contact with himself. Business was his passion—his recreations, literature and the card-table; not without a certain liking for the gossip of society.

But, besides the inspiriting consciousness of health, Francis was now enjoying the actual realisation of what

he had hitherto only dreamt of, with all the eagerness of a needy man, with no secure means and a large family. He had achieved the object of making his fortune; a moderate fortune enough, but sufficient for the ideas of one whose dreams were of ambition, not of luxury. He had won twelve or fourteen thousand pounds at whist, and then, apparently, desisted from high play. He was saving out of his salary. Whether he had other means of increasing his gains, it is not possible to say; but no charge of corruption stands on record against him.

As to his political prospects, moreover, his hopes were constantly fed by advices from England. It was pretty clear by this time that Lord North was either playing a double game, or (which is no doubt the juster interpretation) that in the absorbing whirl of the unhappy American business, he took little interest in India, and wavered between his early prepossessions against the Bengal Government and the strong pressure brought to bear on him by the friends of that Government in Parliament and in Leadenhall Street. Nevertheless, the odds seemed at this time, to Francis at least, greatly against Hastings; and he wrought on in the conviction that his enemy would be recalled, that Clavering was incapable of taking his place, and that he was himself the destined Governor-General. 'My health,' he says to D'Oyly in February, 1777, 'is perfectly established, my spirits high, and my resolution unshaken; and with good management I am a match for the climate.' [1]

[1] In the same letter he gives his friend a very terse account of the system of government in Bengal. 'The Company dispossess the Subahdar, and assume the management of the country by mere force. They collect the revenues as Government. They raise them to the level of the rents of the country, or as near it as possible, in the pretended quality of proportion. They then engross the produce as merchants, and force the manufacturers to labour for them alone as masters.'

To Godfrey, in the same spirit, a few months later:

Everything on this side looks prosperously for me, and I have written stoutly hence, and directly to the minister himself, that he may as well dismiss as supersede me. *Sur cet article, je n'entends pas raison.* Fortune, and my own industry, have placed me, in every sense, above them. *Enfin, mon ami, je me moque de tout le monde.* No man ever stood on firmer ground, or in a pleasanter situation. There is now sufficient room for hope, and nothing to fear.

Thus far all was well; but Francis still miscalculated the power of his great adversary. He neither estimated aright the mental vigour and resources of Hastings, nor the strength of his adherents. On the whole, the two rivals were not so unequally matched as might at first appear. Hastings was greatly superior in the habit of administration, which the other did not possess. His long experience in India, the strength which in Oriental countries belongs to the 'powers that be,' and the advantage of the twelve months which must intervene between a despatch to England and the arrival of the answer, were much on his side. But, on the other hand, Francis was a man of high ability: resolute, and scarcely more scrupulous than Hastings himself; and he had, to back him, the general English feeling of dissatisfaction with the internal government of India, and deep indignation at its iniquities towards native states, which had not as yet subsided. The struggle was a severe one; but Hastings was, in reality, the stronger athlete of the two. The following very remarkable passage of a letter from Francis to General Fraser (written at a later period, November, 1779) gives the portrait of the great governor, drawn by a most powerful painter, who yet seems scarcely able to appreciate the force of the character which he draws:—

The qualification commonly called 'parts,' is in general too dangerous to be trusted in the management of public affairs. It

requires firmness, integrity, and good sense, and it requires nothing else. Mr. Hastings is, literally and exclusively, a man of parts. There is not a single principle, moral or political, either in his head or his heart. One natural effect of this character is that, when he means best, he constantly begins his building at the top, or with some room that has an agreeable prospect, and never thinks of a foundation till the whole edifice falls to pieces for want of it. Another is, that he is uncommonly dexterous at extricating himself out of difficulties, which with a very moderate portion of common sense, and the tenth part of his microscopic sagacity, he might have averted. I am not sure that his vanity is not concerned in preferring the intricacy of a labyrinth to any plain road on which he must travel with the multitude.' 'I detest general principles' is a common expression with him. . . . .

Since I have gone so far, let me tell you a story in point. I happened to sup with him not long ago, when the conversation turned upon Robinson Crusoe. Everybody present gave their opinion of the book, of course without reflection. While the rest of the company were talking, Mr. Hastings seemed lost in a reverie, in which I little suspected that Robinson Crusoe could be concerned. At last he gravely declared, that he had often read the book with singular satisfaction; but that no passage in it had ever struck him so much, as where the hero is said to have built a monstrous boat at a distance from the sea, without knowing by what means he was to convey it to the water. 'And by Jove,' says Hastings, 'the same thing has happened to myself an hundred times in my life. I have built the boat without any farther consideration, and when difficulties and consequences have been urged against it, have been too ready to answer them by saying to myself: "Let me finish the boat first, and then, I'll warrant, I shall find some method to launch it."' This is the man's own political picture drawn by himself. I presume you may take his own word for the truth of it.[1]

March, 1777.

My dearest Wife,—My last was by the London, which sailed about a fortnight ago. Since that we have been tolerably quiet, and expect to continue so till the arrival of advices from England. As for myself, I am truly anxious about nothing but the welfare of my

[1] 'What to do, I know not,' writes Hastings, in 1778, respecting certain conduct of the Bombay Government, which had *déjoué* some of his plans formed in this daring manner. 'I feel myself on this occasion as I have often done at chess, when my adversary, by giving his tower the oblique movement of a knight (he alludes, I suppose, to the Indian game), has placed the game in a position for which I made no provision.'

family and friends. Political events cannot reach or affect me. By this or the next ship I shall make an additional remittance to Mr. Chandler of 3,200*l.* Besides that, I am really an economist. Fortune has taken extraordinary care of me, and I am much her humble servant. She was certainly in my debt, if it be considered how many years you and I lived upon little or nothing. If there were peace in America, all would be well. By Captain Carr I sent you a pearl necklace. I should probably have done much better in sending you the money it cost, and so left you to please yourself. To make up for that mistake, you will find yourself authorised by the enclosed letter to Mr. Godfrey to employ 500*l.* in diamond earrings, or any other jewelry you may think fit.

To D'Oyly.

March 29, 1777.

In general, I can only tell you that everything here is going from worse to worst. Our broils in council have revived with redoubled bitterness and fury, particularly between Hastings and the General. I keep as clear as I can of these odious, unprofitable contentions; but how is it possible to be surrounded with combustibles, and never to take fire. The Governor is not content with the possession of absolute power, but exercises it in the most arbitrary manner, and frequently for no purpose, that I can discover, but mere vanity and ostentation. Setting aside his morality, you may rely upon my experienced and deliberate judgment of him, that he is a busy, projecting, intricate politician of the lowest order, and that it is not in his nature to walk strait. Our time is now chiefly employed in doing jobs of all sorts, and giving away the Company's money by wholesale. These are liberal times, when every man, who will sell himself, may have his price. It brings to my mind the state of the French government, soon after the death of Harry the Fourth, when, as Sully tells us: 'Prepared as I was for irregular proceedings, I could not without extreme surprise see that scarcely any business was transacted in the council but what related to gifts to the nobles—to augmentations of the pensions to persons in office—the paying of debts which had been abolished—the abatement of farms and discharges of the farmers, and revocations of the contracts made for the rents;—creation of new offices—exemptions and privileges—in a word, a thousand schemes to render the people miserable.'

In April, 1777, Francis commenced a regular 'Journal,' which he thenceforward kept to the end of his stay in

India: marking every day, whether signalised by any event or not, with scrupulous minuteness. Large portions are in his own best clerical hand—especially where there was anything confidential to record: the remainder in that of one or more amanuenses. It contains the note of daily proceedings at the council board, and of public occurrences in general: together with that of his private occupations and amusements of every day; and, constantly and freely, of his personal feelings and thoughts, and his contemptuous or hostile remarks on others. And yet—with the same curious mixture of outspokenness and reticence which characterises the record he has left of himself during the 'anonymous' portion of his life—he has passed over slightly, or without mention, some of the most critical occurrences of his career in India.

I shall proceed to use this journal, by means of extracts, for the account of the rest of that part of his life. The chronicle which it contains of public events may be extremely valuable to some future historian of British India, but must be passed over here except so far as a memoir may seem to require. I shall continue to insert such letters or extracts of letters as bear on the subject, in their places, in order of date. And in printing letters addressed to him from England—having only a choice of difficulties, in respect of making the dates fit—I propose to arrange them according to date of receipt, that is, on the average, five or six months after date of writing. This will enable the reader to trace the impressions actually present in Francis's mind when he made the corresponding entries in his journal, or answered the letters.

JOURNAL.

'*April 8th*, 1777.—My challenge and defiance to Hastings and Barwell to arraign my conduct for not signing the letters against the Ranny of Burdwan.

'*May 9th*.—Set out for Kishnagur with Ducarel and Bristow; slept at Pulta at Mr. Prinsep's.

'*10th*.—At Mr. Motte's at Hughley with Sir Elijah and Lady Impey.

'*11th*.—Proceeded in the evening. . . . Budgerow.

'*12th*.—Budgerow . . . . infernally hot.

'*13th*.—Ditto . . . ditto. . . . Landed in the afternoon at Nuddea; met by the Rajah's eldest son, with presents of fruit, &c.; in palanquins to Kishenagur.

'*14th*.—Well entertained by Mr. Shore, but immoderately hot.

'*15th*.—Ditto. Visit from the old Rajah, which I returned, and saw an immense palace in ruins, and the prince of the country, a venerable old man, lodged in one corner of it, in a state of beggary and misery not to be believed.

'*16th*.—Set out on horseback on our return by the way of Sooksagur. Ducarel thrown from his horse and obliged to proceed in a palanquin. Arrive at Croftes's at two o'clock in the morning, excessively tired.

'*17th*.—Dine with Croftes; proceed in the budgerow at Hughley, and forced to sleep in it.

'*18th*.—Breakfast and dine at Motte's with Lady Impey, &c. Sup at Chinsura, at Mr. Radamacker's, with all the Dutch Factory; plenty of victuals and civility, but as dull as Rotterdam: returned late by myself to Pulta, where I slept.

'*19th*.—Return to breakfast at Calcutta. At council, the Governor's plan voted for transferring the Nabob

of Oude's army to the Company's service. Strong minutes against it by General Clavering and myself.'

The following (from Sir Grey Cooper, Lord North's secretary, received at this time) communicates the view of politics entertained just then at head-quarters:—

Treasury Chambers, December 12, 1776.

Dear Sir,—This letter will, I hope, be presented to you by a young man whom the Court of Directors have on my recommendation appointed to a writership in Bengal. His name is Wycliffe; he is a cadet of a very good gentleman's family near Richmond in Yorkshire, and a near relation of Lady Cooper. He carries with him a good countenance and a modest demeanour, and he appears to me to be of a tractable and docile disposition, and of parts sufficient to make a man of business. I earnestly and anxiously request the favour of you to take him under your protection and patronage, and to put him into a good train. He is now free from vices, and perfectly well inclined. Nothing but good company, good advice, and employment can keep him so. It is certainly very difficult for young flesh and blood to resist the pleasures and temptations with which he will be surrounded. He and those who come out with him, are, however, fortunate in one respect, they come at a time when, I trust, the character of the British Government in India is gaining more credit and respect every hour; and when the principles and measures of those who administer it will give greater power and stability to that empire than the most advantageous treaties with Subahs and Nabobs, or the extirpation of all the frontier nations. The proconsulate of Cicero in Cilicia did more honour and gave more strength to the Roman Republic in Asia than the winning of five great battles by Lucullus and Pompey. You will be happy to learn by the despatches and private letters you will receive by the Egmont, that His Majesty's arms have had such signal success in Canada and at New York. The prospect in the western world is undoubtedly fairer and clearer than it was; but clouds still hang round it, and I shall be most happy *donec aliqua tolerabili conditione bellum hoc finitum videro*, as Hanno said in the senate of Carthage.

D'Oyly, our friend, is in good health, and makes an admirable under-secretary of State. He probably writes to you by this ship. I shall be happy to learn from your own pen that you are well and happy; and I am, dear Sir, with great regard and esteem, your most faithful, humble servant,

GREY COOPER.

To P. Francis, Esq.

Journal.

'*June* 14*th.*—Refuse to sign the order for Shakespear's appointment. General Clavering gone down to Budge Budge. At midnight receive a letter from Colonel Leslie that an express was just arrived with notice of Hastings' resignation, and the red ribbon for Clavering.

'15*th.*—*Sunday.*—Long conversation with Clavering on the state of affairs and future measures; neither of us have any letters: find that a Scotchman had been sent forward by Macleane's contrivance with letters to Hastings and Barwell, and that Sir Edward Vernon had facilitated this manœuvre by despatching the Cormorant frigate before him from the Cape.

'17*th.*—Barwell absent. Hastings apparently in great anxiety and confusion; alledges the news from England as a reason for annulling Shakespear's late appointment. We agree to it, but refuse to restore him to his seat at Dacca.'

On June 19th, occurred the event which, practically and finally, decided the long-debated issue between the Governor-General and his assailants. A packet was laid on the council table from the Court of Directors, containing their acceptance of Hastings' resignation, tendered through his agent Colonel Macleane in England, and the appointment of Wheler (their own late chairman) to fill his place; while, by the same mail, General Clavering was invested with the Order of the Bath, in anticipation (as was universally supposed) of his formal appointment as successor to Hastings, which step he now provisionally gained as senior member of council. The extraordinary occurrences which followed are recounted in every history of British India; and may be studied, moreover, in Macaulay's brilliant essay, corrected to a certain extent by the correspondence published in Gleig's 'Life of Warren

Hastings,' and in Mr. Impey's memoir of his father. It is not my purpose to enter on them here. Suffice it to say, that Hastings boldly repudiated the authority of his agent, which he said, but did not prove, that he had countermanded, and, therefore, refused to acknowledge the acceptance of a resignation which he denied himself to have tendered. Clavering endeavoured to seize on the supreme power by violence. 'The General' (in Macaulay's words) 'sent for the keys of the fort, and of the treasury; took possession of the records, and held a council, at which Francis attended. Hastings took the chair in another apartment, and Barwell sate with him .... It seemed that there remained no way of settling the dispute except by an appeal to arms; and from such an appeal, Hastings, confident of his influence over his countrymen in India, was not inclined to shrink. He directed the officers of the garrison of Fort William, and of all the neighbouring stations, to obey no orders but his. At the same time, with admirable judgment, he offered to submit the case to the Supreme Court, and to abide by its decision. . . . Clavering and Francis, after some delay, unwillingly consented to abide the award of the court. The court pronounced that the resignation was invalid, and that therefore Hastings was still Governor-General under the Regulation Act; and the defeated members of the council, finding the sense of the whole settlement against them, reluctantly acquiesced in this decision.'

What the judges appear to have in truth decided was, not that the resignation was invalid, but that in truth both resignation and acceptance of it were conditional only; to which the documents, fairly studied, seem to give support.[1] Hastings now carried in council (by his casting

[1] See the arguments as to the effect of Hastings' offer through Macleane, and the acceptance of it by the Directors, stated in Thornton's 'History of

vote) a resolution that Clavering by his conduct had vacated his seat as senior member of council, and could no longer sit at the board in any capacity. But here the court refused (justly) to support him; and the seat of Clavering remained undisturbed. It must fairly be admitted that the judges did their best to repress violence on both sides, and maintained the authority of law, as well as saved the peace of the settlement.

Of this revolution, or rather averted revolution, Francis's journal gives no account: it may be imagined that the sting of failure, and the consciousness of having acted a mistaken as well as an unsuccessful part, rendered him indisposed to dwell on it. He informs Welbore Ellis and D'Oyly of it, but by brief and hurried letters only; but (as he himself tells us) he composed, for General Clavering, the detailed account of the catastrophe, which the latter, who was no penman, forwarded to Lord North. To the same minister Francis addresses himself (June 28) on the subject of his own personal position.

To Lord North.

Calcutta, June 28, 1777.

My Lord,—I shall not presume to add more than a very few words, on my own account, to the trouble and concern which General Clavering's letters and mine by this conveyance must unavoidably give you.

The idea of the trust with which I thought myself personally honoured by your lordship in this appointment, has often given me spirits and resolution when toil, anxiety, and the pernicious qualities of this climate had sunk and oppressed me. That I may correspond with that trust to the last, I am obliged at this distance

---

India,' vol. ii. ch. ix. The view taken by Mr. Thornton is, that if Hastings had actually 'resigned,' all his acts subsequently to such resignation (through Macleane) were invalid: if he had not *de facto* 'resigned' when the order of the Directors arrived, that order did not of itself effect a displacement; which seems in accordance with the opinion arrived at by the Supreme Court.

to suppose the possibility of an important case, in which your lordship should be apprised with certainty of my intentions.

If the conduct of Mr. Hastings and Mr. Barwell should be condemned, I presume some more effectual measures will be immediately taken to remove them. In that case, I shall stand next in succession to the chair, and nothing but a supersession from England (which cannot be effected without a new Act of Parliament) can deprive me of it in any event that removes General Clavering.

If the equitable claims which the order of succession would give me after a service of five years should be outweighed by other considerations, of which I do not presume to judge, your lordship would not have the whole question before you, if I did not declare to you, in the most explicit manner, that supersession and dismission will be to me the same act and operate at the same instant. But, my lord, permit me nevertheless to assure you, that neither this event nor any other that I am capable of foreseeing can prevent my carrying home with me the same sentiments of personal gratitude and attachment to your lordship which I brought into the country.

The following to D'Oyly, July 5, shows how acutely his immediate disappointment made him feel the neglect, real or imaginary, of friends. The superscription speaks for itself.

My dear *Mr. D'Oyly*,—The Egmont Indiaman arrived here on the third of this month, with letters as low down as December 24, 1776, but not a line from *you*. I have already acknowledged yours of November 6, written hastily and in a violent panic: a brief answer, I must confess, to the volumes you have received from me. It is easy enough to write these letters, and I have received many sent from people who neither possess the right that you have to convey their censures to me, nor have ever given me any other proof of attention to my interests. I declare most solemnly, I have no reason to think that any mortal has taken an active part for me in any one instance since I left England; that I have thus far weathered the storm, not only without assistance, but in the face of every difficulty here, and every possible discouragement from home that could be thrown in my way. I will be true to myself, and do not yet despair of bringing this battered vessel safely and honourably into harbour. My *friends*, I doubt not, will then be ready to meet me on the shore, with the congratulations which are always sincerely given to success. We shall meet in a cottage on the edge of some

common, and look back to and revive the happy days of friendship and cordiality, when we had neither hopes nor fears to perplex us. Till that time, my good friend, I will trouble you no more. Leave me to my fortune: *meæ sum artifex fortunæ;* I have not uttered so many Latin words in as many years. I think my heart must be hardened, if such strokes do not break it. Farewell.[1]

Journal.

'*June* 26*th*–30*th*.—Employed in drawing up our joint letters to the Court of Directors, Lord Weymouth and Lord North, Ellis, Wedderburn, &c. Declare explicitly my determination to resign, if superseded. Thus far nothing can be more pliant and obliging than General Clavering. On Monday he invests himself with the Order of the Bath, and we attend council. A lucky star it is, and appears to us at the most seasonable juncture. The Governor orders a salute, and recommends circulars to notify the honour done to Clavering. I thought this a pitiful condescension.

'*July* 5*th*.—Sup with Hastings at Impey's; long faces.

'9*th*.—News of Mrs. Imhoff's divorce, and hopes of her marriage with Hastings.

'11*th*.—Troops removed from the Rajah of Burdwan's house. The infamous Bridjoo Kissore appointed guardian to the Rajah, with unlimited power. At night a long conference with Sir J. Clavering; he begins to perceive how grossly he has been abused on all sides; requests me to write a private letter for him to Lord North.

'12*th*.—Employed as he desires; pepper and salt. A good letter; but I fear the author will be suspected. Clavering signs it joyfully. In a letter to his brother, he orders the letters to be printed by Almon, and adds that he will not be the dupe of any minister. The Chief Justice very low. His lady enraged at the match, and

[1] The 'farewell' seems to have been in earnest. But Doyly, from the tone of his subsequent letters, forgave the attack.

distressed about the future visit.—N.B. The dames for a long time were bosom friends.

'13*th*.—In the country at Sir J. C.'s and family. Last night J. C. received Robinson's private letter of November 20, which he ought to have received a month ago. They have plainly gained Sir Ed. Vernon. It is evident, from Robinson's letter, that the minister foresaw the possibility of Hastings' refusing to quit the government, yet made no provision for it. At Clavering's desire I write him a peppering answer.

'15*th*.—Revenue Board. *Parturiunt montes.* The Governor begins at last his approaches to a settlement, and proposes five leading questions to us which we have answered fifty times. Yet, as I do not intend to spare him, I desire one day to give my answer. The truth of all my predictions about his Aumeers, Hustaboods, and accurate valuations seems now to oppress him. *Vestigia multa retrorsum.* The man appears to me in a state of insanity. Clavering visits me at night, very resigned and ready to sign anything I think proper. Rous tells me he shall now return to Dacca.

'16*th*.—A minute from Clavering and myself in answer to the questions. Hastings very submissive. The Aumeers and all their works made over to the devil. I disdain to triumph, though I never had so much matter for it. Hastings and I were fairly pitted on the question of the . . . . .'

The following letter of Francis's to Godfrey, of this date, relates to the intended marriage of Hastings to the celebrated Mrs. Imhoff, which actually took place on August 1 :—

July 19, 1777.

There is no answering for the resolutions of such a timid, desperate, distracted being as Hastings. To complete the character, as it will

probably conclude the history of this extraordinary man, I must inform you that he is to be married shortly to the supposed wife of a German painter, with whom he has lived for several years. The lady is turned of forty, has children grown up by her pretended husband, from whom she has obtained a divorce under the hand of some German prince. I have always been on very good terms with the lady, and do not despair of being invited to the wedding. She is an agreeable woman, and has been very pretty. My Lord Chief Justice Impey, the most upright of all possible lawyers, is to act the part of a father to this second Helen, though his wife has not spoken to her this twelvemonth.

Journal.

'*July 24th.*—The advice of a new Regulation Bill having passed in March last seems to distress and sink the Governor and Barwell beyond measure. . . . . Nobkissen distracted at a slight put on him by the General, who, I think, is now fairly plunged into black politics, without knowing how to steer between them. An entertainment made on purpose this night at the Governor's to effect a reconciliation between Lady Impey and Madame Chapusetin; the former sends an excuse. A mortal disappointment!

'*26th.*—Nothing. Sup at Impey's. Her ladyship swears stoutly that Madame Imhoff shall pay her the first visit—an idea which I don't fail to encourage.'

The next entry (July 28, 1777) relates to a subject to which it is impossible here to do more than allude. The 'Triumvirate' had, from the beginning, set themselves against Hastings' views of external policy tending to 'annexation.' After the battle of Arras, the first won by British arms against the Mahrattas, May 17, 1775, Hastings had effected a treaty with Raghoba, their active leader, which Clavering's party, during their supremacy, had annulled; but their policy was in turn disapproved by the Directors. Much of the public business noticed in

Francis's journal relates, as will be seen, to the military operations which subsequently took place: the convention of Hurghaum, January, 1778, which rescued a British army from destruction by the sacrifice of all its acquisitions; and the expeditions—at first under Colonel Leslie, afterwards under Colonel Goddard, — carried on during Francis's stay in India, but inauspiciously terminated in 1781, after his return.

Journal.

'*July* 28*th.*—Received the Company's letter of February 5, 1777. Our Poona treaty totally condemned, and in terms which seem expressly levelled against Clavering. He appears to me, and I believe to himself, to be sacrificed on all sides. With respect to the subject on which he and I differed in February, 1776, and had nearly divided for ever, they say "they entirely agree with Mr. Francis." Sup at Lemaistre's, with Clavering, Hyde, &c.

'29*th.*—Rev. Board. Barwell absent. Paragraphs of the last letter, respecting the revenues, read and circulated to the provincial councils. All in favour of the Zemindars, and to relieve the natives. The Court of Directors evidently take as much of my plan as they possibly can, consistently with their own immediate profits. The Governor very humble. I find by private letters dated February 5, that I stand as high at home as I could wish. Chunar declared by the judges not to be within their jurisdiction. Mrs. Imhoff sups at Lady Impey's by way of submission.

'*August* 19*th.*—Rev. Board. Hastings and I. Christie's grant of 10,000 begas in Dinagepore restored by the Governor—*proh pudor*! Clavering very ill, and I think in great danger.

'20*th.*—No Board. Endeavour to persuade Lemaistre

to print his argument. He sees plainly that Impey has made him the scapegoat.—N.B. Lady Impey sits up with Mrs. Hastings; vulgò, toadeating.

'21*st.*—H. and I sup at the Governor's. Mrs. Hastings very handsomely acknowledges my constant attentions to her.

'22*nd.*—Mrs. Hastings returns Lady Clavering's visit, attended by Lady Impey *in formâ pauperis*. Lieutenant-Colonel Parker's ball. The Claverings not invited. Sir John very ill.

'26*th.*—Barwell turns advocate of the Zemindars; presents a petition from those of the 24 Pergunnas. Saw Clavering at night. There seems to me no hope; his pain is gone, and he takes the bark.

'28*th.*—Clavering much better. At the request of Lem^re^. and Hide, I write a strong letter to Justice Chambers at Chittagong, to prevent his taking part with Impey, &c.; *vide* letter. The Chief Justice seems determined to push everything to extremity.'

The next entry notes the death of Sir John Clavering —to designate him by the title of his short-lived dignity. His irritable temper had probably aggravated the pernicious effects of the climate on his constitution. And disappointed ambition may have contributed to the catastrophe; but there is little evidence of this: none whatever, that I have found, of the story told by Macaulay, that Hastings insisted on having his attendance at his own marriage festivities; 'brought his vanquished rival in triumph to the gay circle which surrounded the bride,' and thereby hastened his decease. It must be observed that Francis—though, as we have seen, in his heart so bitter an enemy to the General—had ingratiated himself with his lady, who writes him very affectionate letters after her return to England.

Journal.

'*August* 30*th.*—Sir John Clavering, after a delirium of many hours, expired at half-past two p.m., and was buried at eight, in the most private manner. The Governor ordered minute guns. I waited on the ladies, &c., and pressed them to remove to my house, but they declined. I attended the funeral on foot to the grave.

'*September* 5*th.*—The Governor took me on one side to remonstrate amicably against the violence and hostility of my conduct, particularly yesterday, *con muchas palabras*, &c. I answered him generally that my situation, preservation of my character, consistency, &c., obliged me to observe this conduct without any personal enmity to him. He complained bitterly of a reflection I had thrown upon him in one of my minutes yesterday about Harnay's intended command. As I really had no such intention, I agreed to strike the words out. Lemaistre dines with me alone.

'6*th.*—Nothing.

'7*th.*—Lemaistre and Hyde dine with me at the gardens, and engage body and soul with me, *envers tous et contre tous.*

'8*th.*—Violent debate at the council. Barwell evidently set on to attack Bristowe in order to awe me. I set them at defiance. Engage with Colonel Upton to secure Lord Sandwich; very busy in writing letters overland, and contriving modes of conveyance. The weight of metal against me.'

September 4 is the date of a very violent letter of Francis's to Lord North, in which he announces Clavering's death, and declares that 'Hastings will never be brought to a voluntary resignation! In one word, he cannot quit

the ground he stands on. . . . He knows that the whole country would instantly rise and witness against him.' To his wife, at the same date, he gives a favourable account (a very unusual relaxation of the severity of his judgments) of Mrs. Hastings. 'The lady herself is really an accomplished woman. She behaves with perfect propriety in her new station, and deserves every mark of respect.'

Journal.

'*Sept. 9th.*—Indisposed, and cannot attend the Rev. Board. The language now is, that they will not let Wheeler take his seat!

'*11th.*—Welbore Ellis has changed his note, having got hopes of Sir Gilbert Elliot's place. In a private letter to Sir J. C., dated February 4, 1777, he says the 'coalition with Hastings' friends with Government enables it to prevent some things and to carry others,' &c. 'I can assure you that I am convinced of the real regard of Lord North towards you,' &c. Not two months before he condemned Lord North, horse and foot. I see little or no difference between such a temporising courtier and that treacherous scoundrel Robinson. Sup at Lady Impey's, where I find Hastings and Sir Elijah in close debate. Set them at defiance about Bristow. Thompson, whom they send with the pacquet to Suez, promises me fidelity, body and soul.

'*19th.*—Clouds between Hastings and Barwell. The latter abuses him and Impey in private. I think Hastings will not be able to keep Wheeler out of the council.

'*21st.*—Letter from Hastings about a vessel of Price's, which he offers to carry our despatch to Suez. The style is changed. "If you approve it, Sir, I will propose it; if not, I will be content to take the chance of another pilot

vessel." H. and B. are certainly on bad terms, though they dare not proceed to an open rupture. I have many hints from B. through Mackenzie of his disposition to buy Hastings out, if he could be assured that I would not distress him in the government. I hear all and say nothing.

'23*rd*.—They have settled their bargain now, and this job, I take for granted, is Barwell's price for the remission to Nuddea. Two days ago we had notice that the Plassey and Ceres were arrived at Ingellee, yet their pacquets are not come up; some roguery of Hastings.

'29*th*.—Barwell absent. Eliott arrives with letters as low as June 9. It's all too true. We are infamously deserted at home; but Mr. Ellis thinks it very advisable that I should run my head into a furnace. Poor Will Burke! without an appointment at Madras, and as much to seek as if he had never had a friend: what shall I do for him? what an excellent heart breathes through Edmund's letter! By something that passed this day in council, I suspect that Hastings is laying the ground to torment if not dispossess the Rajah of Benares.

'30*th*.—Visit from Eliott[1]—sly devil! He assures me that Macleane never had any thoughts of coming hither. Received the general letter of June 11. Hastings curses the Directors without mercy, and turns into ridicule their instructions to Madras. Barwell not at the board. Court of Directors write a strong letter to General Clavering, which I circulate all over the country. Some hopes yet.

It was in this month (September, 1777) that Francis found time to compose the most detailed and remarkable of his letters to Lord North on the government of India.

[1] Alexander Eliot, brother of Sir Gilbert. See *post*.

It is in truth an exhaustive essay on the subject, such as it then presented itself. But it came before the public in many shapes, and cannot find a place in a mere personal memoir. Francis printed it as a separate composition in 1793.

It will be convenient to insert here (between September and October, 1777) a number of letters written from England in the earlier part of that year, and the latest of which were received by him, according to his endorsement, in October. They will show the opinion entertained of his prospects and proceedings by his friends at home, and illustrate the entries in his journal made after the receipt of them. The following is from Tilghman, who had by this time come from America to England in the prosecution of his Indian design.

January 24, 1777.

My dear Francis,—By the last fleet I writ to Mr. Secretary Mackrabie, and now I have the honour to address myself to the Tyrant of Indostan. After a thousand delays, I have obtained the permission of the Direction to proceed to Bengal, not simply, but *sub modo*; that is to say, upon condition of my going to Dublin and being called to the Irish bar, and as this is a condition *precedent*, I must comply with it literally. . . . This will put me to some inconvenience: however, I can certainly return to England at least in time to get out in the last ship. Believe me I shall not be grieved when the time of my departure from this country arrives. I shall feel more of that reluctance which hung about me when I went last to America. Alas! why should I? London is not what it was to me. Fitzpatrick is dead; you are gone; and Jack Burke is as heavy as old age. I have never ventured to set my foot in the Crown Coffee House, indeed I never see it without being filled with melancholy. My chief and almost only companions are the Godfreys; without their society my life would be insupportable. Eden I have seen, *et plures umbras*! but how low are such folks in the scale of acquaintance. Phil Baggs was a week or two in England in October. When he left Paris, the report was that he was going to England to cut timber on one of his estates in order to raise ready money; pleasant enough. Since his return to France he has fought a desperate duel with Bully

Fitzgerald, in which he behaved with his wonted gallantry. He wounded his antagonist in the thigh, and was himself wounded in the leg, the small bone of which was broken, and forced into the *tendo Achillis*, as the newspapers say. When he received the shot he fell; but having a pistol in reserve, and being at liberty to break ground, he crawled towards Fitz, who, unable to endure the grimness of his countenance, broke ground the wrong way, and ran off at such a rate that he plainly discovered his *tendo Achillis* had received no injury. Upon this Baggs took a flying shot, but miss'd his mark, and so the matter ended. Honest Stephen is in certain expectation of good preferment in Ireland, and is at present somewhere in the neighbourhood of Salisbury preaching and praying to redeem his character.

Mrs. Francis has written many pages in folio about family affairs, and which makes it unnecessary for me to enter into them; but I must indulge myself with saying a word or two to your son. This boy then bears a perfect resemblance to you; he has your shape (particularly in the leg), your eyes, your mouth, your *soft* hands, your manner, your passions. I presume you are partial enough to yourself to think I have spoken very handsomely of him, and therefore I shall dismiss him with telling you that Monsieur Ribouville assures me he has a very extraordinary capacity.

Farewell! Remember me to Mack. You and he are my all in India. I am most impatient to be with you.

Yours most faithfully,

R. TILGHMAN.

Mrs. Bassey's, Fludyer Street, January 24, 1777.

Godfrey to Francis.

London, March 12, 1777.

I have put off writing so long, that I have but one day to do it in; but I have the consolation of knowing that this letter will go by my aide-de-camp (R. Tilghman), to whom I must refer you for any particulars that I shall omit. Your family are all well; your son is much improved. I expect your determination next season concerning the plan of his future education. All the world here have been astonished that the reformers of India should have played, and won and lost 50,000*l.* I have no doubt of the fact; the quantum is the only point that is not quite so clear, and that you are the winner. I sincerely rejoice in your good fortune. For God's sake, since you have incurred the censure of the world, keep the money to console you in your affliction. I heard too, but that is not quite so certain, that you had lost since 10,000*l.* at baggammon. I should be happy to hear how much of all this I am to believe.

The public news are just now that the Americans have taken prisoners a body of 900 Hessians. Our army has been very successful last campaign. They have taken New York, and marched a good way towards Philadelphia, and they have made between 4,000 and 5,000 prisoners. The army in Canada have retaken Montreal, but they have not been able to cross the lakes. General Lee is taken. The Americans have been very successful at sea; they have taken so many of our West India ships that the common insurance from the islands has been above 30 per cent. One West India house failed this winter for 900,000*l.* Two or three years more of such successes will totally ruin this country. We had last summer 17,000 Germans in America, and we are about to send 8,000 or 10,000 more.

In return for the news you send me of hanging Nuncomar, I will tell you the famous Dr. Dod is now in Newgate, in order to his hanging by the first opportunity. He has been found guilty of forgery, and the sentence is to be pronounced as soon as the judges have decided upon a point of law.

* * * *

Yours,

D. GODFREY.

Major Baggs has been fighting the Fighting Fitzgerald; he lives at Paris in all the magnificence of a prince. I have been told by a gentleman who lately left Paris, that there is no guessing within 5,000*l.* how much the expense of his establishment amounts to yearly.

J. Bourke to Francis.

London, April 29, 1777.

My dear Francis,—This letter will be carried overland to Madras by my friend Will Burke, who goes with a duplicate of the Company's despatches to Lord Pigot. Such is the prejudice against his name and principles, that although he was ten years in Parliament, and under-secretary to General Conway, with a fair character for morals and abilities, he had not interest sufficient to obtain any station in the Company's service, but is obliged to have recourse to this mode of getting to India. He and Edmund have lived together from their early days, in a course of the most uninterrupted friendship, with the same affections, the same connexions and interests; as their union has been close, their separation must be grievous. I really pity the man going and the man left behind; their only comfort is in the hope that fortune, which has been adverse in this quarter of the globe, may be favourable in another. Poor Will's

wish was to go to Bengal, in some situation such as would place him within the reach of your assistance; this was likewise Edmund's wish, but they had not interest enough to obtain it. Should any accident send him to Bengal, you will have an opportunity of gratifying your inclination to oblige E. B. by serving his nearest and dearest friend.

Welbore Ellis to Francis.

May 13, 1777.

Dear Sir,—I take the opportunity which Mr. Elliot is so good as to offer me of returning you my best and most cordial thanks for your letters of September 13 and of the 27th of the same month, 1776.

Mr. Elliot proposes to go overland from Alexandria to Suez, which has been found so convenient and expeditious a road, that I believe the intercourse will be very frequent by that channel, especially as I understand that the Company have ordered two vessels to be employed as packets alternately from that station.

I am not surprised at the complaints from your part of the world of the painful disappointment of your reasonable expectations. I am not surprised the first effects should be temporary despondency; but I should be surprised if a little recollection or reflection did not cure that despondency, and recall a resolute and steady pursuit of the same principles and the same measures as far as the time and circumstances will permit. A majority is evidently in the hands of the resident. The Company have not shown that disposition to you which your services merited from them, or which corresponded even with what the Directors wrote, and Government, who applauded, gave no effectual support. You well knew when you were appointed that you had nothing to expect from the Company; but as far as it dared show it, discouragement, indisposition, coldness at the best, and if you afforded any legal or well grounded handle for it, hostility. The only effectual support you expected was from Government, and by your own wisdom, courage and important services you well deserved it, and I will venture to say you had it, to the utmost of the power of Government. But Government lost its power both in the direction and in the general court—*great is Diana of the Ephesians.* The alarm which was taken in India rapidly communicated itself to Leadenhall Street, and combinations for mutual defence were secretly made, the effects of which soon discovered the weakness of Government; and to ensure their success, every election of directors was more and more adverse. Therefore, say you, it is neither

21393

wise for us, nor useful to the great object, to continue an hostile and fruitless opposition in the council. Is it of no use to have entered upon the records of the deliberations the opposition and the very able arguments with which that opposition is supported by such men as you and Clavering? Do you think such a steady adherence of two such men acting as it were by one spirit would not hold in check to a certain degree any wantonness of ambition, of rapacity, to which a majority might otherwise be possibly inclined, particularly a majority supported by a casting vote which therefore flung such a weight of responsibility on one head? But *invidiam placare paras*. Believe me, dear Sir, nothing you can say or do will ever give you any hold in the Company since the irremissible crime of having been in that commission as a confidential friend of Government. But Government is permanent, and the Company's term growing very short must bring them to the foot of Government, for so valuable a lease must not run too near its expiration without some negotiation. The favour of Government is, together with your own merit and abilities, the most permanent and secure object for your future success to be aimed at. I but just skim the argument, for I do not pretend to advise, much less to argue with you. I only touch lightly what I have gathered to be the wishes of those friends whom I believe to be anxious for your welfare, and I trust that you will forgive in that view the liberty I have taken of seeming to differ in any degree from the scheme of your conduct which you by the last letters seemed inclined to adopt. Every man must judge for himself, and you are master of such ability as to enable you to form a better judgment than we your friends dare do. Before this can reach your hands, probably Mr. Hastings will have resigned the chair to General Clavering. I am so pressed in time that I am obliged to stop here, as Mr. Elliot sends me word that he is to set out this evening or early to-morrow morning. Be pleased to accept my best thanks for your very obliging attention in sending me the drawings which you mention, and which, when the captain shall have leisure to get his things, I shall have the pleasure to see.

I have the honour to be, with great regard, dear Sir,

Your most faithful and obedient servant,

W. Ellis.

To Hon. Mr. Francis, &c. &c.

From this letter it appears that a section at least of Francis's influential friends in England encouraged him, even against his own inclination, in maintaining constant

opposition to Hastings. This should be fairly borne in mind in judging of the conduct which he pursued.

On June 8, 1777, Godfrey reports to Francis a violent quarrel, already alluded to, between Mrs. Francis and her trustees; 'their difference arose from the circumstance of her taking a house in Harley Street totally against Chandler's approval.' 'The house is a very good one; the rent 180*l.* per annum.'

The following, of the same date, is from Edmund Burke (hitherto unpublished), and introduces his brother William Burke, who went at this time to India to seek his fortune. He stopped at Madras, where he obtained the office of agent to the Rajah of Tanjore, with which he returned to London: see the details in Burke's correspondence of these years:—

Edmund Burke to Francis.

June 9, 1777.

My dear Sir,—Our common friend John Burke informs me that you still retain that kindness which you were so good to express towards me before you left London. This wide disconnected empire will frequently disperse those who are dear to one another; but if this dispersion of their persons does not loosen their regards, it every now and then gives such opportunities of unexpected meeting as almost compensate the pain of separation, and furnishes means of kind offices and mutual services, which make even absence and distance the causes of new endearment and continued remembrance. These thoughts occur to me but too naturally as my only comforts on parting with a friend, whom I have tenderly loved, highly valued, and continually lived with, in an union not to be expressed, quite since our boyish years. Indemnify, my dear Sir, as well as you can for such a loss by contributing to the fortune of my friend. Bring him home with you an obliged person, and at his ease, under the protection of your opulence. You know what his situation has been, and what things he might have surely kept, and infinitely increased, if he had not those feelings which make a man worthy of fortune but do not put him in the way of securing it. Remember that he asks those favours which nothing but his sense of honour prevented his having it in his power to bestow. This will be

a powerful recommendation to an heart like yours. Let Bengal protect a spirit and rectitude which is no longer tolerated in England. I do not know, indeed, that he will visit your kingdom; but if he should, I trust that he will find a friend there, whose manner of serving him will not be in the style of those who acquit themselves of a burthen. Mr. Burke's first views, indeed, are at Madras; but all India is now closely connected: and your influence and power is such that you may serve him very materially even there. I will not wrong your friendship by pressing this matter any further, but it is indeed near to my heart.

I say nothing of your Eastern politics. The affairs of America, which are as important, and more distracted, have almost entirely engrossed the attention which I am able to give to any thing I wish, and laboured to keep war at a distance. Never having been able to discover any advantage which could be derived from the greatest success, I never approved of our engaging in it; and I am sure it might have been avoided. The ministers this year hold out to us the strongest hopes of what they call a victorious campaign. I am indeed ready enough to believe that we shall obtain the delusive advantages which will encourage us to proceed, but will not bring matters nearer to an happy termination. France gives all the assistance to the colonies which is consistent with the appearance of neutrality. Time is to show whether she will proceed further, or whether America can maintain herself in the present struggle without a more open declaration and more decided efforts from that power. At present the ministers seem confident that France is resolved to be quiet. If the court of Versailles be so pacific, I assure you that it is in defiance of the wishes and opinions of that whole nation.

Adieu! my dear Sir. Be assured that no person rejoices more sincerely than I do in hearing every circumstance of fortune and honour that attends you.

I am, with the most sincere esteem and affection, ever

Your most faithful and obedient humble servant,

Westminster, June 9, 1777. E. BURKE.

I need not say with what affection John Burke salutes you.

D'Oyly to Francis.

Charles Street, July 9, 1777.

My dear Francis,—All your letters have been received, and your situation in the East, as well as ours in this part of the globe, must make you anxious to hear from us. Whether yours or ours is the most whimsical is not easily to be decided. Perhaps you may imagine that

yours in some measure must turn upon the interest and conduct of friends here; I once thought so, but have totally altered my opinion. If General Clavering and you can but continue to act cordially together, you must soon have, in my poor opinion, the decision of all material points relative to India matters; but at the same time, I must own to you that it will not surprise, although greatly hurt me, to find that Sir J. Clavering and you have taken your resolutions to act no longer under such directors and such *protectors*. You, in India, may possibly get better information than I can do here (although I am not idle in my inquiries) how, in what manner, and upon what principles, and by whom the great affairs of India are guided. I own myself so ignorant as not to be able to form a tolerable guess whether Mr. Hastings or Sir J. Clavering is governor-general at this moment. Upon this point there is a variety of opinions here. Those who are called the *knowing ones* make their betts that Clavering is; others, of whom I am one, think otherwise. In the first place, I doubt, especially as poor Monson is dead, whether Hastings will submit to what his ambassador Macleane, at a critical moment, produced as his resignation, and upon which the Directors thought proper to act. And in the next, if he should, whether Sir J. Clavering would choose to be governor upon such terms. 'Tis said the resignation came forth upon conditions settled with the minister. What they are I know not, but I fancy young Elliot, who is probably with you before this time, can tell you with certainty, if he pleases. He is supposed to be one of the persons interested in the treaty. As soon as it was determined to restore Lord Pigot for a time to his government, and then recall both him and his council, I understood Mr. Macleane, who has lately appeared as agent for the Nabob of Arcot, set out directly for Madras by land, and I hear got the start of Mr. W. Burke and another person by just getting to Dover before them and engaging the whole of the only packet boat there at that time. This very extraordinary man seems lately to have been the adviser most relied on by our minister, who seems determined, almost at any rate, to keep India matters out of the House of Commons; but, in my poor opinion, they are so much embarrassed that nothing can keep them out next session. In short, my dear friend, you only can form a good judgment what part you ought to take. Observe one thing, you may stay where you are as long as you please; nobody here will think of recalling you. They know better; and if you can, consistent with your honour (for without I am sure you will not), stay till the end of your five years,

[1] See Preliminary Essay; Wade's Junius, i. 78; ii. 348.

and just see what turn things will at that time probably take, I think you would do well; and it would most likely answer all the wishes both of yourself and friends. I have the satisfaction to tell you that the little frisk between you and Barwell seems in a great measure to be forgot by most people, except his sister, who is, I understand, outrageous, and will not forget and forgive. So much for India matters.

If the Howes do not drub the Americans this summer, that dispute, I shall begin to fear, will not end well for this country. And the French, who now do everything but avowedly assist, will probably another year take a part with them.

Thus you see what a damned condition we are in here. We are not to be envied. Stay where you are, and, if possible, keep things quiet there.

I am quite worn out with fatigue, and if I can but get rid of this American business, nothing shall ever make me engage in any other. Poor Strachey has not been well in America, indeed he was not so when he left us. Mrs. Francis and your children are perfectly well. Mrs. D'Oyly is pretty well, and greatly yours. Adair and Jebb set out last Saturday for Italy, to visit the Duke of Gloucester, who is supposed to be in a dying state. Your friend Mrs. Cartwright is married to Cotterell of the Council Office.

Adieu! my dear Francis, and be assured I am,

Yours ever most affectionately,

CHR. D'OYLY.

Lord North to Sir John Clavering.

(Opened apparently by Francis.)

Downing Street, July 11, 1777.

Sir,—The letter from the Court of Directors, which Mr. Rumbold carries with him to India, will show you that they are sensible of your merit and services, and thoroughly convinced that it is of the utmost importance to their affairs that you should continue in India. I most heartily join with them in their intreaties to you to stay at least for some time longer in your present situation, which I trust that we shall be able to make more agreeable to you. The general consideration of Indian affairs will come before Parliament in the next session, when we shall endeavour to correct the abuses that prevail in the management of them both in Asia and Europe. What can be done by the crown shall be done, but it is difficult for the king to act without the directors, and the directors are afraid to give offence to the proprietors. Notwithstanding our apparent majority amongst the latter, we were, as you must have since learnt, defeated by the desertion of our friends in the case of Mr. Hastings' removal.

The idea of reformation was so alarming to all the Indians and the jobbers in Leadenhall Street, that we could not prevent the rescission of the vote which, with great difficulty, and by the majority of a single voice, we had carried in the Court of Directors. It is not easy to bring the latter to do precisely what is right; we shall, however, I trust, persuade them to present a representation to the council respecting the court of justice, which will in all probability produce the amendments, that you think necessary. Most of your other opinions will, I flatter myself, be adopted, as both the Company and the nation seem alarmed at your desire of quitting the Indian service. I most earnestly wish, therefore, that you will consent to remain in Bengal till you hear what measures are taken in the ensuing session of Parliament. Mr. Hastings will probably have left you before you receive this letter: as to Mr. Barwell, I hope that we may in time recall him; but my bad success last year makes me very diffident of any point that is to be carried by a ballot, and very unwilling to bring forward any business before the court of proprietors. I trust, however, that when Mr. Hastings is come away, the obstructions thrown in your way by Mr. Barwell will be ineffectual, especially as Mr. Wheler will, I doubt not, cordially support all the measures you think proper to take for the public service. We felt sincerely for you upon the loss of Colonel Monson. The Company think of Sir Eyre Coote for his successor, and I wish the arrangement may take place, as I know that he will heartily co-operate with you. His acceptance of this commission, or refusal of it, depends, I believe, a good deal upon the probability of your continuing in India or returning to Europe. I am glad to find that the Company have taken notice of Mr. Webber, and am happy in having been able to show, in a small degree, my regard to Colonel Thornton. All my endeavours to introduce Mr. Amyatt into the direction have failed, and I find the present set of directors as averse to chusing him as the last. I can say truly, that I have sincerely laboured to serve him, and if a seat in the Court of Directors had been in my disposal, he would have succeeded a long while ago.

Mr. Robinson has, by my direction, written to you by this conveyance, so that I need say nothing upon several other points, which I should otherwise have mentioned to you; but there is one circumstance which I beg leave privately to hint to you as a reason which makes it of great consequence that you should continue some time longer in India. Our unhappy disputes with our colonies, which, I am afraid, are not very near their end, put this nation in a very precarious situation with respect to the House of Bourbon. The assurances of the French ministers are most posi-

tive, frank, and friendly, but their conduct is so insidious, and so contradictory to their declarations, that it is impossible to say how long the peace will continue between us. You need not doubt of our taking every method we can to preserve it, but France may go to lengths which will render a war inevitable, though, I believe, it is the wish both of the King of France and of M. de Maurepas to avoid it. I only mention this for your *private* ear, as the French would probably turn their eyes towards India in case of a rupture. It is an evil I hope we shall avoid; but, if we cannot escape it, it is highly important that our affairs in India should be, at such a time, in trusty and able hands.

I believe you will find Mr. Rumbold and Mr. Munro very well disposed to act with you in promoting the welfare of the Company and public in India; and I trust that when Mr. Carnac assumes the government of Bombay, you will find him friendly, though I perceive that hitherto the council of that presidency has thought proper to differ from the supreme council at Bengal.

I have the honour to be, with great respect, Sir,

Your most faithful humble servant,

NORTH.

P.S.—I return you many thanks for all the letters and papers which you have been so good as to send me.

N.

Lord North to Francis.

Downing Street, July 11, 1777.

Dear Sir,—I return you a thousand thanks for all your letters, papers, and informations from India. The death of Colonel Monson was a great private and public loss, but the apprehensions of losing in consequence the services of General Clavering have made a deep impression upon the Directors and the Company, so that I trust we shall find a greater facility in Leadenhall Street than we have hitherto found. We have certainly deserved it from them, for we have desired nothing but their benefit. Their jealousies, however, have been inconceivably great, which, added to the alarms of Indian and other jobbers, have defeated us more than once in important questions, the particulars of which you are well acquainted with. The Directors are, however, so much displeased with the late conduct of Mr. Hastings and Barwell, that they are ready to attend to the plans of reformation suggested by Sir J. Clavering and you, and have written a most earnest letter to Sir John to intreat him to continue the renewal of the charter, and with it the general consideration of all matters concerning the India trade and the Indian possessions

will come before Parliament in the next session. There will be much contest and dispute, but I trust the result will be beneficial to the public, especially as I hope that the execution of decrees of Parliament will be lodged in honest and able hands.

I am, with great respect, Sir,

Your most faithful humble servant,

NORTH.

Journal.

'*Oct. 2nd.*—Call appointed surveyor-general. Army contract given to Johnson for three years, brother of the worthy gentleman who negotiated Mrs. Imhoff's divorce. Barwell proposed to give it for five. They have no mercy.

'*4th.*—Visit from the young Rajah of Nuddea; treat him as he deserves. This dirty fellow has been six weeks in Calcutta, bargaining with H. and B., and never paid me a visit. Report that the Eagle pacquet has arrived at Madras.

'*5th.*—Nothing. Supped at Impey's; as gracious as ever. Many symptoms convince me that Mrs. H. and Lady Impey hate one another as cordially as ever.

'*8th.*—Lady Impey *furens* against Mrs. Hastings worse than ever. Good intelligence through Shee.

'*9th.*—Job for Johnson. Hastings sometimes has qualms. Barwell never. Buildings at the Fort assigned to chief engineer; *vide* my reasons. The fact is, he had it before, under black names.

'*15th.*—Letter from E. Hughes dated Sept. 22. The Swallow sailed that morning, and himself was to follow on the 30th, in the Salisbury. This palavering fellow has betrayed us all along. Received the Duke of Kingston's packet, with a general letter of March 7. Colonel Monson's commission of commander-in-chief. Stibbert brigadier-general. $\frac{126}{180}$ of this year's remittance appropriated by the Court of Directors, chiefly among themselves

and friends. Hyde much dissatisfied with Chambers' letter to Lemaistre and him. This trimming system never satisfies any body.

'16*th.*—Hastings complains bitterly of Clavering's treachery in writing secretly to the C. of Drs. on Sept. 22, 1776. What is there that I am not entitled to? After acting together for two years he resigns without communicating his intentions to me, as Monson did to us both, and in the meantime pushes me into every excess and violence of hostility against H. and B., knowing that he was soon to leave me in the midst of it. How little the world knows the true character of . . . ., and how is it possible that any history should be true.

'*Nov.* 6*th.*—All the black people have it that Hastings is going away. News of the arrival of the Seahorse at Ingellee.

'7*th.*—Seahorse's pacquet. General letter of April 16. What a ridiculous letter. Hastings curses the Directors at every paragraph.

'9*th.*—Farrer communicates to me a long conversation he had with Barwell last night; B. desired him to stay after supper, and kept him till four o'clock in the morning. It all turned on my views and intentions, and whether, if Hastings went away, I would let B. hold the government for a short time on condition of resigning to me at a fixed period. I am to hear more in a few days; but this I think looks well.

'10*th.*—Succession of minutes on my demand of an account of increases, &c. in the last year. H. and B. wofully pushed for reasons to refuse it. *Tanto meglio.*'

The next entry notifies the arrival of Tilghman from America. He in time supplied the place of poor Macrabie as right hand man to Francis.

Journal.

'*Nov.* 11*th.*—Tilghman arrives this morning. I find that on a false alarm of the Portland being arrived, Hastings has sent Elliot and Cochran down the river to meet him, with all offers of accommodation, &c., but more probably to feel the ground, that is, Wheeler's pulse.

'14*th.*—Sent Livius down the river to meet Wheeler with proper instructions.[1]

'15*th.*—Abrupt overture from Barwell at a visit at his house. "That he spoke by commission from Mr. Hastings without taking any part himself, that H. was extremely hurt at the general asperity of my conduct to him, particularly my last minute about the Ranny of Radshi, which I had filled with the severest personalities, &c., and that he was prepared with a full refutation of every thing I had said; but that he wished to avoid delivering it in if I would withdraw mine, which had never been recorded; that this would put a stop to altercations useless at this point of time to all parties, and, in short, offering a truce but prepared for war." In my answer I stated in the strongest terms all Mr. H.'s arbitrary and absurd conduct since the power devolved to him—the impossibility of my ever acting in concert with such a man, though I utterly disclaimed all personal enmity. I conclude he understood my answer as a refusal, for early next morning I received from him the following note, written after he had sat up all night winning Farrer's money. (The note and answer follow.)

'16*th.*—I had accordingly a long conversation with him, in which I adhered to my refusal to withdraw the minute, but opened to him a prospect of other facilities, if

[1] Wheler (late chairman of the Board of Directors) had been sent from England to succeed Hastings (whose resignation was assumed) in the council. We shall find that he usually, though not uniformly, acted with Francis. But Hastings' casting vote ensured him supremacy.

Hastings would go away and Barwell follow him. This I am convinced was the real object of the overture on their part. He seemed to relish it highly, and said he would push Hastings to the utmost. The rest of our conversation was general. I see plainly B. at least would be happy to escape in a whole skin.

'18*th.*—Rev. Board. Unexpectedly summoned by Hastings to make a formal proposal to me to withdraw the minute, &c. Peace, concessions, advances, &c., *vide* proceedings, and my letter on the occasion to Mr. Ellis.'

In the letter here referred to (Nov. 19, 1777) he informs Welbore Ellis that he thinks Hastings 'meditates a retreat, and to leave Barwell in the government.' This, or any change in his position, was now the subject of his dreams 'At present,' he tells John Bourke, Nov. 22, speaking on the subject of William Burke's claims, 'I have as little interest as Ned Burke himself, and am as completely proscribed as if I had Number 45 written in capitals on my forehead. Does any reason occur to you why I, who am in place, should be treated as a patriot? I don't like it at all, at all!'

To Edmund Burke he writes by the same mail, after an animated discussion of the American question:—

You and I, Sir, seem to be travelling up opposite sides of a steep hill; but I hope we shall meet near the top of it. It is reserved for us to look back, I trust, from stations not too widely separated, on the weary steps we have taken; to compare the difficulties we have surmounted, and to descend into the vale of life together. Are these things possible, or do I suffer myself to be flattered by a sanguine delusive imagination? . . . If you die before I return to England, I will burn your letter,[1] and endeavour never to think of you more. Till then, you may safely believe that I am, with sincere affection and esteem, dear Sir, your faithful servant.

[1] That of June 9, 1777, above printed.

The following I have thought worthy of preservation, on account of the peculiar power of literary criticism displayed in it, and the excellence of the style, which appear as to be in Francis's best manner. It is addressed to a correspondent and great admirer and partisan of his, Lieutenant Lucius Smith, who had written to consult him as to a plan of writing 'a succinct history of our affairs in Indostan, from the government of Lord Clive to the present time.'

To Lieutenant Lucius Smith, at Berhampore.

Calcutta, November 7, 1777.

Sir,—I have received the favour of your letter of the 3rd instant, and have considered the project mentioned in it with attention. It appears to me, and I say it without a compliment, that you are or may be qualified for the task you propose to undertake. The subject is important; the quality of it singular; the characters proper, in one sense at least, to be held out to mankind, to show them how much may be effected in the line of mischief, by agents of the lowest order. Yet I do not apprehend that it is a problem difficult to be solved how a few adventurers should be qualified to produce the effects you allude to. A barbarous hand, a single stroke, may demolish the most perfect piece of machinery that ever was invented by human genius, or brought to perfection by art and industry. The wonder is that an enlightened and benevolent nation should have remained quiet spectators, during a number of years, of the extraordinary misrule of so important an appendage to its empire. The causes which delayed the interposition of Parliament, the situation of affairs which made that interposition indispensably necessary, and the circumstances which have hitherto defeated the due operation of it, will require illustration; but the most delicate point of all is to state fairly the characters, views and interests of individuals. This part of the task requires courage, sagacity and an unprejudiced mind. Some persons of the drama, I think, cannot be painted in colours too deep or with too severe a pencil. In describing such characters, you will find it difficult to separate history from satire. An English reader, at least, will often be inclined to give you credit for your invention, however studiously you may confine yourself to a simple narrative of facts. The temper of the times, and the monsters it has produced, make truth itself incredible; or, though you should obtain credit in the present

age, your book, if it reaches to posterity, will be treated as a romance. You will have much to do before you reach the year 1775. *Our* merit, if we have any, cannot be understood, unless the events which preceded our arrival and the state of Bengal at that point of time be clearly and accurately explained. Lay out your plan methodically before you begin to build. Then collect your materials, and make a regular arrangement of them according to the periods to which they belong; and in the course of the execution take care that every part preserves a natural relation to the whole, and so perfectly to belong to it, that it cannot be removed without being missed. Ornaments of language, deep reflections, and brilliant strokes of wit produce the whole of their intended effect, when they are regularly and not too lavishly distributed over a substratum solid enough to support them. A man of lively parts who may not have been much practised in writing, will find it difficult to conceive how little they avail in the execution, without a formality in the plan, which it may require some degree of dulness to submit to; I mean in works of a serious nature and considerable extent.

I have so little time to dispose of, that it would be in vain for me to undertake the office of a regular critic, supposing I were otherwise equal to it. I shall nevertheless be glad to see the work as it proceeds, and will communicate to you freely any thoughts that may appear to me likely to improve it. As I wish you success, however, I cannot give my assent to your going farther than you may have done already in the execution, until you have drawn out a formal scheme or disposition of the whole design—the commencement, periods, divisions, and conclusion. The preface should be written first, as it is read; though I believe this rule is seldom observed. Your plan being once determinately fixed and accurately described, will serve for a rule to yourself, as well as to those persons whose judgment you may think fit to consult; that if you wander from it they may be able to bring you back to your original principles.

With respect to my own name, Sir, I can never consent to its being mentioned in terms of applause, while I continue in office. Words do nothing, if they are not clearly supported by acts. If, at the period of my appointment, my conduct should deserve public approbation, the best way to secure it will be to state nothing in the mean time but naked facts, without any other but a simple and faithful exposition of this government in the several stages at which I have been or may be called upon to act as a member of it. I would not pardon you the most distant allusion to abilities, zeal, or integrity, with respect to myself; but much less would I forgive you

if you did not do ample justice to the memory of Colonel Monson and Sir John Clavering. In *their* characters you have a noble subject for panegyric, which the most rancorous malignity cannot attribute to an interested motive. The praises of the dead will be received without jealousy or distrust; and if *you* are envied, it will only be for the honour of having erected the first monument to the memory of such men. You cannot but be sensible how different my situation is from theirs, nor how differently the same actions ought to be represented, when the parties concerned in them are, and when they are not, immediately obnoxious to envy. Your own reflections will easily extend these words into a volume.

I think you should keep your design as secret as possible, that you may be at liberty to publish hereafter without your name, if circumstances should make it advisable for you to conceal it. I must on my own account desire that this letter may rest entirely with yourself.

The Seahorse's pacquet arrived this morning, and we expect Mr. Wheler every day. The two ships parted company eight days after they left the Cape. Colonel Watson is on board this ship.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient humble servant,

P. FRANCIS.

Journal.

'*Nov.* 24*th.*—Show Chambers my recommendation of him to Lord North. He pledges himself to me in return. Meet Impey and his wife there. They look a little desolate.

'*Dec.* 1*st.*—Council. Barwell absent. Nobkissen asserts that he is highly discontented with Hastings. Communicate to H. my minute about the great number of French ships now lying at Chandernagore. H. shuffles, and will not put the question to the chief engineers, &c. His supineness is so unaccountable, that I almost suspect treachery.[1] Board of Trade demand 140 lacks for next year's investment. H. says he shall give it.

[1] At this time French hostilities in India began to be seriously apprehended at Calcutta. The habitual opposition of Francis to Hastings rendered him suspicious of every movement of the governor, as repeated entries in this journal show.

'2*nd.*—Barwell absent. Shameful gratuities to Halhed and young Anderson. I tell him he must do as he likes; that I object to all increases on the establishments.

'3*rd.*—Excellent minute from Barwell about the house. He insists on the necessity of some trifling distinction to impress his rank on the minds of the people.

'4*th.*—Sup at Impey's. Explanation with the lady. She swears that Hastings has deserted them. Complains of his ingratitude, &c. I believe their hatred is sufficiently cordial, but there are *some ties* which cannot be dissolved.'

We learn from a letter (December 6) to Mrs. Francis, that Mrs. Wheler, the latest arrival from Europe, introduced one novelty at Calcutta. 'She appeared in public for the first time at our ball, the night before last, in wonderful splendour. At sight of her hoop all our beauties stared with envy and admiration. I never saw the like in all my life.'

Journal.

'*Dec.* 6*th.*—At Bristow's. The Governor sends Elliot[1] to meet Mr. Wheler. I send Livius; carriages, &c. at Budge Budge.

'7*th.*—Bristow resolves to go to England. Duke of Portland's pacquet arrives.

'10*th.*—Plowden writes me word that Mr. Wheler is resolved to come up to Calcutta in the yacht. By

[1] Alexander Elliot, so frequently mentioned in this journal and in the correspondence, was a younger brother of Sir Gilbert; occupied several posts of distinction in India; and was a very confidential partisan of Hastings. His cotemporaries speak in the highest terms of his abilities, and of his powers of pleasing and of management. He was employed in various important missions, and died while engaged on one of them in 1779. Hastings wrote a stanza on his decease, which may be found in Gleig's work; but (like the Governor-General's other compositions) it does not rise above the rank of ordinary magazine poetry.

this conduct I suppose he means to mediate, but in the effect nothing could be more decided against Hastings, nor a grosser affront to him. His carriages, with Mr. Barwell's fine coach, have been waiting at Budge Budge these four days.

'11*th*.—In spite of all Mr. Elliot's courtship and artifices, Wheler passes by Budge Budge and lands at Calcutta, immediately visits H., B. and me, and takes his seat at the board. I go to his house and have a long confidential conversation with him. On the whole I am better satisfied with him than he is with his situation. It cannot be pleasant to him to meet H. and B. after having voted for their removal. He will act with me when the occasion demands it, but I believe he heartily wishes that no such occasion may occur. He magnifies H.'s interest at home, affects to think that Coote will not come out, and that no decisive step will be taken by the C. of Drs. notwithstanding their letter to Clavering. I treat everything gently, affecting to encourage rather than to alarm him. Hastings asks me to dine with him to-morrow for the first time these thirty months; visit Mrs. Wheler in the evening.

'12*th*.—Rev. Bd. Barwell absent. Hastings evidently mortified at being left alone with us the first day; dine formally with the Governor.

'13*th*. Wheler taken ill of a fever.

'17*th*.—Again he desires to see me, and gives me every assurance of confidence, cordiality, &c.; that Elliot waited on him last night with a formal embassy from H.; that he, W., should make a public declaration of his own moderation, &c., and convey to me a plan of accommodation; he only mentioned two of the articles proposed: to declare the Nabob of age, i.e., to remove Mahomed Reza Cawn, and to make a settlement for 1778 on the

present footing. My answer is, that I can enter into no compacts; but repeat what I have often told him, that if he will conduct the government moderately and without innovations, I have no objection. Meet Elliot at Mrs. Hyde's; he desires a conference, fixed for to-morrow evening.

'18*th*.—Wheler absent. I begin to suspect that his illness is political. Robert Stewart's claim adjusted. Bristow sets out for Madras on his way to England. Elliot comes at 6. His talents for negotiation are really considerable, formed under the tuition of Macleane. He proposes an avowed coalition with Hastings, and for this he offers me almost any personal terms I can desire. Among other things, he asserts that this is the earnest wish of the people in power at home, and that nothing can do me more credit; that it is Wheler's disposition; and that if I will consult him he will tell me so. I absolutely reject the idea of union, but declare my resolution to stand purely on the defensive, dissenting where I disapprove, in order to clear myself of all responsibility. I shall give him my final answer to-morrow.

'19*th*.—Wheler attends. I meet Elliot everywhere. Offer to send my answer in writing, which he declines. In the evening give him a short flat negative. Take Wheler to visit Impey and Chambers.—N. B. Justice Chambers entirely approves my resolution.

'21*st*.—Hastings and Elliot go privately to Wheler's. All sorts of offers and arguments to induce him to use his influence with me. This he declines, and refuses for himself to enter into any engagements.

'24*th*.—Motion by H. to prosecute the plaintiffs in the Patna cause amended by me. Morse proposed to conduct the cause, a childish design to mortify me; *par*

rapport à Tilghman.[1] He announces his design to extend the present settlement to the ensuing year. Wheler declares to me his determination to oppose in both instances. So now we have war denounced in form.

'25*th.*—Wretched shabby dinner at the court-house. This parsimony is attributed to Mrs. Hastings.

'26*th.*—Negotiations from H. to Wheler continued.

'27*th.*—Sup at the Governor's. Wheler gives me a most extraordinary letter he had received from H., which he said he had answered in person to avoid a correspondence. I never saw so silly and impudent a performance; *vide* letter. W. remains immovable. Consults now with none but Ducarel, Chas. Grant, and Livius.

'30*th.*—Curious minute from H. charging Wheler and me with a concerted plan of opposition, &c. I sit silent and reserve my reply for the evening. So war is declared, and H. himself tells the world that W. and I are united. Visit Wheler in the evening; he appears cheerful and steady.

'31*st.*—Circulate my answer to H.'s minute; hear that the Board of Trade are highly offended with Charles Grant for the information they suppose him to have given Mr. Wheler.

To Mr. Cholwell.[2]

January 1, 1778.

. . . Mr. Buller shall receive every mark of kindness that it may be in my power to show him. You cannot but know that I neither have nor have had, for a long time, any share or influence in the patronage of this government. Those gentlemen to whom I wish well have, I fear, been prejudiced by their attachment to me. If any event should restore to me the degree of influence which I ought to have here I shall not forget your recommendation. My heartiest

[1] Who was beginning to practise as a barrister at Calcutta.

[2] This was the gentleman who had declined, in 1773, the post of Councillor afterwards offered to Francis.

good wishes wait on my good friend Smith, and on every member of the St. Alban's society. We shall meet again, I trust—I mean in this world—and may I be d—d in the next if ever I venture myself into such a hell as this, with my own consent at least. I beg Dayrell will not forget me.

. . . I certainly am obliged to you for my post, but I fancy by this time you are quite satisfied that you did not take it.

To Miss Bristow.

Calcutta, January 5, 1778.

Dear Madam,—Your letter of March 24 did not reach me time enough to be answered by the Europa; but our friend Miss Frazer will have received one by that ship, in which my sentiments on the extraordinary event you announce to me are sufficiently explained. I call it extraordinary, not because it is uncommon, but because I can not reconcile it to certain ideas of a person who I thought was an exception to vulgar rules and vulgar principles. If her judgement should have failed her in this important instance, she will have no excuse to plead; for, I presume, it will not be said that her heart has misled her. If there be any asperity in this reflection, I do assure you it is not intended. I wish to hear with certainty that her happiness is established by this arrangement, though it is not likely that I should ever be a witness of it. My own future destination is involved in obscurity. If I am to remain here more than two years, it must be in a higher, perhaps in a more uneasy, situation than I stand in at present. It is possible that the first letters, after General Clavering's death is known in England, may either recall me or oblige me to retire. In that case, I may have the pleasure of seeing you early in 1779. After what has already passed in this country there is no event to which I can not easily reconcile myself. Whether I go or stay, it shall be with honour. Your brother is so well able to explain my situation to you, that I need not add anything on this subject. When he speaks favourably of your friend, as I persuade myself he will do, encourage every disposition you may feel to give him credit. For the present, I trust that I shall be continued in your good graces, and that, while I am engaged in the battle, you will take part for me as a friend. When that is once finally decided, I shall submit myself to your judgment. Preserve me carefully in the memory of Miss Frazer, and do not allow either yourself or her to suppose that, whether I am punctual in repeating the assurances of my attachment or not, any distance of time or place can alter it. You would do me a singular favour

in laying my humble duty at the feet of Miss Frazer and Miss Sophy.

I have the honour to be, with the greatest truth and esteem,
Dear Madam, your most faithful servant,
P. FRANCIS.

Journal.

'*Jan.* 1*st*, 1778.—Most courteous visit from H; excuses himself from dining at the court-house. He looks ill.

'3*rd*.—Formal supper at Impey's for Mrs. Wheler; Mrs. Hastings sends a silly excuse. An intended slight to Lady Impey.

'15*th*.—Nothing is thought of now but to lavish away the money in the Treasury in salaries, &c. to all their dependents. I oppose it; *vide* minute.

'23*rd*.—Shore again appointed to take the management of the collections of Nuddea. This old fellow will not even pay his bribes, and Shore must appear a rod of terror held over him.

'26*th*.—Hastings this day records a pretended plan of accommodation with the Marattas, but takes it home for *correction*, that is, to prevent my seeing it time enough to make any remarks before the Kingston sails. At night a long conversation with Wheler, open, friendly and confidential in the highest degree. I begin to love this man. Show him the letter from M. R. C.

'30*th*.—Ball at my house.

'*Feb.* 2.—Grand debate on the Bombay war. Wheler and I divide against H. and B; *vide* proceedings. Masquerade at the play house.'

On February 4 he informs his friend Godfrey, in a very confidential letter, of Bristowe's intended departure for Europe. 'He is keen, intelligent, well connected, and attached to my interests. *Au reste*, if you happen to like him, cultivate his acquaintance, not otherwise. I am now, I think, in the road to the government of Bengal,

which I believe is the first situation in the world attainable by a subject. I will not baulk my future; if that hope be disappointed, I shall assuredly not stay here beyond the expiration of the present commission; if it succeeds, you will probably not see me in less than four years from this time. But we shall be still young, my friend, with the means and powers of enjoyment.'

Journal.

'*Feb.* 13*th.*—Rev. Board. Hastings in woeful distress about the Patna cause. Strange minutes. Poolbundy of Burdwan given for two years to Mr. Fraser. 1 lack 20 thousand the first, and 80 thousand the second. Job; job. This is a wretch of the lowest order, a creature and distant relation[1] of Impey, and already well provided for in the Supreme Court. The present shameless contract is a clear 15,000*l.* in the contractor's pocket, for whose real profit I submit to the reader.

'19*th.*—Barwell absent. Another letter from the B. of Commerce to prove that they have a surplus cargo, and now Hastings swears that he was always perfectly sure they would want an additional ship, as *I* was that they would carry the point. Curious letter from Bristow of the 30th of January.'

Francis's fortune was at all events in rapid course of accumulation. It appears, by a letter to Chandler of this date, that he remitted 10,000*l.* home in the preceding year.

Journal.

'*Feb.* 20*th.*—Barwell absent. Proposal from H. to give Halhed 30,000 rs. for his Bengal grammar; reduced

[1] Probably of Lady Impey, who was daughter of Dr. James Fraser, connected with the baroness of that name who married Lord Lovat. Francis describes this Fraser as 'a low obscure fellow, and not long ago the mate of a ship.'

to half at my desire. The whole day spent in examining Holme about his dispute with the Calcutta Committee. Fiddle faddle. Stibbert and Wheler dine at my house. Hastings' present plan is to buy Coote and send him up to the army.

'21*st.*—Letter proposed by H. to the Presidency of Bombay sent in circulation; *vide* my minute.

'22*nd.*—Conversation with Wheler on the preceding subject. We agree to give every possible opposition to the pernicious measures proposed by H.

'23*rd.*—Debate on the above letter with as much heat and passion as ever; *vide* proceedings. A qualifying postscript forced upon them by me. Letter at last produced from Mobarck-al-dowla demanding to be put in possession of all the offices held by Mahomed Reza Cawn. H. desires our opinions. At night I send a short account of all these transactions to my Lord North; *vide* letter.

'*March* 1*st.*—The result of all the letters, as far as I can find, is delay and suspense. But it is clear that Coote[1] will not arrive before the first ship of the season, if then. I begin to doubt. My own course, however, is clear and determined. Mr. Wedderburn's letters to me and Mackenzie are as favourable personally to myself as I could wish.

'2*nd.*—Council. Barwell absent. The Nabob's letter brought on by the secretary. Wheler's minute and mine read. Hastings declines delivering his opinion till B. comes. Wait till two hours. I propose to him to defer the question till this day fortnight. After a great deal of soothing and moderation on my part, and no less passion and insolence on his, I insist on an immediate

[1] Sir Eyre Coote, despatched to India as councillor to succeed Monson, did not arrive at Madras until the end of December this year (*vide* post).

decision. The resolution passed accordingly; *vide* proceedings. He avows his determination to reverse it. At night receive a most comfortable letter from Lord North, dated July 11, 1777. All right. Send Mackenzie to Barwell to try to prevent his reversing the resolution.

'3*rd.*—He promises to do his utmost with Hastings; but now I care very little what either of them do.

'17*th.*—Santiram Sing sends for my Banian, and desires him to inform me that he knows and can prove that H. has received a lack and a half from the young Nabob and the Begum for the late arrangement, and that he also knows and can prove that Bl. pays H. every month a sum of money from 20 to 30 thousand rs. a month on account of joint profits; and that H. professes to receive this money for bills on England, which he says he gives Barwell. I mention all these circumstances to Wheler.

'20*th.*—Santiram Sing's message repeated to Wheler. Farrer, going to England, understands my cause there heartily; informs me that Nobkissen told him, and probably does others, that I have received money through him, also from Mahomed Reza Cawn, Baber, Harwood, Higginson and Law; but he is not certain of *Law*. Here's a villain for you! Commissioned without doubt by H. and B. to wind himself into my confidence. He shall hear of it.

'24*th.*—Barwell gives Farrer a most conciliatory letter of introduction to his sister, and writes him word at the same time that he shall assuredly follow him in a few months, except he finds he can stay on a permanent ministerial plan. Farrer showed me both letters.

'*April* 24*th.*—Receive a letter from Rumbold,[1] inclosing

[1] At Madras: sent there to compose the anarchy after the death of Lord Pigott.

those from Lord North and Robinson to Sir John Clavering; cold, doubtful and unsatisfactory in the highest degree. Lord North seems to have written to Clavering under the influence of an ague fit. On the contrary, his letter to me is friendly, cordial and to the purpose.[1]

'25*th.*—Duck shooting.

'26*th.*—Ditto.

'30*th.*—Private altercation with Hastings, who reproaches me with my last minute about Webber; agree to destroy both his and mine.

'*May* 5*th.*—R. D. Letter from the Moorshedabad Council recommending a settlement with the Ranny of Radshi for two years at 23 lack, &c. I see she has taken the right course at last. H. hurries the settlement of this zemindary in a most extraordinary manner. Money! money! and no time to be lost!

'9*th.*—Letter from Bombay, April 5, 1778. Revolution at Poona, &c. I move that the detachment under Leslie may be recalled.

'14*th.*—I stay away from the Board of Inspection. Letter at night from Madras, with news from London of November 4th. Washington defeated, &c. Hastings had this news (and more I hope) a week ago.

'*June* 6*th.*—Panton leaves Calcutta, dissatisfied with H. and B. for not paying him the freight on the 10 lack here. Being ashamed or afraid to do it themselves, they have thrown that difficulty on Rumbold.'

The following characteristic letter from Edmund Burke to his kinsman John, apparently forwarded by the latter to Francis, reached him about this time. It is endorsed by John B.: 'Received Wednesday, November 1777.' I am

[1] Ante, p. 108 seemingly.

not aware to what particular paper it relates, but evidently concerning his project of a revenue 'settlement.'

My dear John,—I give you a thousand thanks for the papers you have been so good as to put into my hands; I wished to keep them a little while longer; but I husbanded my time as well as I could, and when my company went to bed spent the greatest part of the night in reading them. This morning I went through the whole. I don't know that I ever read any state paper drawn with more ability, and indeed I have seldom read a paper of any kind with more pleasure.

In general, I perfectly agree with Mr. Francis, that a nice scrutiny into the property and tenures of an whole nation is almost always more alarming to the people than advantageous to government. It is never undertaken without some suspicion at least of an attempt to impose some new burthen upon them. Mr. F. is a better judge than I can possibly be of the politics which have given rise to such a measure. Upon that subject, therefore, I can form no opinion, but what I take from his authority.

The idea of forcing everything to an artificial equality, has something, at first view, very captivating in it. It has all the appearance imaginable of justice and good order; and very many persons, without any sort of partial purposes, have been led to adopt such schemes, and to pursue them with great earnestness and warmth. Though I have no doubt that the minute, laborious, and very expensive *cadastre* which was made by the king of Sardinia has done no sort of good, and that after all his pains a few years will restore all things to their first inequality, yet it has been the admiration of half the reforming financiers of Europe; I mean the official financiers, as well as the speculative. You know that it is this very rage for equality which has blown up the flame of this present cursed war in America. I am, for one, entirely satisfied that the inequality, which grows out of the *nature of things*, by time, custom, successions, accumulation, permutation, and improvement of property, is much nearer that true equality, which is the foundation of equity and just policy, than anything which can be contrived by the tricks and devices of human skill. What does it amount to, after some little jumbling, but that some men have better estates than others? I am certain that when the financial system is but tolerably planned it will catch property in spite of all its doublings; and sooner or later those who have most will pay most, and there is the effective equality which circumstances will bring about of themselves if they are left to their own operation.

This paper of Mr. Francis has given me one idea which I had not

before (indeed it has given me several), and it is an idea which affords me satisfaction. I find that Mr. Francis thinks that the occupier of the soil, and not the government, is the true proprietor of the land in Bengal. I did understand that a sort of custom had given them a preference, but that on the whole the Zemindars did not stand on so good a footing as our copyholders in England, or even as the holder of church leases. Their custom of annual letting seemed much to favour this notion. I am glad to find I was mistaken, for whatever the practice may be, I am sure that every thing which favours the stability of property is right, and does much for the peace, order, and civilisation of any country.

I write with little consideration, and less knowledge of the subject. We make an hundred blunders in a matter so very remote from our situation and our local circumstances and customs. But if I guess rashly in such things I do not persevere obstinately in my errors. I am afraid that Mr. Francis begins by his distance to make very nearly as mistaken judgments on our affairs here as we do on his in India. He thinks, alas! that Parliament troubles itself with these matters. We were indeed busy enough about them until the East India Company was put into the hands of the court. Since that time a most religious silence is kept about those affairs. Government is sure to throw them immediately out, if any one's forced zeal prompts him to bring them before us. Nothing but the approaching expiration of the agreement with the public can submit it again to our instrumental consideration. Something then will be done, if more can be done, for confirming the power of the crown over the Company. As to its exterior forms, like other forms, it will I fancy be suffered to continue.

When you write to Mr. Francis, pray put him in mind of me; and thank him for his permission to you to communicate his very valuable paper, of which I neither have nor shall make any improper or indiscreet use. I have written to him a letter which I hope will not be wholly useless about the first object of my heart, our friend William Burke. You are happy that you have our friend Shee under the immediate protection of one who knows so well what power owes to friendship. Adieu! my dear John; my hand is tired, but it is, with my heart, always yours.

EDMUND BURKE.

D'Oyly to Francis.

November 28, 1777: received June 28, 1778.

Men and things, my friend, sometimes change very quick in this country. You have written some very fine pieces, that will hereafter be read and respected. But Mr. Hastings having among his friends in this country a very large majority in Leadenhall Street, you are both

allowed to be good writers, but in their opinion he takes the lead so decidedly that they admit of no comparison. At the other end of the town so very few can be induced to read them that I cannot wish you to give yourself so much trouble for the future. Their minds seem to me very unworthy of such performances, for I cannot find that they have made any impression upon them.

. . . . I conclude that everything waits till we hear whether Hastings abides by his resignation or not. I cannot talk or write on that pitiful transaction with coolness; and therefore, till I hear how it has ended, I will be silent.

Lord Barrington to Francis.

Cavendish Square, November 18, 1777.

Dear Sir,—This is the first opportunity I have had of acknowledging your kind letter of 13th February last, or of sending to you a large packet from Sir James Stuart (now Denham) entrusted to my care.

It gives me the greatest pleasure to find that you and Sir John Clavering continue to think and act together. Reports to the contrary were circulated here, but I did not believe them; your letter has enabled me to correct the credulity of others. I most sincerely pity you both struggling so long ineffectually for what is right against what is wrong; and I love you both so much that I cannot wish you to continue long in a situation so painful, though so creditable to you. I hope the arrival of the new councillor will give you a useful and worthy associate, and that Mr. Hastings' departure from India will give his successor power equal to his abilities and virtue. On this ground only I wish Sir John Clavering to remain in India, where his health has met such violent attacks; I am happy to find by your letter that his constitution has got the better of his disease.

The accounts you send me of what was passing at Madras and Bombay are very alarming; I hope the orders sent out by the directors with Mr. Rumbold, however full of absurdities, may restore peace and order on the Coromandel coast, and put an end to the danger which the unhappy disputes betwixt Lord Pigot and his council have occasioned in India.

At the time I am writing we are very uncertain as to what is passing in America, the last despatches which government have received from our generals there being dated in August; but I think there can be no doubt of Sir William Howe's having beat Washington, and being in possession of Philadelphia, or of General Burgoyne's having obtained considerable advantage over Arnold in the neighbourhood of Albany. The earnestness with which I long for a conclusion

of this war is not to be expressed. If any events worthy your knowledge should arrive before this letter goes, I will add a postscript to it. I do not see any danger of war with our neighbours, and we are united and quiet at home.

I am, with the greatest truth and regard, dear Sir,
Your most faithful, obedient, humble servant,
BARRINGTON.

To P. Francis, Esq.

Lucius Smith to Francis.

May 15, 1778.

Colonel Leslie is set out on his voyage to the land of Ophir; he will assuredly ease the country of half a million. If he should double it, I question if he will do them an injury. Money has hitherto been the source of all their ills. The love of that shining delusion has ever unsheathed the sword of every daring ruffian amongst them, and drew on them the thunders of the West. I think Providence has played the courtier with these poor creatures, and smiled upon them to their ruin. Had they been poor, they had been free and happy,

And yet what will this old gentleman (Leslie) do with his money when he has, by immense pains and immense crimes, gathered it together? Poor are the privileges of fortune to an old man. It will not create a new sense, or restore a decayed one. It will also be too late in the evening with him to change his Siberian manners, form new connections, and begin the walks of ambition. He should have been content with the just fame he acquired in America, where he was employed in a situation worthy of his genius, in fixing on the proper site for a necessary tent, and in serving out old shoes and hats unto the soldiers. When he retires to Hibernia with his collected sum, he will hang enamoured over his bags like Lust and Impotency over Beauty; the painful guardian of it, incapable of enjoying, and resolved that no other shall. For so great is old Leslie's avarice become with the prospect of his riches, that I am well persuaded, was there a turnpike on the road to Heaven, rather than pay one poor penny to go through, he would turn back, and go to Hell with pecuniary satisfaction.

Pardon this long incoherent letter, written in the short intervals between business and the follies of a camp.[1]

I am, Sir, with respect,
Your most obedient servant,
L. L. SMITH.

Camp, near Cawnpore, May 15, 1778.

[1] Colonel Leslie, the hero of this illnatured description, died on the march in Oct. 1778.

The following is an extract of a letter (May 20) to Sir John Day, at Madras. This gentleman, advocate-general to the Company, was one of the firmest allies of Francis throughout his stay in India. His detention at Madras, on his way to Bengal, was occasioned by an enquiry into some of the extraordinary proceedings which had taken place there, already alluded to.

I fancy you indulge yourself in looking through the wrong end of the glass at every object in which you are interested. As far as I am able to judge, your situation in India would appear favourable enough to any eye but your own. You have a creditable station: you have three thousand a year; and you have two steady friends in this Council. Such circumstances as these might make life tolerable at least, if not happy. But the disease is in your mind; and you must be your own physician, or sink under it. I hate the thought, for my own part, of dying of the spleen like a rat in a hole. If I had given way to it heretofore, I should now have been stretched alongside Clavering, Monson, and Lemaistre, with a damned *hic jacet* upon my heart, and some Popham,[1] perhaps, trampling upon my grave, or writing my epitaph. I have many reasons for not wishing to die in Bengal: among the rest, I know my death would give pleasure to people to whom my life has given none, and whose private wishes I am unwilling to gratify. A reflection of this kind, I should think, would brace your nerves. If not, *paralysin cave.*

'Poor Fitzpatrick,' he says a little later, to the same dispirited correspondent, 'whom, if you remember, you ought to revere, often showed that nothing was so dangerous to a man's happiness as prosperity. He said he had known three persons, who, having gained the twenty thousand prize in different lotteries, found themselves unable to support their spirits under such severe good fortune. The first hanged himself; the second drowned himself; the third, I think, married, and never held up his head afterwards.'

[1] A person at Madras who had brought an action against Sir John Day for 'defamation' on account of something which took place in the discharge of his official duties.

Journal.

'*June* 8*th.*—Bitter news from America (viâ Bombay); Burgoyne taken, &c. Hastings and almost everybody here in high triumph. They seem to consider their own security as united with the ruin of the Empire. Council: warm debate between H. and me on Leslie. Vide Proceedings.

'11*th.*—Governor moves that the detachment shall stop but be held in readiness to march on immediate warning, &c. A warm debate—vide my letter to Lord North. Wheler very feeble! Of late he has affected moderation most woefully; he has given Osborne a letter of recommendation to the Nabob of Oude!!!![1]

'12*th.*—Motion by H. for restoring the Ranny of Burdwan, &c.—matchless impudence! Vide Proceedings. After throwing out a kind of challenge to me about motives, when I formally accept it he retires without speaking another word. It is the universal belief and conversation of Calcutta that this job cost the Ranny five lack.

'*July* 12*th.*—Sunday. Long visit at the Gardens from Elliot, in which he discovers to me unadvisedly the extent of H.'s present plan: Ragoba to be set aside; the Government of the Paishwa and Ministry to be demolished; and Moodajee Boosla constituted sovereign of the Mahrattas.—A pretty scheme, especially at the commencement of a French war! A great deal of cajolery, as usual, from Elliot.

'13*th.*—Letter from Leslie, June 24: not yet reached Chatterpoor; must fight his way.

'17*th.*—Elliot's instructions (for a mission to the Mahratta country) brought to me by Auriol with great

[1] No doubt regarded by Francis as an enemy of his friend Bristow.

affectation of mystery; dispatch, &c. Draw up a minute upon it and give it to Mr. Wheler. We agree in suspecting Hastings of the worst designs.[1]

'18*th*.—Council. Strong minute from Wheler. I read mine myself; press the Governor to give orders for the defence of the river, &c., and furnish him with memoranda of what ought to be done immediately. I find the inhabitants of Calcutta are alarmed at seeing no preparations for defence.

'19*th*.—News from Suez. War (with France) not declared, but every probability of it. Dead silence about Bengal. I cannot find that the Swallow was arrived. Wheler and I determine to push H. to take vigorous measures for the defence of Bengal.

'20*th*.—I urge Barwell in private to press vigorous measures; he agrees with me in every point, even in opinion of H.'s indolence and incapacity, and promises his utmost assistance. I use every art and compliance in my power to gain upon H., if possible, to take proper measures of defence. Some necessary orders given, but the man is bewildered and totally unequal to the task. H. and B. refuse to obey the Compnay's orders relative to the reinstatement of young Fowke at Benares.

'21*st*.—Rev. Board. Try the Berboom cause. Again I press H. in private to prepare his plan of defence, and offer my concurrence; he promises to be ready on Thursday.

'22*nd*.—I prepare a plan, with the assistance of Kydd and Watson, to be ready with it to-morrow, if Hastings be not.

[1] 'Francis and Wheler,' writes Hastings on the 19th to Impey, 'have protested against Elliot's instructions. Francis in good language, but abundantly weak in argument. Wheler, poor fellow, has not yet got hold of the subject.'

'23*rd*.—Communicate my minute privately to Barwell, who approves, and says I do right. Finding H. proposes nothing but a job for Joseph Price,[1] I deliver in the minute—vide. H. very much wounded by it. Send it at night to Wheler, who cannot attend on account of Mrs. Wheler's illness. H. recommends Captain Plowden to command the militia.

'24*th*.—Wheler sends in a strong minute in approbation of mine. H. in a foam of rage. High words between H. and me. I charge him with neglecting the defence of Bengal. Barwell interposes. Pearce and Watson's plans approved. Royal Charlotte, a ship belonging to Croftes, taken up, and the Resolution put under Joseph Price at an immoderate expense—a most infamous job!

'*Aug*. 10*th*.—I see the game clearly over, and take my own resolutions about my own destination accordingly. Barwell absent.

'14*th*.—I shall write no more to Lord North.'

It is conceivable that this resolution, to write no more to Lord North, may have been partly influenced by the following letter, which must have been by this time received:—

D'Oyly to Francis.

February 19, 1778.

. . . . I last Friday asked and obtained leave to retire from my situation in the Lord G. Germain's office, and at this moment various are the speculations upon it, as it is not in general known that leave is gone to Howe to give up his command. My reasons for giving up are many, but must not be trusted in a letter. The friends of opposition increase, and we are now in the midst of an enquiry into the state of the nation; in short, we are in a damned

[1] Captain Price, the author of certain pamphlets, often quoted for the charges which they contain against Francis. See post, chap. iii. The real origin to his hostility to Francis here appears.

bad way, and I wish I was at Calcutta, or anywhere but here. Your wife and family are well, and so is my wife and greatly yours. To-morrow probably we shall sit to six in the following morning.

Adieu!

Yours ever most affectionately,

CHR. D'OYLY.

The following playful letter from his old friend, the Rev. William Allen, at Lisbon, seems to have reached him in September this year.

Lisbon, February 20, 1778.

. . . . You talk to me of coming back. I guess how matters will go. You will return rich, and cut your throat, or shoot yourself through the head: for you are a man of sense, and will choose the latter as the best method. Much about the same time I shall forge a note upon you for a few thousands, and be detected and hanged at Tyburn: after which, your good son, and my godson, in memory of us, will go by the name of Clive Dodd Francis. Perhaps he will be ennobled: Baron Dodd, Earl of Clive, with a pistol and gallows for his arms.

Journal.

'*Aug.* 17*th.*—Motion by Barwell to reverse Alexander's appointment in favour of Kydd. H. ashamed to propose it himself.

'26*th.*—Council. Violent debate about the Britannia. Complaint from the Europe captains that Jo. Price [1] has taken their men. H. will give them no redress. Wheler very steady.

[1] I am not sure whether this is the transaction thus adverted to by Mr. Impey:—'A spirited sea-captain—Captain Joseph Price—who had been taken into employment by Hastings during the war in India, who had rendered very important services during that momentous struggle, and who had been described by Francis himself in a minute of Council as a brave and an able officer, drew down upon his head a large share of invective, apparently for no better reason than because he thought Hastings a greater man than Francis. While yet in India, Captain Price learned that Francis had entered something very defamatory of him in the minutes of Council. Forthwith he had a meeting with Mr. Shore, at that time a friend of Francis, who offered to wait upon the latter for an explanation. Through Shore, Price received

'27*th.*—Curious conversation with Captain Baird. Visit the Royal Charlotte and Resolution. Wheler recovers his spirits.

'31*st.*—Council. Leslie censured for his delay at Chatterpoor. Both H. and B. profess to be highly dissatisfied with his conduct. B. proposes Wombwell to be Paymaster of the Nabob's troops. News from Pondicheri. Engagement between the two squadrons on the 10th.

'*Sept.* 17*th.*—H. suffers the militia to sink and go to nothing, sooner than I should have a command in it. Ditto the new marine. Richardson tells me he desires nothing more than to resign.

'21*st.*—Remittance to China determined, to be open subscription. I propose to send the money from our treasury, and not to draw on the Company. Curious debate: vide also my letter to G. Wombwell on this subject.

'24*th.*—Fresh debate about the remittance to China. B. proposes that it shall be given to the lowest bidders. Resolution deferred. He is determined to have it all to himself.

'*Oct.* 12*th.*—Council. Barwell absent. Violent quarrel with H. in consequence of my minute of this day. H. laments his ill-fortune: that he is weary of his life, &c.—Vide debate. Leslie recalled: the detachment to proceed under Goddard. I think I shall give him checkmate very soon. Wheler's minute very strong: drawn up for him by Ducarel.

'18*th.*—Sunday. Received letters from camp at Rajegur of October 2. Leslie taken ill of a bilious fever on September 27th: his recovery not expected. Rains, roads, provisions, and hostilities with the country powers. It

Francis's answer, that the animadversions had been retracted on the representations of Hastings and other members of Council. 'No such thing,' continues the frank sailor, 'they were permitted to be entered up fair on the Company's records, and three months afterwards were transmitted to Europe.'

appears plainly that H. has engaged in this without information or precaution of any kind.

'19*th.*—Leslie died on the 4th inst. *Temporary* rank of Colonel given to Goddard. Daniel Barwell reinstated assistant to the Resident at Benares.

'*Nov.* 5*th.*—Quarrel between the judges and Hastings about visiting Sadut Ally. Chambers tells me that when H. met him first on the river, he advanced in a little boat and presented him with a nazir—incredible! H. threatens to go all lengths against the Board of Trade, if they refuse to reinstate Barton!—Puff.

'6*th.*—Impey returns from Chittagong.

'8*th.*—Visit Impey; find he went early to spend the day with Hastings. Some new plot afoot. At night a letter from Rumbold with advice of the surrender of Pondicheri.

'12*th.*—Salary of 600 sicca rupees a month created for young Colebrooke. Wheler yields to it as a compliment to Sir George; la raison est belle. No account of the capitulation of Pondicheri. H. begins to abuse Munro, &c. Remittance to Nagpore settled for the detachment.

'13*th.*—Question of law proposed to the Pundits of Benares, June 24. Answered according to my opinion. Decision carried by Wheler and me against H.

'17*th.*—Wheler concurs. Capitulation of Pondicheri received. Hastings expresses the highest dissatisfaction at the terms, and proposes to Wheler and me to order them to destroy the fortifications at all events, with a declaration that they shall be repaired at the Company's expense if war be not declared. I refuse. He means nothing but to throw a slur on Rumbold and Munro, whose conduct towards the Nabob I suppose has offended him. The articles, I must confess, are very exceptionable,

but the event is of moment and very probably may save our detachment.

'23*rd.*—Ball at my house—Hastings, &c. &c. Motion from H. in circulation to revoke the powers given to the Presidency of Bombay over the march of the detachment. So now every veil is removed. Vide Minutes.

'24*th.*—*Omnia vincit amor.* Job for Wood the salt agent.

'26*th.*—Iniquitous and cruel sentence on John Butler, invalid. Pearse president. Hastings lets him down gently.

'*Dec.* 7*th.*—Council. Mr. H., I am assured, has a letter from Goddard, yet not a word said about him. It is rumoured that the detachment is in distress at Serouge. This is not the road to Nagpoor.

'8*th.*—Rev. B. Stout orders against the Ranny of Burdwan to put Gocul Gosaul in possession of Polespoy. Some deep fetch, I am sure, to hold out false colours about the Ranny. Calcutta and Gatton arrive—Major Baggs on board the latter—il ne me manquoit que cela. General letter, April 17—profound silence. H. says the Stafford was at the Cape and was going to *Bombay*. At night, the diable à quatre at the house of G. F. Grand, Esq.'

This singular announcement introduces us to a very celebrated episode in the career of Francis. It has been so frequently made the topic of commentary already, that, although the subject is of a class best avoided, it comes almost of necessity within the province of the biographer. Of the domestic habits of Francis in the earlier part of his career, enough has already been said; as well as of that kind of ostentatious laxity in talk and writing which he inherited from a bad class of instructors. Scandal had its

say about him during his first years in India; but, as far as the minute records which he has left show, without serious foundation. Mr. Impey indeed says, that 'the author of Junius, to many other unamiable qualities added that of being vain of his reputation as un homme aux bonnes fortunes; this formed a conspicuous part of that levity for which Mr. Hastings scorned the man.' A singular piece of censoriousness, if truly repeated, on the part of the husband of Mrs. Imhoff. But Mr. Impey writes as a very unmerciful partisan, and I have not noticed any real corroboration of his statement.

However, in 1778 a Swiss gentleman from Lausanne, M. George François Grand, came, with his wife, to form a part of society at Chandernagore (where he seems to have been established in business) and in Calcutta. His wife, only sixteen years old, was the daughter of a Monsieur Worlée (of Flemish extraction probably, judging by the name) Chevalier of S. Louis, and Captain of the Port at the French settlement of Pondicherry, in the neighbourhood of which (at Tranquebar) the lady was born. 'She was' (says the author of the article in the 'Calcutta Review,' so frequently cited) 'very young and very charming. Her picture, painted by Zoffani, now adorns (1844) the walls of Mr. Marshman's residence at Serampore. There is more of feminine softness than of strength of character in her fair countenance; the sensual prevails everywhere over the intellectual.'[1]

Francis's papers contain no record, except one ominous scrap of Latin quotation (see above, November 24), of the early history of his passion for this lady. It is necessary to pass at once to the narrative, such as it is, which M. Grand himself has given of the scene of its discovery. This

[1] Another picture of her by Gérard, taken at a much later period of her career, adorns the Musée at Versailles.

is contained in a pamphlet, which he is said to have published at the Cape of Good Hope, under the title 'Narrative of the life of a gentleman long resident in India,' under circumstances which will be further alluded to presently. I have never seen this very scarce production, and quote the extracts given in the 'Calcutta Review.'

'Here I must pause a little to call my reader's attention to contemplate the instability of human happiness! On December 8, 1778, I went out of my home the happiest, as I thought myself, of men, and between 11 and 12 o'clock returned the same night to it as miserable as any being could well feel. I left it prepossessed with a sense that I was blessed with the most beautiful as well as most virtuous of wives, ourselves honoured and respected, living in the first circles, and having every prospect of speedy advancement. Scarcely had I sat down to supper at my benefactor Mr. Barwell's society, who required of his friends to join him every fortnight at this convivial meeting, than I was suddenly struck with the deepest anguish and pain. A servant who was in the habit of attending Mrs. Grand came and whispered to me that Mr. Francis was caught in my house, and secured by my jemmadar (an upper servant). I rose up from table, ran to the terrace, where grief, by a flood of tears, relieved itself for a moment. I then sent for a friend out, who I requested to accompany me; but the rank of the party, and the known attachment which, as I was well aware, he held to him, however he execrated his guilty action, pleaded his excuse with me. I collected myself, so much as circumstances would admit, and dispatched the servant to acquaint the jemmadar I was coming. In my way, I thought proper to call on my friend Mr. Palmer, and request the use of his sword, and to attend me as a friend, the purpose which I had in view

being to have released Mr. Francis, and seeing him out of my premises, compelled him to have measured himself with me till one of us fell.

'Palmer approved of my determination, and we repaired to the spot. The porter, hearing my voice, opened the gate, and in my lower apartments my friend and I beheld with astonishment the present Sir George Shee, bound to a chair, and endeavouring to obtain from my servants his release, with Mr. Shore, now Lord Teignmouth, and the late Mr. Archdekin, companions to him, joining in the same prayer and entreaty. He complained of having been cruelly treated by them. My jemmadar, however, told a plain tale: it was, that he had secured Mr. Francis to meet the vengeance of his master, until Mr. Shee, assisted by the other gentlemen, upon a loud whistle sounded by Mr. Francis, had scaled the walls of my compound, rushed furiously on him, and in the scuffle occasioned Mr. Francis to escape. I asked Mr. Shee and his comrades, in the presence of Mr. Palmer, if they had seen Mr. Francis and contributed to his rescue; but finding that I could only draw from them evasive answers, with a declaration that what had actuated their conduct was Mr. Shee running over to Mr. Ducarel's house, loudly calling for their aid to prevent their friend Mr. Francis being murdered, they had, between a state of sleeping and waking, run forward, without knowing what they were doing, I ordered in consequence their release, and leaving my house to the care of my faithful jemmadar and servants, I retired to Major Palmer's.

'Seated on a chair, borne down with the deepest grief, I anxiously awaited the morning, to require from the undoer of my happiness the satisfaction which the laws of honour prescribe as a poor relief to the injury committed. I wrote to Mr. Francis that, void of every spark of prin-

ciple and honour as I deemed him, still I trusted he would not deny me the meeting which I summoned him to immediately, with any friend whom he might choose to bring. His reply was laconic and easy; it was couched in these terms: "That, conscious of having done me no injury, and that I laboured under a complete mistake, he begged leave to decline the proposed invitation; and that he had the honour to remain my most obedient, &c." I now returned home, sent for Mrs. Grand's brother-in-law and sister from Chandernagore, occupied the lower apartments of my house, whilst Mrs. Grand remained in the upper, and on the Sunday following everything was arranged for Mrs. Grand's returning with them, to live under their mansion and protection, myself contributing what was requisite for her support, independent of the monthly allowance which I chose to allot to her own disposal. An interview was entreated, and could not be denied. It lasted three hours, interrupted with the most poignant lamentations. I heard an unvarnished relation of the arts employed for the seduction of a stranger, and attained only to her sixteenth year. I pitied her from my heart. I sincerely forgave her, and, with a sorrow approaching to distraction, we parted.

'After the addition of insult to injury which I had suffered by Mr. Francis's reply, a course of law alone remained open, to identify the person and punish the crime. This I had recourse to—not without experiencing great difficulty, most of the complaisant advocates of the Supreme Court having either been retained by him, or intimidated from acting. At length I succeeded with one who brought the process to a successful issue. By the testimony of Mr. Shee,[1] Mr. Archdekin, and others, the

[1] [Mr. Shee was a great friend and occasional private secretary of Francis, whose evidence, according to M. Grand, was very unwillingly given.

trespass was fully proved, and the trespasser was condemned by the Bench of Judges in damages of 50,000 sicca rupees, with costs of suit.'

Francis himself always maintained that, although a lover, he had then not been a successful one; and (which is of more importance) this view was taken by Mr. Chambers (afterwards Sir Robert, the friend of Dr. Johnson), the most distinguished of the three judges, who recorded his dissent from his brethren on the ground of insufficient evidence. See the dissent, at length, in the article of the 'Calcutta Review,' and elsewhere. On any supposition, the fact of Francis's having secured the company of so large a proportion of the *posse societatis* of Calcutta for his nocturnal expedition seems strange enough. The well-known story that when Impey named 50,000 rupees for damages, Hyde interrupted him by exclaiming, 'Siccas, brother Impey, siccas!' thereby adding a considerable percentage to the amount, rests on no other authority, that I can find, but the club gossip of Mr. Nicholls' 'Recollections.'

The lady was separated from her husband, and, at no distant time, had resort to the protection of Francis; although he never waived what he considered the respect due to his position by receiving her into his establishment at Calcutta. I do not doubt that the frequent bursts of Latin quotation in which, after this time, he vents his tender emotions in his Journal, have her for their object. She left India for Europe before the departure of Francis,[1] and, after some years of obscurity, became known to the world in a novel character.

[1] There is a passage in one of Francis's letters to an intimate friend in India, written soon after his return to England in 1780, which, I can only conjecture, refers to this lady. 'You will be glad,' he says, to 'hear that (Blank) is established at Paris, creditably, in the society of Madame Vanlée.'

It seems probable that she first made the acquaintance, and attracted the admiration, of Talleyrand during one of his visits to England in the first part of the French Revolution; but she was living with him at Hamburg in 1796. Early in that year he carried her to Paris. She was arrested there, on suspicion of being connected with emigrants at Hamburg; on which Talleyrand wrote to the Director Barras the following characteristic letter:—

Citoyen Directeur,—On vient d'arrêter Madame Grand comme conspiratrice. C'est la personne d'Europe la plus éloignée et la plus incapable de se mêler d'aucune affaire. C'est une Indienne bien belle, bien paresseuse, la plus désoccupée de toutes les femmes que j'aie jamais rencontrées. Je vous demande intérêt pour elle. Je l'aime: et je vous atteste à vous, d'homme à homme, que de sa vie elle ne s'est mêlée et n'est en état de se mêler d'aucune affaire. C'est une véritable Indienne: et vous savez à quel degré cette espèce de femmes est loin de toute intrigue.

Salut et attachement.

CH. M. TALLEYRAND.

Not long afterwards, in 1798, the lady obtained a divorce (according to the law of republican France) from her husband, M. Grand.

After the concordat of 1801, Talleyrand procured from the Pope a dispensation from ecclesiastical duties, as well as a remission of the excommunication under which he lay. The ex-bishop construed this as a permission to marry, and espoused Madame Grand accordingly. They were married by the curé of Epinay;[1] but the Pope entirely disavowed the proceeding, and the Emperor would not receive Madame Talleyrand at court. From a pas-

[1] In the Acte de Mariage between Talleyrand and her, dated Sept. 10, 1802, she is described as 'Cathërine Noël Worlée, âgée de 39 ans, née à Tranquebar, Colonie Danoise, le 21 Nov. 1762, fille de Pierre Worlée et de Laurence Allancy son épouse, tous deux décédés, épouse divorcée de George François Grand par acte prononcé à la mairie du 2ème arrondissement de Paris, le 18 germinal, an 6 (1798).'

sage in his St. Helena recollections, it would seem that he estimated the lady's capacity for mixing in intrigues but little higher than her husband did. 'J'ai défendu l'entrée de ma cour à cette femme, premièrement parceque sa réputation était décriée, et parceque j'ai découvert que quelques marchands génois lui avaient payé 400,000 francs dans l'espérance d'obtenir par l'entremise de son mari quelques faveurs commerciales. Elle était très-belle femme, des Indes orientales, mais sotte et de la plus parfaite ignorance.' Talleyrand amused himself with many a jest on her *bétise*; and the story, whether true or not, was generally circulated, how she took the traveller Humboldt for Robinson Crusoe, and asked him after his man Friday. But M. Michaud, from whose account in the Biographie Universelle this sketch is partly extracted, says that he had occasion frequently to talk with her about political events, and that her conversation was by no means that of a fool.

The Princess of Benevento, as she was now styled, lived apart from her husband during the latter years of his life, when he thought proper to parade in so exemplary a manner his respect for religion and 'les bonnes mœurs,' and changed the phrase, in his autobiographical 'Testament,' 'Délié par le vénérable Pie VII., j'étais libre de contracter mariage' into 'je me croyais libre.' She died, at a very advanced age, some time before him, and was buried in the Cimetière du Mont-Parnasse.

As for the injured husband, M. Grand, he found his way to Paris in 1801, and is said (by Mr. Impey) to have employed the influence of his wife, now Madame de Talleyrand, to obtain some appointment under the French Government. Whether in this way or otherwise, he was made 'Privy Counsellor to the Government of the Cape of Good Hope' under the Batavian Republic. Sir

James Mackintosh saw him there in 1812; 'a gentleman-like old man.' He is said to have married again in 1814. 'After the peace of Paris,' says Mr. Impey, in his life of his father Sir Elijah, 'he came to London; so did Madame la Princesse de Benevento. His object was to publish the particulars of the lady's life at Calcutta, in revenge for his disappointment at Batavia (?); hers, to seek redress for the publication. I saw it: it was a paltry book, printed at the Cape. They both applied to me. I advised the author to suppress his work, and the Princess not to go to law. This advice, of course, was very unpalatable to both; the lady took a legal opinion, and the gentleman took himself off. What became of him since I know not; but the libel shortly disappeared, and the matter seems to have ended as amicably as before.'

To complete the story, I will add the account of it given by Francis himself to his second wife, as reported by her in her miscellaneous recollections. It is of course to be remembered that it is the tale of Francis himself—that it is told to a wife—and that it is recounted by a very romantic lady.

'Mrs. Grand was at that time the most beautiful woman in Calcutta. She was tall, most elegantly formed, the stature of a nymph, a complexion of unequalled delicacy, and auburn hair of the most luxuriant profusion; fine blue eyes, with black eyelashes and brows, gave her countenance a most piquant singularity. This beautiful creature had the misfortune to be married to a dirty old sordid Frenchman, who treated her very ill, and having lost a good deal of money at play—which was then carried to a great extent at Calcutta—looked out for the best opportunity of repairing it, and was not very particular about the means. Mr. F. soon distinguished this fair lady, but from principle or pride she rejected all his

entreaties, and, though not displeased to be admired, threw him into despair by the steadiness of her refusals. His contempt for the husband and regret for the ill-fated beauty made such an addition to his passion that, finding her implacable after a long siege, he fell into a fever, which lasted him six months. . . . I know she thought it probable, as his wife was older than himself, and her own husband not likely to trouble her long, that some time or other they should be united. . . . She had resolution to struggle against her own inclinations. . . . Her pity so far worked upon her for her to consent to his coming one night—when her husband was absent—to her house, accompanied by a friend; but she bid him be on his guard as, in case she was discovered, her husband would be capable of taking a very severe revenge. He went to the house,' the narrative proceeds, 'accompanied by his friend Ducarel, who waited outside, and was exhausting, though in vain, all the artillery of a lover's protestations, when he was surrounded by a set of ruffians with whom her husband, who had been only absent as a plot to draw Mr. Francis into the house, had seen him go in, having previously laid a plot to sacrifice his wife for the sake of obtaining damages, had suffered them to remain together a considerable time to make his own dishonour complete, which he concluded was effected. Had Mr. F. had his sword on, he said, some of them would have paid dearly for their attack; but they having taken care to possess themselves of it, and being armed, forced him into another apartment where they held him down in a chair whilst Mr. G., with all the airs of injured honour, called for a pistol to take away the life of the man who had dared to attack it. Meantime, the lady, who was locked in her room and did not expect that her lover would escape with life, called out of the

window to Mr. Ducarel, "For God's sake come—they are murdering him," who, without waiting for another word, very resolutely rushed into the house among the gang, who, seeing another gentleman sword in hand and not knowing whether there might not be more, relaxed their hold and began to prepare for their defence. Upon seeing Ducarel, his friend threw off those about him, who were glad to take refuge in flight, and the two adventurers made an orderly retreat.'

'After recounting the circumstances of the trial, Lady Francis proceeds: 'The consequence might have been easily foreseen, and probably was much more afflicting to her than her lover. With a character entirely destroyed, she was thrown upon his protection. Mr. Francis had too great a regard for public decency ever to live in the house with her, and she appeared to show always such a wish to return to the paths of honour and innocence, that though she always retained her affection to him, yet whenever the circumstances of life enabled her to put herself under the protection of respectable women, she always did it, and conducted herself with so much propriety and decorum in life, as to secure a most brilliant establishment in marriage, and the protection of the respectable Josephine. On Mr. F.'s return to England she went to France: they kept up a correspondence by letters, and he several times went to Paris and Spa to have the pleasure of seeing her, but her conduct cannot be too much praised when we find that she constantly resisted the temptation of renewing the improper part of her intercourse with him. She had thrown herself into the care of two respectable ladies, and though with little to support her, except from their kindness, she refused all the services with which Mr. F. would have gladly acknowledged the sacrifices she had made for him: she had no

other attachment, and he had no reason to doubt her constancy to him.'

She came to England at a later period. 'At the commencement of the Revolution, he was walking one day, and suddenly met her; she tried to avoid him. Having been driven from France with the other emigrants, and having her own resolution, she had determined to remain concealed from him while in this country.[1] He said her understanding was much better than the world allowed: her education had been neglected: but her firmness in returning to the paths of propriety, which was so difficult in her situation, pursued by the man she loved, was a convincing proof of it.'

After alluding to Madame Grand's captivation of Talleyrand—and also, if her ladyship's scandal may be believed, of her quondam judge, Sir Elijah Impey, when on a visit to Paris—she proceeds: 'Mr. F. was informed of all that passed at that time in Paris, and was in it part of the time when she, being upon the point of marriage with the second man in regard to power in that Empire, received the submission of Sir Elijah at that visit, which Mr. F. made without being aware of the present prospects of the lady. He received a message from her through a very worthy gentleman, a mutual friend of both in Europe and India, which informed him of the situation she was in, and that it would probably give offence to the suitor if he made any attempt to see her, and that to avoid all possibility of accidental meeting, she should go a little excursion into the country. Mr. F. sent an answer, that he begged her to be assured that it was his pleasure to hear of any circumstance that would contribute to that happiness which she so well deserved,

[1] It might be suggested in reply, that it was at this time (apparently) that she made acquaintance with Talleyrand, who subsequently took her under his protection before he married her.

and he so much desired to hear she possessed, that her least wishes would always be laws to him, and that he should not now or ever intrude upon her presence; except in case of any change of situation she would accept his services, when she would find that his esteem and regard were unaltered. As the marriage was to take place soon, and he thought that his remaining in Paris might be an embarrassment, he left it sooner than he intended on this account. He was obliged to meet the *futur* at this and other places: it was during the short peace with France (of Amiens). . . . *He* was not to be supposed to be acquainted with the obscure gossiping of India above twenty years before, who had the destiny of Europe under him: but Mr. F. confessed that he did not look graciously at him, was short and sulky in his manner, and turned upon him as soon as possible; his master had received him in a much more pleasing way. . . . He did not like him (Talleyrand) the better for his separation from her, and the small allowance which, it is reported, he confines her to. . . . Mr. Francis never saw her after her marriage; and the only intercourse that took place was a few elegant books which she sent him, with a short note, merely to tell him that she had not forgotten him. The dread of losing them' (his recollections of her) 'in sad realities prevented him, I believe, from wishing to see or be seen by her on her last visit to England, as he heard from those of his friends who renewed their acquaintance with her that it was impossible to recognise all those Venus-like charms which were celebrated from the Indus to the Ganges, and inspired his muse on the banks of the Seine and the Thames.'

Only one incident remains to be added to this curious history. Mr. Impey, in the life of his father, Sir Elijah, says: 'Among the persons whom we met in the very

mixed society of Paris (in 1801) was the ci-devant Mrs. Le Grand, who had lately been married to Talleyrand. My father renewed his old acquaintance with her; and, through the lady, he became sufficiently intimate with her husband to be one of the Englishmen most frequently invited to his table. . . . At her charming villa of Neuilly were to be met foreigners from every country and court in Europe. At one of these assemblies, *myself being present*, this remarkable rencontre took place, of persons not likely ever to have met beneath the same roof, under any circumstances less fortuitous. These persons were: Mr. and Mrs. Fox, Sir Elijah and Lady Impey, M. and Madame de Talleyrand, Sir Philip Francis, and M. le Grand!' Assuredly no novelist, in his boldest flight, would have dared to bring together a collection of personages so strangely connected with each other.

Francis complains bitterly, in his private correspondence, of the indecent part taken in the matter by Hastings, who brought this 'wretched business,' as he declares, repeatedly to the notice of the Council. He wrote also to Lord North on the subject; and professed at first his intention to appeal against the judgment of the majority of the Supreme Court; but abandoned it, as he says, on the ground of expense and delay, and also because he had reason to believe that Impey and the Chancellor (Lord Thurlow) were 'sworn friends.'

Journal.

'*Dec.* 11*th.*—Major Baggs arrives in the evening. Sir E. Coote certainly gone to Bombay. Advice from England, vouched by him, in the highest degree flattering to me and full of hopes.[1] But, alas! I have been trained in the school of disappointment.

[1] According to Francis's private letters, Baggs brought him assurances from Sir Eyre Coote, on his way to India, that Mr. Francis would be appointed Governor.

'12*th*.—Handsome behaviour of Wheler against the clamour of this cursed place.

'13*th*.—H. and B. mean enough to send that business home to the Court of Directors.

'21*st*.—Intentions. Also a copy of a letter from M. Bd. to Goddard, dated November 23rd, containing a detail of the preparations making to oppose him and the great difficulties and dangers to which his march would be exposed; in short, in plain terms, declining to take part with him—a most curious and extraordinary letter! On this I move two questions, carried in the negative; though they hardly amounted to more than whether two and two make four—vide debate. In the course of it Mr. H. told us that M. Bd. had lately been at the point of death, and that it would be of no consequence, as his son was the real Raja of Berar, and Moodajee no more than his deputy. All this lying shows his distress.

'*Jan.* 25*th*, 1779.—He delivers in a curious minute, conjuring Barwell to retract his declaration of the 11th inst. and to stay and support him against Mr. Wheler and me. I answer him at the Board—vide minutes.

'26*th*.—Noble quarrel at the Revenue Board with H. He says that *I may repent it*, that *he won't bear it*, &c. I tell him it rests with him. At night letters from Madras of the 8th. Coote indisposed. Engagement between Keppel and the French fleet on the 27th July.

'29*th*.—Riot at the Court-house, supposed to be promoted by H. and Sadut Ally. Impey absent.

'*Feb.* 7*th*.—Letter from me to Sir Eyre Coote, dated January the 18th—everything I could wish. Southampton arrived at last with Sir John Day (he had been appointed Advocate-General).

'8*th*.—Deliver in my minute in answer to H.'s propositions of the 4th—vide. Sir John Day arrives. Insidious question put by H. about saluting him.

'13*th*.—Embassies of all ranks and colours.

'14*th*.—Going down to meet Sir Eyre Coote. Ironside confirms to me the truth of an anecdote (his receiving two lack of rupees from Cossim Ally Cawn through Mr. Vansittart in 1762) about Sir E. C. in the government of Mr. Vansittart—vide my narrative. Barwell I am assured is going to meet him.'

To Godfrey.

February 16, 1779.

We have six armies in the field. We have quarrelled with all India. We have squandered at least a million of the Company's money. And in this state, if not a worse, Mr. H. will leave the government. Occupet extremum scabies, or the devil take the hindmost, is now his device.

Journal.

'*March* 6*th*.—Judgment against me in the Supreme Court.

'15*th*.—I move that orders may be sent to Bombay not to renew hostilities, &c.—rejected by the majority.

'17*th*.—Letter received from Bombay of February 3rd, plainly announcing their intention to renew the war, and denying the validity of the engagements made by Carnac and Egerton. Otherwise this letter leaves us as much in the dark as ever.

'18*th*.—Council. Preceding letter read. I renew my proposition of the 15th—rejected—vide debate. Read letter from Fort St. George of the 25th of February. I record my opinion that we ought to send them a supply of money. H. moves that orders may be sent to Colonel Goddard to confine his attention to the protection of Bombay, to take care not to involve himself or this government in the responsibility of their acts, remembering that he is independent of their authority and solely under ours.

'22*nd*.—Council. Mr. Barwell says that he now understands it to be current at Madras, that Sir Eyre Coote will not sail before the arrival of the first Europe ship, and that the Nabob had presented him with a star and epaulette of very rich diamonds; but this he supposes to be scandal.—N.B. The fact is public and could not be matter of doubt with Mr. Barwell. I find they are all highly pleased with taking this present. At night advice of the arrival of the Stafford, Royal Henry, and Britannia.'

The next entry informs us of the arrival of Sir Eyre Coote, who came to succeed Clavering both in Council and in the command of the forces.

Journal.

'*March* 23*rd*.—Only H. and I present—parted immediately. Sir Eyre Coote arrives in the afternoon. He passed by Barwell, who waited for him at Budgebudge. I visited him immediately. Charming bustle. No particular conversation.'

The judgment which Francis formed of his new colleague will soon appear. Coote (so he considered) had flattered him with hopes both of his support in Council, and submission to him as the future Governor-general, and had afterwards gone over to the side of Hastings. This is plainly disclosed in a curious work to be noticed in another chapter, of which the Indian part was written either by or at the instigation of Francis: 'Travels in Europe, Asia, and Africa' (attributed to a Mr. Macintosh), letter 56.

Journal.

'*March* 24*th*.—Sir Eyre Coote sworn in. 15 lack sent to Madras notwithstanding all Mr. H. had said against it.

I see they are at his feet. He professes a desire to please *every body*, but I fancy he will soon find that impracticable. They have invested him completely. He requests that Captain Hutchinson may be returned to Madras for the China voyage—granted of course. Job the first.

'25*th*.—No Council. Sir E. C. &c. dine with me. He explains himself liberally enough to me about future conduct, my credit in England, and his wish to establish a friendship and confidence between us. At the same time I see no inclination in him to act. Il paroît très bien disposé à tenir la balance et à en profiter. Nous verrons. Au reste, ce sont les discours de Caton.

'26*th*.—Sir E. C. recommends Tom Law for the Calcutta commerce. Job the second. At his request, H. recommends Richardson to a seat in the same committee. Job the third. When are we to turn our eyes to the public service? I appoint an hour with him to-morrow, and am determined to come to a clearance. At, proh dii deæque omnes, what infernal slavery is this!

'27*th*.—At night a conversation of near three hours with Sir E. C. in which I give him my opinion at large of the state of the government and country, of persons, parties, characters, interests, &c., without reserve. I find we are nearly agreed.

'*April* 13*th*.—Sir E. C. applies to be put in possession of Gyretti House and ground under pretence of a grant, supposed to have been obtained for him from Cossim Ally in 1762, by the mediation and solicitation of Mr. Hastings, and for the reality of which Mr. H. now vouches. The period they both fix on is remarkable, considering that Colonel Coote at that time was in open professed enmity with Cossim Ally, Vansittart, and Hastings. The famous letter to the Court of Directors was signed by

Coote, Carnac, &c. on March 11, 1762, and in that month H. was deputed to Cossim Ally to Sarseram—Granted of course.'

The following is from a facetious correspondent in Bengal (a lawyer as it seems from another part of the letter), who signs himself D., but whom I cannot identify. Sir John Day (?)

March 31, 1779.

I was in pursuit of you last night near two hours without success. I went first to your 'villa inter paludes,' where I found not the smallest vestige of society. I then returned to town, and quitting my chariot, I took to my litter and proceeded in it to your house near the Capitol, where, to my utter astonishment, I found the same appearance of desertion and desolation. It struck me, that you might have repassed the Rubicon, and with your slaves have gone again upon some private plan of pleasure into [1] Cisalpine Gaul.

While I was ruminating upon these things a [2] Ligurian tax-gatherer whom I remember to have seen among your followers, informed me, that having been forced by certain putrid exhalations from the marshes in which your villa stands to discontinue your weekly symposium there, and having at a late meeting at Nasidumus drank too deeply of Falernian, you had retired with two females (Contemplation and Temperance), with whom you had been very lately made acquainted, to the gardens of Rufillus,[3] near the fourth stone on the Falernian Way, to enjoy with him and his freedman Petronius Macer[4] 'the feast of reason and the flow of soul.'

To gather cockle-shells—
Hunt butterflies—or

prepare yourself for the more momentous matter that may be debated in the senate this day.

Though you may have no new charge against Verres, Crassus you know came down from Antium yesterday, and means to propose a largess to the people in order to allay the *present heats*, and to recommend to the senate this day certain military regulations for restoring the discipline of the armies—in the Provinces. As the latter is a subject which in the earlier part of your life has employed your thoughts and pen, I shall not be surprised if I shall

[1] Chandernagore.
[2] Mack——io.
[3] Livius.
[4] Watts.

hear, that you have animadverted upon these regulations with that vivida vis animi that marks your manner, the more especially as I know you do not much affect the man.

[Hiatus.]

I had been reading Pliny's Letters this morning, and in humble imitation of his manner had scribbled the above, which I think you will scarcely understand.

D.

Journal.

'*April* 19*th.*—Council. Coote, I think, is very much dejected. First brigade remanded into cantonments.

'*May* 5*th.*—Received a letter this day from the Judges complaining of the riot which happened on January 29, and pointing out a Nabob as the author of it, viz. Sadut Ally. It is to be remarked that this letter has been kept back on purpose till after the departure of the ships, that an affair in which Sadut Ally appears to be concerned might not be mentioned to the Court of Directors. Horsley visits me at night.

'7*th.*—Taking notice to Hastings in conversation of the ruinous state of affairs on the two coasts, he made the following declaration verbatim. (N.B. I wrote it down immediately.) "Yes, sir, and we shall be ruined too. I promise you that this government is in a much nearer way to ruin than either the Carnatic or Bombay. We have nothing left but to reduce our navy and army, and to contract all our expenses within the narrowest compass possible."

'*Mem.*—Two days ago, the worthy Nobkissen desired a private interview with Ducarel at Chitpore, in which he lamented the loss of my favour, &c., asserted the constancy of his attachment to me, and offered to bring over Coote, with whom he pretends to be all powerful; in short, there is nothing he wishes for so much as to see me and reconcile himself. Videbimus.

'*May* 10*th*.—Council. Coote present. Letter from Middleton, that having obtained the Governor's leave, he had quitted his station and delivered over charge to Gregory. This is the first overt act of the conspiracy between H. and C. to give this appointment to Hosea, who I suppose is now at Lucknow. I deny the Governor's authority to give the leave of absence. Debate thereupon. Coote, endeavouring to trim, talks nonsense as usual.

'11*th*.—Rev. Board. Question for prosecuting Nandera Begum for perjury carried in the negative. H., F., and C. against Barwell. Carnac's detachment and Price's ships recalled at last. Coote vapours stoutly against the people of Bombay. Hastings wants to do nothing, in order to screen Hornby. Coote returns to Ghiretti.

'19*th*.—The weather for this fortnight past has been intensely hot. At this day, I think, every circumstance of my situation is as bad as it can be. Any change must mend it. Coote, I find, is despised by all parties, his faculties—if ever he had any—are gone. He loiters with his wife at Ghiretti and is fit for nothing else. Il faut une grande course pour madame, après quoi le pauvre diable n'a plus qu'à mourir. L'insensé s'amuse à arranger sa maison et ses jardins à Ghiretti, comme s'il avoit encore un siècle à vivre.'

From Joseph Fowke.

Chintserra (Chinsura), May 14, 1779.

Dear Sir,—Your time is so much better employed in the council chamber than in answering my idle letters that I think I have a sin to answer for when I attempt to draw you from your duty, but situated as I am, you are not to wonder that I seek for consolation in the quarter where I am most likely to receive it.

I pass my hours here much more to my satisfaction than I expected. Mr. Ross and his lady both show me and my family every mark of civility in their power, and in all the essentials of politeness would not be outdone by the pupils of Chesterfield himself. I have the same acknowledgments to make to Baron Dunkel-

man, who is an entertaining and agreeable man. There is a *small* difference in our years, but nevertheless he is a good playfellow for me, the noble game of chess levelling all distinctions of age or sex. Pray cultivate this amusement that you may play yourself into a pleasing forgetfulness if the world should ever happen to use you as ill as it has used me. The Baron finds me employment three days in the week, for which charitable office I shall pray for him all the remaining days of my life.

I hope you have made up your mind against all disappointments. I will tell you honestly, I expect no good news from Europe. There is no good reason to suppose that a power which has supported itself triumphantly for five years against the most formidable attacks, should fail at this present moment. For myself I am prepared to meet the worst; I have done my duty and have nothing to reproach myself with. This is a reflection which ever will be a support to me in the severest place of trials. Armed with this shield, nor Coote, nor Hastings nor Barwell, shall ever enjoy the sweet satisfaction of making an honest man miserable.

What a pretty jumble will your Bombay affairs make upon your consultations! What intrigue! What quibble! Follow the straight road and you must ever remain secure. The time must come, sooner or later, when Falsity must hide its head.

Remember me cordially to Mr. Tilghman, but *never* consult but when you are angry.

I am, dear Sir, your faithful servant,

JOSEPH FOWKE.

The next letter from Edmund Burke to Francis is printed in Burke's works, vol. i. p. 351, ed. 1852. It is chiefly on European and American politics. The two following important ones from England were received by him shortly after this time, still feeding hopes destined only to disappointment.

Welbore Ellis to Francis.

December 20, 1778.

. . . . This letter will be conveyed to you by Captain Penny, who commands one of the men-of-war destined to sail under the command of Sir Edward Hughes; who has desired me to give him a letter of introduction to you, by which no more is meant than a civil reception, when you happen to see company. He is an honest man, I believe, and a good seaman, and has the good fortune to be a Weymouth

man, for which place I have the honour to serve. Nothing has yet been decided by Government relating to the territorial possessions of the India Company, and of consequence to the form of government to be established there; yet in next October the Act which constitutes the Supreme Council will expire. A very good abstract has been made of all the opinions which have been transmitted in all the dispatches from Mr. Hastings, and Mr. Barwell, General Clavering, Mr. Monson, and you; as also from the Judges upon every branch of government, and all well digested under their respective heads, which I have seen, but no resolution has yet been formed. I now come to my conjectures. I imagine that it will end in a participation of the revenues. I likewise suspect that something resembling the present form of government by a Supreme Council will be adopted, but the exact mode I cannot describe, because all is but conjecture. I imagine that both Company and Government are very sensible of your diligence, your knowledge and abilities, but that the latter is more disposed to support you than the former, and this arises not from a different estimation of your knowledge and talents, but from a particular competition of interests. I will answer for nothing, but I am inclined to believe that Government intends to support your pretensions, and if, in the plan to be adopted, it shall take that leading part which it ought to do, that you will not be superseded, but that you will be put at the head of affairs, unless Government should think fit to put some man of great rank and dignity at the head of the Government, and then I suppose that they would look to you as the efficient man of business, and consider of the means to make that situation agreeable to you. If this last should not be the measure, I have, I think, reason to believe that you will fill the Chair. But if the —— should prevail to have their option, I much fear that particular interests would control both their opinion of you and the inclinations of Government to you. But I beg you to observe that this is all mere conjecture, and he must have better eyes than mine, who can see his way through the present obscurity. As St. Paul says, 'What I have, give I unto you.' But if I might presume to advise, I would wish you not to commit yourself by any hasty resolution; wait to see your way clearly before you. You hazard nothing by patience; don't act upon reports, suggestions or surmises; wait to see facts with all their circumstances. A resolution is not less wise or honourable for its being delayed until we are sure there can be no good reason to repent it; and in most cases which concern ourselves, we may often command the time of our acting, when we can command nothing else. I will only add upon this subject, that what little aid or support so weak a hand

as mine can give with those who now govern here, I shall continue to give with zeal and sincerity, both on your own account and that of the public.

I am much obliged to you for the support you have given to poor Webber, and request the favour of your continuing to afford him your protection. I take the liberty, which I hope you will excuse, of writing a letter to him under your cover, because I do not know where to direct to him. We suppose you at this time to be masters of the French settlements in India, but we are much alarmed at the march of Colonel Lesley, and fear for the fate of that army; though we rather incline to the measure of supporting, at this time, of Ragobaw, as being contrary to the views of France in that part of the world. I hope that long before the writing of this letter, Sir Eyre Coote will be arrived, and that you will have had the comfort of his support, and that consequently the majority is where it should be. Lest you should not have received my former letters, in which those thanks are contained, Mrs. Ellis desires me to repeat her thanks to you for your noble and agreeable present of otto of roses. Lord Barrington would have most willingly joined our strength to have procured Lady Clavering some assistance from the Crown by way of pension; but the high spirit of Sir Thomas would not allow us. I don't find that he has made up the difference by any bounty of his own.

I have the honour to be, with great truth and regard,

Dear Sir,

Your most obedient and most humble servant,

W. Ellis.

Lord Barrington to Francis.

Cavendish Square, December 25, 1778.

Dear Sir,—In a former letter I acquainted you that about two years and a half ago I begged the King's leave to quit the War Office and Parliament whenever it should suit his Majesty's convenience, being then in the 60th year of my age, the 37th of my service in the House of Commons, and the 32nd of my service of the Crown. My object was to retire from public business for the remainder of my life. Various circumstances prevented my obtaining either of these requests till the end of last session of Parliament, when I quitted my seat by means of the Chiltern Hundreds; but I continued at the War Office till the 16th of this month, when I was succeeded by Mr. Jenkinson. The evening of the same day I was honoured by a most gracious and kind letter from the King, who informed me that he had ordered a pension of 2000*l.* a year, payable to me till I

should have some employment, 'as mark of his approbation of my conduct, unsolicited by me.' I need not remark to you the value of the word *unsolicited*. I flatter myself that my political death has been decent and proper. It has been blamed by nobody, and approved by many; and it would afford me a comfortable hope hereafter during my continuance in this world, if the aspect of public affairs were more prosperous. I send you this account, dear Sir, thinking, from your long friendship for me, that it would be acceptable to you. At all times and in all situations, I shall be, with equal truth and regard,

Your most faithful and obedient servant,

BARRINGTON.

I beg this may be communicated to my friend Fowke.

Journal.

'*June* 1*st*.—Only H. and I. Coote sick, and Barwell, I suspect, indignant. Actuellement les cartes me paroissent extrèmement brouillées. Il faut laisser aller les choses, et attendre le dénouement. Nobkissen swears to Ducarel that the Ranny of Burdwan is determined to make Barwell refund. I hear the same from other quarters. Sir John Day proposes to H. not to let Sudder ul Cawn, the Nai Nazim, appear to the process of the Supreme Court. H. entertains the idea with rapture: I let him see that I have the same opinion of the jurisdiction which I always had. H. cannot conceal his hatred of the law and all that belongs to it. Coote, I think, within these two days, begins to come to. He writes to me now about business.

'2*nd* and 3*rd*.—Mr. Wheler returns. Coote continues much indisposed, and sees nobody. By all advices I understand that discord prevails among the Triumvirate. Visit Coote at night. Very ill and low-spirited. I fancy he begins to find the situation too much for him, and that he is not quite so well qualified to hold the balance between H. and me. Nobkissen visits me again. I receive the villain civilly, intending to make use of him at a distance.

'5*th.*—Long conversation and apparently confidential with Dick Johnson, who is understood to have got possession of Coote's cabinet. Thinks or professes to think as I do of the Knight's conduct, but vouches for his integrity. Of his intellects he speaks with infinite moderation; answers for his steady opposition to a Mahratta war, and that he is not in league with Hastings.

'7*th.*—Council ridiculous—debate about Bombay affairs. Coote obstinate on some points. Hastings angry and perplexed. Barwell all cajolery. I deliver in a second minute, say but little, and stand to my ground. At last a stupid resolution to vote on H's. letter paragraph by paragraph. And this to be done in circulation.

'10*th.*—Coote bitches it as I expected. The letter voted with some trifling alterations. Wheler votes stoutly for the letter proposed by me.

'*June* 11*th.*—Coote proposes that Goddard shall have the rank of Brigadier-general, and that we should recommend him to the C. of D. to succeed to the command at Bombay on the first vacancy. I oppose it, and warm discourse ensues. It seems the Triumvirate have settled all their private differences about Oude, Bombay, Burdwan, &c. Indictment for forgery this day laid against Nandera Begum and others. Law and Young come down from Patna. Fury, Faction, and Revenge have now taken complete possession of the settlement.

'12*th.*—Bill found. Hyde refuses to grant Bench Warrants to apprehend and secure. A new cause of clamour against the Court.

'14*th.*—Council. Bombay letter voted. Hastings and Barwell and Coote against Wheler and Francis. I then desire leave to enter my dissent, on which the Commander-in-Chief leaves the board and sets out for Ghiretti; returns again in half an hour, finding the tide will not serve.

Horsley desired to be heard: reads the letter and declares that the more he considers it, the more prejudicial it appears to him to the public service,—so at last they have cooked up a letter to please nobody. This day the whole settlement attend at the Court House with much indignation against Impey for the part he has taken against the prosecution.

'15*th*.—Coote absent at Ghiretti. Barwell introduces a petition from the Ranny of Burdwan supported by propositions from himself to remit the arrears of 1184, and to reduce the Jumma (vide debates). Finding all opposition to this iniquitous scheme useless, I insisted that the question should be referred to Sir Eyre Coote, being determined that his absenting himself shall not screen him from taking his share of responsibility for the measures he supports.

'22*nd*.—Coote at Ghiretti, where I fancy he is determined to stay till he hears from Europe. He sighs bitterly, laments his situation, says he never sought it, that he was called upon by his king and country, &c., and now he can please nobody. After selling himself to the devil, the Coote would wish to save appearances. Letter to Burdwan cooked up by Bl. with an intended ambiguity about the Balances of 1183 and 1184. I clear up the question by a minute in which Wheler joins.

'24*th*.—In the Sup. Court. Grand versus Shee. 1 rupee damages; 1 rupee costs.[1] A la fin ce scélérat est écrasé.

'26*th*.—At Chandernagore, ut vidi, ut perii!

'27*th*.—Ditto. Curious explanation with La Merlière, à ce qui me paroît, on ne demande pas mieux, &c.

'*July* 3*rd*.—Whimsical conversation with Impey at Barwell's.

[1] Apparently referring to some proceeding of M. Grand against Shee, Francis's companion in the night visit to his house.

'5*th.*—Coote arrives at last, but not a word of military regulations. Fifteen lack in specie ordered to be sent to Goddard for six months' pay of his detachment from November. The Stafford, Captain Hutchinson, to have the *honour* of conveying this money to Bombay. For this worthy object, the whole machinery of lies is set in motion. N.B. Hutchinson is brother of Lady Coote.

'6*th.*—H. urges an appeal from the Judgment against the Patna officers. Sir J. D.'s opinion to be taken. Speaking of Mahomed Reza Cawn's Perwanna, mentioned by the Chief Justice in his decree, Hastings said, "I have lately discovered, that the very paper on which so much stress was laid, as a decree of that (a sneer at words used by Impey) able and upright magistrate, Mr. R. C., was fabricated in my own house by some of my servants, and that Mr. R. C. knew nothing of the matter." One would think this man hated Impey in his heart! But who can tell?

'13*th.*—H. breaks up in confusion on the arrival of the Swallow sloop from Madras, with Lieut. Wood from England, who brings letters of March 24th, and positive assurances from Walsh and Gregory that H. and B. are to be removed and Mr. F. appointed Gr.-Gl. Videbimus. No letter to his Board, but only a copy of that to Madras inclosed to us by Wilkes the Secretary—a mortal slight to Hastings.

'14*th.*—Dispatch Watson to Ghiretti, properly instructed. That unhappy man, Sir Eyre Coote, having no head, can only be moved by fear. Daniel Barwell taken in the Osterly, with two lacks in specie, and a great deal of other property. The tide turns at last. N. B. This day a military board, at which I did not attend, reading Coote's regulations.

'15*th.*—Barometer rises. Military Board. Regulations

continued. Coote at Ghiretti. Watson says he seems excessively dejected and miserable: talks of going home: apparently dissatisfied with his letters from England. Reserved and sulky, and very unwilling to come to Calcutta.

'16*th*.—Military regulations. Coote at Ghiretti. Hastings says he is ready to lay any man a wager, that the Ministry will dream over Bengal affairs this year, as they did the last, and that nothing will be done in Parliament. Curious political maxim stated by Hastings as incontrovertible—viz., that respecting the government of a great distant acquisition the power delegated by a free people should be absolute in one person; that delegated by a despotic government should be divided among several. The first, I think, not true. In the second instance there is certainly less danger in dividing the power than there would be if it were delegated by a free people, because the despot can force his delegates to unite and act together. This day Hastings and Barwell resolve to vote upon the regulations on next Monday. Mr. Wheler and I desire a little time to read and understand them—refused; vide the reasons assigned by Hastings and Barwell. It seems they are determined to carry everything through, under a pretended acquiescence in the great military authority of Sir Eyre Coote. By this conduct they at once throw the whole responsibility and odium upon him, and if I oppose and make any demur they carry it immediately to him as a proof of my hostile disposition.

'19*th*.—Military regulations. Coote at Ghiretti. Some voted. Mr. Wheler and I object, as not having had time to consider them. Hastings refuses even to allow us ten days for that purpose. With all my heart, I shall

have the less to answer for. The army, I find, are ready enough to complain. Vide minutes.

'*Aug. 2nd.*—Council.—Sir E. Coote's motion canvassed and resolved; he takes high offence at my moving to know the particulars of his intelligence and his authority for it—passionate and silly—fresh orders from Colonel Goddard, in consequence of his letters of June 12 and 18. Vide debate. I am convinced that Hastings does not believe one word of the French, and that he makes a tool of Coote to forward his other schemes. If Coote be really in the secret, he means to go himself to Bombay and take the command of the combined army. I pass my time charmingly among them. In my absence I find they have given up Burdwan root and branch to the Ranny's servants. Strange things are said.

'*9th.*—Coote absent. Contracts for Dick Johnstone and Belli for five years. Oh monstrous! I declare I will not sign them. Regulations finished—a pretty job.'

From D'Oyly.

Curzon Street, February 2, 1779: 6 o'clock P.M.

My dear Francis,—Having just received a note from my friend Bristowe informing me that the fleet has orders to sail with the first fair wind, and that he shall set off for Portsmouth this evening in order to write to you from thence, I sit down to write to you in a great hurry. He is a young man I like much, and I have communicated my sentiments to him openly and fully. We agree in every thing concerning you, and he will write to you at large. At last Lord North has condescended to have some conversations with me concerning you, and he has been pleased to express to me his approbation of your conduct; yet I could never bring him to disclose that, if you would continue in India after the expiration of the five years, that you should be the Governor-General. I constantly insist you ought to be in that situation now, and that nothing less will prevail on you to stay. From the whole I collect their present intention to be, to appoint some man of great rank from hence Governor-General. But things take such sudden turns in this

country, that I do not think that much regard should be had to their present intentions. General Fraser and Mr. Bristowe have a scheme of Mr. Hastings resigning, and you getting into the government before the end of the five years, and this I have talked over with Mr. Bristowe and Mr. Fraser. The plan is delicate and dangerous, and therefore desired that great care might be taken of your honour, and that you might not be improperly pledged for any thing. And Mr. Bristowe respects you so much, that I am persuaded he will act with caution and the utmost attention to your honour and interest. He will relate the whole fully to you, and therefore I will say no more concerning it.

Journal.

'*Aug. 9th.*—Coote certainly looks homewards, and I think by the way of Bombay. They will leave the government in a happy situation!

'*10th.*—Coote absent at Ghiretti. No business done, loitering through the morning. Curious report from Sir J. Day against our appealing from the judgment in the Patna cause. In fact, all appeal home from this court is nugatory.

'*18th.*—Curious reports about anonymous letters to Coote full of the grossest abuse. From Futtygur to Calcutta the whole army curse and despise him. Captain Palmer, the Governor's homme d'affaires, goes to Madras in the Stafford. Quære!

'*26th.*—Carnac with two battalions ordered to Benares to force the Raja to pay five lack extra. Ruin, ruin everywhere! Coote complains bitterly of Captain Wray's insolent behaviour to him. The fact is they all despise him and he can keep no command. This day a poor black fellow comes with a letter from Sir E. J. to complain of the most horrible cruelty he had suffered from Sadut Ally; he was dreadfully cut and seamed with red-hot irons.

'*27th.*—Write a strong minute against the reduction

of the Burdwan Jumma; go up to Chandernagore with Mr. Wheler.

'28*th.*—Write a joint minute against the infamous Bullock contract—vide. Seized with a violent disorder in my bowels.

'29*th.*—Excessively ill.

'30*th.*—Do. Send for Dr. Jackson.

'31*st.*—Do. Return with him to Calcutta.

'*Sept.* 1*st.*—Continue ill.

'9*th.*—Write another strong minute against the Bullock contract. Go up to Hughley, where I propose to stay till we hear decisively from England. If it be possible to avoid it, I will never meet these villains in Council again.

'16*th.*—Europe pacquet overland. I cannot discover that it brings anything but a duplicate of the letters of March 23.

'17*th.*—O cara Phillide, rendi me il cor!

'27*th.*—No Council. Hastings comes up to Ghiretti to take leave of Coote, who proceeds this evening up the river.

'29*th.*—Quæ spiravit amores.

'*Oct.* 1*st.*—The commission of the present Governor-General and Council expires on the 20th of this month, and we have no intelligence from England! At first sight of such atrocious conduct, it might be concluded that all care of the public service was avowedly abandoned at home; but the fact is, those who have a stake in its existence ought to withdraw as fast as they can, and save as much as they can out of the general ruin. But whither shall they go, if liberty, which has rotted to the root in England, be violently torn up, and destroyed in America? Avertat Deus! Almost everybody sick at Calcutta.

'2*nd*.—A most impudent rascally minute from Hastings about Belli's conduct, in which he charges me with collusion with Livius. I immediately write a peppering answer and send it to town—vide.

'7*th*.—Various letters from Calcutta. The Futty Alloy from Bombay, with Europe packets, viâ Suez. A few hours more will give us all a quietus, ἐν δὲ φάει καὶ ὅλεσσον.

'10*th*.—On my arrival at night, find a note from the secretary: "Sir—the Governor-General has directed me to put off the Council, summoned for to-morrow, on account of Mr. Barwell's indisposition.—I am, &c., J. P. Auriol, Secretary.—Sunday, Oct. 10, 1779."

The departure of Coote, to take charge of his military duties, excited the bitter animosity of Francis, whom it left once more at the mercy of Hastings and Barwell. But it must be admitted, in justice to Francis, that his extreme vindictiveness against the General, and the contemptuous manner in which he speaks of him, were only too well justified by certain points in his Indian history. One of the strongest charges of corrupt conduct against Hastings, on his impeachment, was that he had proposed in Council, and carried, 18,000*l*. a year to the General, under the title of 'Expenses in the field,' over and above the 16,000*l*. a year assigned to him by the Court of Directors. This, it was alleged, was done in order to buy Coote's support for Hastings in Council. Mr. Mill, in his 'History of India,' sums up the transaction most unfavourably for both parties. (Book vi. ch. 2.) Thus much ought to be said in Francis's behalf, inasmuch as Coote, by his subsequent victories in the war against Hyder Ally, earned and obtained a title to public applause, overbalancing the demerit of that greed for gain which he shared with so many of our Indian cele-

brities of the period. He died at Madras, in the middle of a desperate quarrel with Hastings, in April 1784.

Francis writes to D'Oyly, November 13, 1779, on Sir Eyre Coote:—

> After settling some of the most infamous and atrocious measures, in perfect conjunction with Hastings and Barwell, he is gone up the country, with infinite pomp and parade, for a purpose so well known that he would lose nothing by avowing it . . . . I will not content myself with saying I never knew, but upon my soul I never heard of so abandoned a scoundrel. It is a character to which your English ideas of dirt and meanness do not reach. Nor is it to be met with even in Bengal. Even here it excites execration and contempt.[1]

Journal.

'*Oct.* 12*th.*—Barwell absent. Mere trifling. After the Revenue Board was up I desired the secretaries to withdraw and said to Hastings, "that, from his silence, and all other appearances, I concluded we understood one another about the continuance of the present government, and if a new commission did not arrive before the 20th that I had no doubt, and presumed he had none, of our right to hold over," &c. He professed to agree with me entirely for reasons drawn from the terms of our appointment, and he said he thought it most prudent not to suppose a question or to say anything upon the subject; so we parted in perfect amity. In the evening return to Hughley.

'16*th.*—At Hughley.

'17*th.*—Sunday. Ditto.—Ridet hoc, inquam, Venus ipsa, rident simplices nymphæ.

'19*th.*—On this day the present commission expires; and no news from England!

[1] See, as to this dark side of Coote's character, Lord Stanhope's 'History,' chap. lxix.—'A love of gain had grown up side by side with his love of glory.'

'*Nov. 2nd.*—At Hughley, where I propose to stay as long as I can, and visit Calcutta as seldom as I can. Last night, an invitation was sent to me from Mr. and Mrs. Hastings to dine with them to-morrow. Considering the terms on which we parted yesterday, and that I never received such an invitation before, it is an odd unaccountable circumstance, and subject to infinite speculation.

'6*th.*—At Hughley. A great fire last night at the old Fort, by which an immense quantity of raw silk and piece goods has been destroyed. The Company's losses this year have been very extraordinary. I fancy the day of retribution is not far off, and that Nemesis has taken them in hand at last.

'7*th.*—Go to Calcutta in the evening.

'8*th.*—Council. Hastings makes a report of the last fire and its effects. By a computation, with which Dacres has furnished him, it appears that the Company's property lodged in the Godowns amounted to

Company's Rupees	22.44.608.11
Saved	2·45.706.13
Lost	19.98.901.14

'H. swears with great apparent passion, and in terms which plainly imply suspicion of foul play, that there never was an instance of a fire in a Godown since the time of Job Channock. Piece goods, cotton, and raw silk packed close in bales are not easily set on fire, nor could it possibly have spread, if there had not been an immense quantity of red wood piled in the old Fort, as it were on purpose to burn the Godowns. Return at night to Hughley. N.B. Sir J. Day appears to be excessively hurt at the marriage of Ramus with Miss Vernet; he says that it has been hurried on in a

most extraordinary manner by Mrs. Hastings. This lady, since she married poor Hastings, has taken a strange turn to match-making. She now knows what it is to be married. H. speaks his mind very freely against Rumbold, apropos of the negotiations with the Nizam—vide October 25th.

'13*th*.—Stand godfather to Sir R. Chambers's son; dine at his house with Impey, Hide, &c. At night meet Hastings and Wheler to open the Company's packet brought by the Barker and containing four letters, viz. two of the 28th of December 1778, one of the . . . of January, and one of the 4th of February. I just read the first over in a hurry; Hastings seemed desirous to get away, and so we parted at quarter past 11. I did not then know his reason.

'14*th*.—Mr. Neave arrives in the evening with very interesting letters from Bristow[1] and General Fraser. H. gives notice by the secretary, that he will not have a Council next week and is gone away to Ghiretti with Impey. A curious resolution immediately after the receipt of such letters from the Company! He is plainly gone to consult what he shall do with the government. In the meantime he orders the *new* government to be announced with all possible ostentation.

[1] The following is a curious extract from this letter of Bristow (dated Feb. 4, 1779):—I must tell you that Charles Fox was rallied last week by the Attorney General about going out to India, never meaning or thinking a serious proposition would in consequence be made. This transaction is known to few; but Charles Fox sent to Lord North, offering himself as candidate for the Supreme Council. Lord North returned for answer, "that he could hardly believe Mr. Fox in earnest; but, both as an enemy and a friend, he wished to accept Mr. Fox's offer: at the present however it was impossible, as the vacancy must be filled by a military man." Mr. Fox's application remains in this state, and I believe he will not go: notwithstanding which it may possibly happen, as Fox was never poorer in his life than he is at the present time.'

'15*th.*—Return at night to Hughley.

quoquo vestigia tendit
Componit furtim subsequiturque decor.'

The following from Mr. Godfrey (May 13, 1779) informs Francis of the then state of his investments, in England: he seems at the same time to have had considerable sums by him in India.

I have almost a mind to tell you what your income is now; in this country I mean; for you, I imagine, have no time to think on trifles.

		Per annum.
On Mortgages	£16,000	800
Bank Stock. . . .	2,000	110
E. I. Stock. . . .	6,000	480
Do. that you left . . .	1,000	80
	25,000	1,470

Journal.

'*Nov.* 20*th.*—At Hughley. Pulchrior multo, juvenumque prodis publica cura.

'21*st.*—Ditto all these days at Hughley, busily employed in writing letters home, to go by Mr. Van—vide letters of this date for all particulars. Return at night to Calcutta.

'24*th.*—Return at night to Hughley;—ferus et Cupido semper ardentes acuens sagittas.

'*Dec.* 9*th.*—Happening to talk last night at the Harmonic with Sir Elijah Impey in the presence of Sir Robert Chambers, and Raja Diaram the king's Vaqueel, whom Hastings has lately dismissed with anger, being mentioned with some expression of respect by Sir Robert Chambers, Impey said he knew him to be a bad man, and continued to insist on it, as a matter of fact of which he had direct and certain knowledge. This morning Archdekin told me a curious circumstance, which I think explains Sir Elijah Impey's meaning. Without knowing

anything of what had passed last night, he told me that Raja Diaram was dismissed because, in consequence of an explanation between Hastings and one of the sons of Monur-ul-Dowla who was lately at Calcutta, the former had discovered that a present of 50,000 rupees intended for him by the latter had been intercepted by Diaram and appropriated to his own use.

'16*th*.—This day no board, at the joint desire of Hastings and Barwell. They had enough of it yesterday.

'17*th*.—Nothing material. I urge Hastings privately not to act by halves in our contest with Court of Judicature, but to persist and even to attack.

'18*th*.—Visit Budgebudge. The works are well planned and admirably executed, and Watson has thoroughly convinced me of their utility, against which I went prejudiced.

'20*th*.—Again I urge Hastings to push the Supreme Court, as common cause, and on grounds which equally interest us both. I tell him plainly that the only way is to attack, and that we ought in our own defence to solicit the Court of Directors to address the King to remove Hyde. Hastings seems to relish all this perfectly well, and promises he will act properly. By what he says, I suspect Impey and Chambers are very well disposed to leave Mr. Justice Hyde to his own reflections.

'21*st*.—Barwell absent. Prohibition of foreign salt considered. Strong letters from Patna about the writs of the Supreme Court.

'23*rd*.—Council. I never saw greater appearance of discontent and dejection than in the language and behaviour of Hastings and Barwell. The former distracted with the letters and conduct of Coote, who has declared war against Pearse and the Golandauz. This

corps ordered to be disbanded. Barwell declares that Pearse ought to be tried by a court-martial for disobedience of the general orders. Hastings with great passion lays it down for a fundamental maxim of British policy that we ought to tempt and encourage the powers of India to attend to their infantry and artillery, and thereby make them neglect their cavalry, in which they have a natural and irresistible superiority—one of his usual refinements, which, if he had ever thought of it before, he would naturally have urged when the corps was raised, and a thousand objections made to it by me. Curious letter from Coote of December 11. The man is evidently taking new ground, in order to convince the world that Hastings has not bought him.

'26*th*.—Sunday. Major Baggs determines to go to England. This night Hastings, Impey, &c. supped at my house.

'30*th*.—Reports now begin to circulate that an accommodation is on foot between Hastings and me. He professes to wish for it. Scott, his aide-de-camp, and Ducarel, to whom I have given instructions, have had a serious conversation on the subject.'

This was the afterwards celebrated Major Scott, Hastings's principal agent in England during his impeachment. The negotiations thus referred to ended (according to an entry in Francis's letter-book) in nothing, Hastings having given no answer to the proposal then made to him. Nevertheless, the suggestion fructified; and the result was an important, though temporary, change in the relations of the two chiefs of the Council to each other.

This was the conclusion of a 'truce' between Hastings and Francis, for the particulars relating to which the reader can consult with advantage Thornton's 'History of India,' chapter ix. Barwell was anxious to leave India.

He was now a widower, and had accumulated a large fortune. But ties of honour, if not of positive friendship, made him indisposed to leave Hastings, single-handed, to the opposition of Francis and Wheler, Coote, besides his inefficiency in Council, being frequently absent on military duty. Francis was of course as anxious to get rid of Barwell as Hastings to retain him: The result was a compromise between the two chief combatants. Francis agreed to leave Hastings undisturbed in the chief conduct of the government, and in particular on those subjects on which his heart was most set—the conduct of the Mahratta and French wars. Francis was to be appeased by the restoration of Fowke to his post at Benares—a concession which Hastings had stubbornly refused to the Indian authorities at home—and of Bristowe (who had just returned to India) to Oude; 'the splendid and corrupting objects of Lucknow and Benares,' as Lord Cornwallis calls them. Hastings also agreed to conform to the orders which he had received from home respecting Mahomed Reza Khan: an admission that the policy of Francis had been the right one. The negotiation is said to have been conducted by Major Scott, afterwards so celebrated as Hastings's agent in England, on one side: by Ducarel on the other. But Francis, in his letters and in other statements, was careful and punctilious in describing this arrangement as a 'truce' only, and as in no degree binding him to subsequent ratification by approval of Hastings's acts and language.

The reasons of this *rapprochement* have been partly specified. But, in addition, two such men must have come together *de guerre lasse*, as the French express it: wearied out with the unprofitable task of wrangling daily over the government of thirty millions of people like petulant schoolboys. And Hastings was doubly anxious

for quiet at home, in order to carry out undisturbed his high-reaching project of humiliating the Mahratta power, and making British influence paramount in Central India. His spirit was roused, moreover, by the political storms which seemed gathering in every quarter. The war with France had excited to the utmost the hopes of the native powers hostile to England. 'Towards the close of 1779,' to use Mr. Marshman's words ('History of India,' i. 373) 'intelligence reached Hastings from various quarters of a general conspiracy which had been formed by the Nizam and Hyder and all the Mahratta chiefs, with the exception of the Guicowar, for the expulsion of the English from India. . . . . At no former period had the English power been menaced with greater peril, and it required all the fortitude, resources, and genius of Hastings to meet the crisis.' And Francis, while his prejudices blinded him to the extent of believing that Hastings had both provoked the danger and was inadequate to meet it, yet doubtless felt this an occasion on which all other feelings must give way to zeal in the common cause.

The two leaders, thus reunited, now celebrated their compact by turning their forces against a common victim. The Supreme Court had by this time made itself extremely unpopular by those arbitrary endeavours to extend its authority, and violent intrusions on the domestic usages of the natives, which are so well-known from the picturesque description of them in Macaulay's 'Essay on Hastings;' reproduced, with less graphic power, but probably greater accuracy, in Thornton's 'History of India.' Francis had always opposed the Court and detested Impey, and he now had reasons of his own to embitter that opposition and hatred. Hastings loved neither the law nor its dispensers—obstacles in the way of his high-reaching ambition—but hitherto he had found it his best policy to court

and to use them. Both the councillors now interfered strongly for the protection of the people against the overweening usurpations of the Court. 'In the performance of this duty,' says Thornton, 'for a duty it was, Hastings joined cordially with that party in the council with which he was usually at enmity;' joined, it must be added, in hostility to his own most intimate personal ally. As Sir Philip observes in one of his letters, 'the natives, who had heard that Hastings and Impey were schoolfellows, have asked me seriously, whether they were not of the same caste?' Impey, however, yielded to the storm; but Hastings—supported by Barwell, who was anxious to stand well with both parties—seems to have found it the most convenient method of accommodating matters to buy him over. Impey accepted the post of judge of the Sudder Dewanee Adawlut, to which a large salary was attached; an office tenable at the pleasure of the council, and therefore binding him over to keep the peace towards that body; and became, in the words of Macaulay's famous description of the event, 'rich, quiet, and infamous.' The arrangement was subsequently made a subject of attack in the House of Commons. It is fair to add that Mr. Impey, in his defence of his father, attempts to disprove the stinging part of the charge by showing from Sir Elijah's papers that he only held the office a short time, and received no salary at all. But it is clear that the salary was voted. Such a mode of dealing with an enemy was sufficiently characteristic of Hastings, as we have seen already in the case of Sir Eyre Coote. However comparatively pure he may have been as to the receipt of bribes, he was most lavish and unscrupulous in giving them, when support—that is, power—was to be purchased by such means; even from the owner of such a character as Impey then

bore in India. 'All parties and all descriptions of men agree about him,' writes Lord Cornwallis, on his arrival to succeed Hastings, Dec. 28, 1786. 'I am very sorry,' he adds, in a familiar letter of a year or two later, 'that things have gone so much against poor Hastings, for he certainly had many amiable qualities. If you are in the hanging mood, you may tuck up Sir Elijah Impey, without giving any body the smallest concern.'[1]

The following letter from Bristow, on his way from England to Calcutta, now reached Francis, and may not impossibly have contributed to his sense of the hopelessness of continuing the contest with Hastings:—

Cochin, November 17, 1779.

'My dear Sir,—After escaping a variety of dangers, both by sea and by land, I am arrived safe at this place; such intelligence as I thought worth the notice of the council I have sent by this post, but the Company's despatches I shall keep until I arrive at some English settlement.

I have the pleasure to inform you that I have letters for you from Mrs. Francis, Mr. D'Oyly, Godfrey, and General Fraser; all of whom I left in good health. As it is very doubtful when I shall be able to reach Bengal, I propose despatching your letters by the first safe opportunity; they may contain matters interesting to you in respect to your private affairs; but in regard to public transactions, I am sorry to tell you, that notwithstanding the declarations and assurances of the minister, no inquiry has been made into the state of India, and the whole is deferred until the next session of Parliament.

The day I left London, as well as some days preceding it, I had, by means of General Fraser, an opportunity of seeing Lord North, and endeavoured to obtain a direct answer respecting his intentions towards you. At different times we read such extracts of your letters as we thought would oblige him to come to some resolution, but he evaded it. He expressed great disapprobation of Mr. H.'s conduct in many particulars, and above all in the affair of Mr. Fowke; he said there was an end of authority if the directors did not enforce their orders; but notwithstanding the strength of his lordship's expressions on this and many other subjects, and his even admitting Mr. H.'s conduct ought not to pass unnoticed, still his

[1] Correspondence, l. 249, 322.

resentment evaporated in words. He appeared particularly desirous that you should not resign, and General Fraser very bluntly told him that after the assurances you had had of support and the disappointments you had met with, his lordship had no right to lay any dependence on your staying. Lord North's assurances, so far as words go, were extremely favourable to you; he endeavoured to have it understood, that the situation of affairs prevented him at present from carrying such measures as he wished into execution, and that he only waited for a proper opportunity to give you proofs of his friendly disposition. I shall not pretend to judge how far you are to place any reliance on assurances which have been repeatedly given to you for a long time past without any decided measures being in consequence pursued, and when perhaps your opponents have received favourable assurances from their friends, whose influence at this juncture may be at least equal, if not superior, to Lord North's. It is impossible for me to explain in writing the state of affairs in the particular manner I could wish, and therefore I hope you will not come to any resolution about leaving the country until you receive your letters, or I shall arrive.

Yours,

JOHN BRISTOW.

Journal.

'*Dec.* 31*st.*—Letters from the Court of Directors—all nonsense. Their way of shifting the question of Francis Fowke damns and degrades them for ever.

'*Jan.* 3*rd*, 1780.—No council. Hastings, I hear, is in close conference with Barwell, who, I conclude, will throw all the obstructions he can in the way of an accommodation. Major Baggs sets out this day for England, well instructed.[1] Wheler shows me a curious letter from

[1] (Jan. 1786).—As to this 'enfant terrible' of the Francis family, Major Baggs, Francis thus writes to Godfrey (Nov. 18, 1779): 'Major Baggs has now been almost a twelvemonth in Bengal, and has as yet done no mischief of any sort. This perhaps has been the only innocent part of his life. I am sorry to say he has had but little encouragement to persevere. The Court of Directors have taken public notice of his evasion, and have ordered him home again. It seems they object to the running of field officers into their settlements. After all, this is a cruel stroke to him, and one which he has not deserved. The plain truth is that he has no particular reason for living in

Brigadier-General Stuart at Madras, in which he says that Munro is determined to stay, in order to prevent his succession to the chief command; also that he condemns the present plan of expeditionary conquest, &c., as much as I do, and has written home accordingly. Mackenzie told me a few days ago that the character of this man was reprobated and abhorred by everybody who knew him, and that he had the blackest heart that ever was lodged in a human breast. The evidence of one Scotchman against another is not to be discredited.

'5*th*.—John Murray shows me a letter from his brother at Allahabad full of the ravings of Coote against Hastings. Enraged at the treaty with the Rana of Ghode, and at Palmer's going up *to be a spy on him*.

'6*th*.—Visit Hastings. Advise him to extirpate the French utterly out of Bengal, which he says he will do.

'10*th*.—No meeting of the board since December 30. Valuable piece of ground in Calcutta given to Joseph Price, in reward of his services.

'12*th*.—Sir John Day very forward to mediate between Hastings and me, talks a great deal to Hastings, who dupes him.

'13*th*.—Sir John Day tells me he has fixed to-morrow for me to call on Hastings.

'14*th*.—Charming letter from Coote of January 2. "Thus situated, I suppose, gentlemen, you will find it necessary to lay aside all views of foreign conquests, and to attend solely to the preservation of what we possess."

India, except that I am here; but I suspect that he may have some particular reason for not living in England. As he is an incomparable soldier, they could not do better than engage him in their service. . . . *Apropos*, since it is not impossible, though highly improbable, that my eldest girls may have proposals, I hereby give you full and entire authority to act for me in that case. In addition to the ordinary precautions taken on such occasions, observe that rank in life must be attended to.'

He also takes to himself the merit of obtaining taucaws from the Vizier for the pay of the troops.

'17*th.*—Private conversation with Hastings in Auriol's department in the council house. He seemed to have come prepared to persuade me that his Mahratta war still promised success, and that it was indispensably necessary to pursue it. He began, however, with acknowledging that if he could have foreseen all the events that have intervened, he would not have undertaken the measure; but that the government being now embarked, must proceed, &c. He also laboured to convince me that I had no essential interest in insisting on the reinstatement of young Fowke and Mahomed Reza Cawn. Against the latter, and against old Fowke, he expressed the most violent rage and resentment. He confessed he had no expectations from Eyre Coote, but considered him as an enemy. On the whole, there was great appearance of openness in his discourse, with which mine corresponded. As I would not relax about the reinstatements, &c., the conversation ended in nothing but simply his request that the negotiation might still continue open, to which I consented.

'Non me impedient privatæ offensiones, quo minus pro reipublicæ salute etiam cum inimicissimo consentiam.

'20*th.*—Visit Hastings; received with every demonstration of frankness, cordiality and attention. He relaxes upon all the points, except Fowke's going up to Benares, which he cannot endure the thought of: still that point, however, is to be accommodated to my satisfaction. He seems now to speak more openly than ever, that, if we come to an accommodation, Barwell will go home in the Swallow; that Coote has protested against the treaty with the Rana of Ghode, in a letter to the board, which Barwell and he have withheld until Barwell can receive an

answer about it from him. Ample justice done by us both to the character and conduct of Sir Eyre Coote. He curses Hosea without reserve, and swears that he went up to Lucknow without any authority whatsoever. Yet he must have Muxadabad. I tell him all I have heard about the two lack, &c., which I thought wounded him to the quick. The tears almost gushed from his eyes. No conclusion, but I think it looks like it; nothing material demanded of me, but not to oppose or distress the execution of the measures actually resolved on.—N.B. The present treaty, if concluded, to cease and determine on 19th October next;[1] from that time each of us to do as we think proper. To this article, proposed by Hastings, I most joyfully assent. Hastings professes the warmest resentment against the Supreme Court. I communicate every particular to Mr. Wheler and Sir Robert Chambers, except Coote's protest and Barwell going home, on which I promised personally to be silent. This day another absurd letter from Coote, dated 6th January; *vide*.

'24*th*.—Barwell at the council excuses himself for not waiting on me this morning, as he had proposed; that his intention, in general, was to say that if the negotiation now on the tapis succeeded, he would go away in the Swallow; that he wished to interest me in favour of a few people here, and in return offered me the exertion of all his interest in England to promote my views in Bengal, to which he never intended to return. I said I should be ready to listen to what he had to say whenever he pleased.

'25*th*.—Long visit from Mr. Barwell. He seems determined to go away at all events; asserts that the moment he sets his foot on board he shall consider himself as disengaged and unconnected with Mr. Hastings

[1] At which time the existing commission of the Council would expire.

for ever; and that he felt himself ill-treated by Hastings, who ought to have surrendered the government to him, and by his friends in England, who had constantly let him down, while they availed themselves of his interest and connections to support their own cause. He declared that he never could return to this country, and offered himself to me body and soul, provided—and there he seemed to wait for encouragement, which I did not give him;—but it was plain enough what he meant. He talked of resigning all his own pretensions to me, past, present, and to come; of supporting my views here by all his interest in England; and even to prevail on Hastings to resign the government to me. I treated all this discourse as mere moonshine, and fairly told him that he had nothing to offer me, for he would certainly be turned out; that if I was not governor I should go away the end of this year, and that his idea of the chance of being governor, or even continued in the council, was purely chimerical; consequently that he could have no claim on me for the surrender of such pretensions. He seemed to admit the truth of all this, and ended with saying that he should rely on my good nature, and trust his friends to my mercy. I told him that he had nothing to fear for his friends from the circumstance of his leaving Bengal, for that I certainly never should make use of the power which his absence might give me to do any act which I presumed he would stay to prevent, for that I considered a violation of good faith, of which I was entirely incapable. But I declared to him frankly that, if I got power by any other means, such as an appointment from home or Mr. Hastings' departure, &c., the first use I should make of it would be to remove all his and Mr. Hastings' people out of office, as it would be impracticable for me to conduct the government with such instruments. On the whole, he

assured me he was determined to go home at all events. It seemed to me that Hastings had not communicated to him the particulars of my conversations with him.

'*Feb.* 1*st.*—Hastings now talks of impeaching the whole body of the judges. In the course of abuse with which he constantly loads the Court of Directors, he this day charged them with duplicity and falsehood, in saying that the paper alluded to in his famous letter of Aug. 15, 1777, was not before them, when he had actually sent a copy of it to the chairman.

'4*th.*—Wheler absent. I yield to Hastings' plan for making salt in the year in the 24 pergunnas. Dine at Mrs. Hastings' with Sir John Day. A pacific dinner. In the evening go to the lakes with Mr. Wheler.

'5*th.*—At the lakes.

'6*th.*—Return at night to Calcutta through a violent storm—the first fall of rain we have had these five months.

'7*th.*—At night a final conversation with Hastings. Francis Fowke and Mr. Mahomed Reza Cawn to be reinstated. Bristow suspended till the first advice of the new arrangement. . . . In return I shall give a negative support to the measures already resolved on and now in execution. Old Fowke to be handsomely provided for, but not to go to Benares. Measures to be forthwith taken to detach Hyder Ally and the Nizam from the Marattas. At night letters from Bristow, Mr. Ellis, Lord Barrington, &c., all amounting to this, that I ought to quit this year.

'9*th.*—Long conversation with Fowke, who seems highly dissatisfied, and talks of standing his ground on the strength of his English interest. I never saw anything so wild and unreasonable. Yet, for this I have been contending with Hastings above a month.

'11*th.*—Barwell absent. Minutes on the petition

ordered to be recorded the 4th inst. Settle Mr. Fowke's business with H. on his own principles.

'17*th*.—Hastings shows me a letter from Captain Palmer at Benares. Coote exasperated at his going up; and pulled different ways by the different parties in his family. His punishment is begun, and I trust will never end but with his life. At night a letter from Wombwell, dated Lucknow, February 5, that Coote is ready to join me, body and soul, provided I will write him a letter of compliment: now, at last, I have got the scoundrel at my feet. Young Fowke's appointment ordered. A curiosity. This day Mr. Barwell sends to desire leave to pay his respects to . . . Offers of a passage to England, &c.

'18*th*.—The famous Bridgoo Kissen comes to pay his duty; Impey, I hear, is mortally wounded at this accommodation, concluded without his participation, and by the apparent mediation of Sir John Day, whom he detests. But that Sir R. Chambers should be a party to it, invited and inviting to friendly pacific dinners, is insupportable. That villain's punishment, too, I trust is coming. The execration in which he is held is rooted in the heart of every human creature in this country. No Revenue Board this day. Hastings and his lady go up to Sooksaugur to indulge in agreeable reflections.

'24*th*.—John Wombwell arrives from Lucknow with full powers from Coote to treat, offering to come down if Barwell stays. Pity and compassion is all that Wombwell hopes to obtain for him. Resentment would be thrown away upon him.

'25*th*.—Letter from Naylor, our attorney, with minutes of the proceedings of the Supreme Court relative to him.

'*Mr Laurence*: I hope your lordship does not mean that Mr. Naylor should answer *in vinculis*.

'*Chief Justice*: Why not? Mr. Naylor will have more time to think of his conduct and prepare his answer.

'*Mr Laurence*: It is a bad place for contemplation.[1]

'Private letter from Barwell to Hastings, in which he makes it a personal request that he may be allowed bills on the Company to the amount of 25,000*l.*

'I flatly refuse it.

'29*th.*—Mr Barwell's house taken for five years by his own vote at 31,720 current rupees per annum, to be paid half-yearly, in advance. Mr. Wheler and I declare we shall not sign the lease. Declares his resignation, and desires a passage in the Swallow; demands a remittance of 30,000*l.* Sets aside the Company's orders about Wombwell.

'*Mar.* 1*st.*—Barwell comes to my house to take leave, with a fine palavering speech. I believe he begins to be afraid of me.[2]

'13*th.*—List of recommendations from Coote, super-

[1] The Mr. Naylor here mentioned was a Devonshire man, who had been recommended by Dunning to his fellow circuiteer Impey, and had become attorney to the Company. Attached by the Supreme Court for a contempt, he was confined for a few days; and died some months after of the effects of the climate. Mr. Impey, in his memoirs of his father, declares, on the evidence of Sir Elijah's papers, that the Chief Justice had nothing to do with the proceeding; that it was Hyde who committed Naylor; and that the Chief Justice was actually at Chittagong at the time. If so, Hyde must have been the judge termed by Francis 'Chief Justice.' But I must acknowledge that I cannot place absolute reliance on Mr. Impey's accuracy in his pious attempts to defend his father.

[2] 'To Major Baggs, March 2, 1780.—Mr. Barwell goes home in the present ship, on very bad terms with Hastings. . . . . He made me a direct offer of renouncing Hastings and all his works in *sæcula sæculorum*, and to exert all his influence in England to support my views in India, whatever they may be' . . . . 'You may tell him I have no thought of hostility, but much will depend on the conduct he observes in England. *Au reste* he is too black to be touched or approached.' His last act in council (he adds) 'was to vote (with Hastings) that forty-five thousand rupees be paid to him, Barwell, "in lieu of house rent," and to grant in council a lease of his own premises, for the service of the Company, at 25,000 rupees per annum.'

seding five captains, to give a battalion to Dixon. I declare to Hastings that I will not consent to this iniquitous practice. Wheler says the same, and even Hastings, I think, seems ready enough to leave the commander-in-chief to his reflections. Determination deferred.

'16*th.*—Old Fowke tells me that he owes his son's reinstatement to the Clive interest. He now makes a separate cause from his son, and thinks it very proper that he should be custom-master in the room of Petrie. In short, he, whom I have by main strength replaced in the road to fortune, seems just as much dissatisfied as Wombwell and Bristow.

'17*th.*—Despatch the Ceres.

'19*th*, *Sunday.*—No board since Monday last.

'20*th.*—Council. Mr. Wheler and I demand our salaries and arrears at the valuation allowed to the other members and judges. It makes a difference to me of 13,300 current rupees a year.

'*April* 1*st.*—Letters from Baggs at Trincomalee, 23rd February, on his way to Suez. Being suspected of carrying despatches from me, he is informed by Andrew Ross, that the Admiral, Sir Edward Hughes, Sir Thomas Rumbold, and all their coadjutors send and give orders to Captain Mitchell, Mr. Woolley (the Nabob's secretary), and to everybody else to mar his journey as much as possible, &c.

'Strange reports of mischief and confusion at Madras. Many letters say that Rumbold, after using many violent and indecent expressions to the Nabob, forgot himself so far as to threaten to strike him, on which the Nabob drew his kris, and declared that he would infallibly stab him if he proceeded.

'Plagued out of my life by Bristow, whom nothing but instant possession of his post will satisfy.

'3*rd.*—Encore by Livius on the same subject; *vide* Bristow's letter to me and my answer.

'7*th.*—Rest. Mr. Wheler and I now feel the misery and plague of being supposed to possess power, when in effect we have it not. I never was so tormented before. This day complete the sale of my garden, house, &c. to Mr. Livius for 30,000 current rupees, and execute the assignment.

'10*th.*—Mr. Pawson, bullied into it by Hastings, resigns his office of paymaster-general. The governor-general recommends Alexander to be paymaster-general; Murray to be commissary.

'11*th.*—New plan of Dewanny Adawlut's passed. Opium contract continued for one year to Mackenzie. —N.B. Mr. Hastings had settled privately with Captain Plowden to give it him for three years without consulting me, and, as I have reason to believe, to *share it with Ramus.*

'14*th.*—Violent quarrel with Hastings about the opium contract, in which he says he has been overreached and slighted. This brings on other explanations and reproaches, especially about the orders to Purling. I complain as fast as he. Mr. Plowden has behaved very ill. Mr. Wheler himself says so, and seems very uneasy at the whole business. Hastings promises to remove Tom Graham from Benares instantly; *vide* my letter to that honest gentleman. In short, I never yet found myself in such unpleasant circumstances. *Coûte qu'il coûte*, the first news from England shall be decisive.

'*April* 17*th.*—Mutiny at the governor's. *Vide* particulars.

'*May* 1*st.*—Letter from John Bristow demanding his appointment to the Residence in Oude. I have not read it, but Mr. Wheler tells me it is couched in very improper

terms; not read, that I may first speak with H. on the subject.

'24*th.*—Conversation introduced by Mackenzie about Bristow. M. condemns his letter entirely; a vast deal of bile pro and con., but directed to conciliate. "O qui me gelidis in montibus Hæmi sistat!"

'*June* 5*th.*—Monday. The hottest weather I ever felt. Conversation with H. at his house. He professes the most earnest desire and most determined resolution to make peace as fast as possible; agreed to leave Coote out of all future deliberations as a man totally incapable of advising or acting, and only capable of embarrassing and obstructing. He says that a large body of horse is certainly arrived at Cuttac from Nagpore, but that Moodajee's disposition is to continue in friendship with us and to mediate the peace. On this mediation H. seems to place great dependence.

'12*th.*—Mr. Wheler excessively out of spirits, and unable to attend the council, but agrees heartily with me to give a flat negative to the Camac expedition. In truth, the situation we are left in is enough to distract us. Unable to act with or against this wicked man, who, while he is at the head of the government, will neither make peace himself nor suffer us to make it, but would ruin us in the attempt. In the meantime, Coote stands aloof, refuses to attend his duty at the board, and abuses us for everything that is done and not done. *Vide* his impudent letter to Watson of May 26.

'30*th.*—Profound silence and melancholy on all sides. Mr. Wheler and I send our last minute, dated the 29th, to the secretary in the evening at Serampoor.

'*July* 1*st.*—At Serampoor.

'2*nd*, *Sunday.*—At Calcutta. Visit from Sir John Day, full of lamentation at the rupture between the governor

and me; that H. is in the lowest state of misery and dejection, &c. All I could say in return was, that his uneasiness could not be greater than mine, and that I should rejoice in any event that might relieve me from this dreadful situation, in which I must either renew the old odious contest with him or ruin myself by joining with him in measures which I had uniformly opposed and reprobated for two years together; that it was not fair nor conformable to the principles of our temporary pacification to reduce me to this dilemma, and that I had originally declared to him that I never could concur in any more expeditions from the upper country. In order, if possible, to put an end to the present question, I desired Sir J. D. to propose to him to suspend the final instructions to Major Camac until we heard whether he was continued in the government or not, which we ought to know by the middle of August at farthest by the way of Suez; that if he was he might then do as he pleased, for that I should then relinquish all further interference in the management of the war; that if he would agree to this expedient all the late minutes might be withdrawn.

'3*rd*.—Sir John Day again; that H. insists on his right to conduct the war as he pleases; pretends to have no recollection of my declaration against new expeditions, and says he cannot suspend the instructions to Major Camac. *C'est-à-dire*, I will have everything my own way. Yet, in fact, he would lose nothing by the delay, since it would be impossible for Camac to act before October, and even then the enterprise ought to be supposed to be a diversion made by Goddard's army. In this state, I fear I must leave this business, feeling the approach of a fever very strong upon me. About noon very ill and forced to go to bed.

'4*th*.—Worse. H. goes up the river with Mrs. H.

'5*th*.—Fever abates.

'*6th.*—Low and dejected to the last degree. Another visit from Sir John Day. He laments that these minutes should exist, and that they ought to be withdrawn, &c., in all which I profess the same wish as warmly as he can if it can be done without my departing from my principles or being committed in the measure.'

Francis must by this time have read, with all the sickness of hope deferred, such assurances as the following letter of Welbore Ellis (received about this time), now conveyed to him:—

Welbore Ellis to Francis.

February 1780.

I will answer for nothing: but I am inclined to believe, that government intends to support your pretensions, and if, in the plan to be adopted, it shall take that leading part which it ought to do, that you will not be superseded, but that you will be put at the head of affairs, unless government should think fit to put some man of great rank and dignity at the head of that government, and then I suppose that they would look to you as the efficient man of business, and consider of the means to make that situation agreeable to you.

The statement of the final rupture with Hastings which now followed cannot in justice be taken from Francis's papers only. The following narrative of it, among many—for no event caused more controversy at the time, or has been more frequently dwelt on since by partisans and enemies of both the actors—appears to sum up the circumstances very fairly.[1]

'The opposition which was made by Francis to the proceedings on the Jumna brought to a crisis the animosities which the struggle between him and the governor-general had so long maintained. On July 20, 1780, Mr. Hastings, in answering a minute of Francis, declared, "I do not trust to his promise of candour, convinced that he is incapable of it. I judge of his

[1] Mill's 'History of British India,' iv. 60.

public conduct by my experience of his private, which I have found to be devoid of truth and honour." The ground of these severe expressions, the governor-general stated to be a solemn agreement formed between him and Mr. Francis, which Mr. Francis had broken. Of this transaction the following appear to have been the material circumstances:—When the parliamentary appointment, during five years, of the governor-general and council expired in 1778, the expectation of a change in the Indian administration was suspended by the reappointment, upon the motion of the king's chief minister, of Mr. Hastings for a single year.'[1] Upon the arrival of this intelligence in India, an attempt was made by some mutual friends of Mr. Hastings and Mr. Francis, to deliver the government, at a period of difficulty and danger, from the effects of their discordance. Both parties acknowledged the demand which the present exigency presented for a vigorous and united administration; and both professed a desire to make any sacrifice of personal feelings and personal interests, for the attainment of so important an object. On the part of Mr. Francis it was stipulated that Mohammed Reza Khan, Mr. Bristow, and Mr. Fowke, should be reinstated in conformity to the Company's orders; and, on the part of Mr. Hastings, that the Mahratta war, the responsibility of which Mr. Francis had disclaimed and thrown personally on the governor-general, should be conducted in conformity with his conceptions and plans. It was this part of the agreement which Mr. Hastings accused his opponent of violating, and of depriving him, by a treacherous promise of co-operation,

[1] This is not stated with sufficient exactness. The existing government of India, under the Act of 1773 (and, with it, the term of office of the governor-general and four councillors), was extended for one year, from April 5, 1779, by the Act 19 Geo. III. c. 61, which arrangement was continued by a subsequent Act until after the return of Francis from India.

which induced Mr. Barwell to depart for Europe, of that authority which the vote of Mr. Barwell ensured. Mr. Francis, on the other hand, solemnly declared that he never was party to the engagement stated by Mr. Hastings, or had a thought of being bound by it. This agreement with regard to the Mahratta war he explained as extending only to the operations then commenced on the Malabar coast, but not to fresh operations in another part of the Mahratta dominions. Mr. Hastings produced a paper containing the following words: 'Mr. Francis will not oppose any measures which the governor will recommend for the prosecution of the war in which we are supposed to be engaged with the Mahrattas, or for the general support of the present political system of his government.' To the terms of this agreement presented to Mr. Francis in writing, he affirmed that Mr. Francis gave his full and deliberate consent. The reply of Mr. Francis was in the following words: 'In one of our conversations in February last, Mr. Hastings desired me to read a paper of memorandums, among which I presume this article was inserted. I returned it to him the moment I had read it, with a declaration that I did not agree to it, or hold myself bound by the contents of it, or to that effect.' Mr. Francis added some reasonings, drawn from the natural presumptions of the case. But these reasonings and presumptions had little tendency to strengthen the evidence of his personal assertion, the ground between him and his antagonist, on which this question seems finally to rest. With the utmost earnestness Mr. Hastings repeated the affirmation of the terms on which Mr. Francis declared his assent, and at this point the verbal controversy between them closed.'

'On a subject of so much interest to both,' says Mr. Thornton, 'Hist. of India,' ii. 155, 'care would be taken

that the main provisions of the compact were understood; and it is not easy to evade the conclusion that either Francis was guilty of a gross breach of faith, or Hastings of the assertion of a scandalous falsehood. The presumption, on the whole, lies against Francis, and his character will probably never be relieved from the imputation.'

The question, after the lapse of ninety years, must be left in the same obscurity which at first enveloped it. Hastings was absolutely unprincipled where his own 'autocracy' was concerned, and it would be a bold conclusion to pin one's faith on his veracity in this instance.[1] But the probabilities of the case seem rather in his favour. Francis, on the other hand—if he was really the great anonymous writer for whom we take him—had been accustomed for many years to the utterance in private of slander and invective of which he could not avow himself the author, and to the use of all the shifting disguises of which men conscious of such conduct are forced to seek the protection. Such men may be honest and honourable notwithstanding. They lead double lives—one in the dark, one in the light—and these two may, possibly, not interfere with each other. But the presumption in the public mind is apt to be against them, on any question of straightforward dealing, and the memory of Francis must suffer accordingly.

At the same time, had it not been for the violence with which each party accused the other of breach of faith, an impartial judge might perhaps have summed up the

[1] See a remarkable and apparently incontrovertible instance of Hastings' unscrupulousness of assertion in Mr. Gleig's life of him, noticed in Thornton's 'History of India,' vol. ii. p. 113. On June 29, 1777, he writes to his friend Mr. Sulivan, 'I have now no channel to Lord North nor encouragement to write to him; yet I wish it were possible to make him acquainted with the late proceedings, especially those of General Clavering and Mr. Francis on the 20th inst.' On the *very same day* he writes to Lord North, giving him an account of those very proceedings!

case without casting such imputation on either. Substantially, the quarrel was this: Francis had promised Hastings not to interfere with his conduct of the war against the Mahrattas, then carried on near the Malabar coast. Hastings wanted to carry on operations against the same enemy on the Jumna, in an entirely different quarter of India. Francis deemed himself not precluded by his promise from opposing this. Hastings maintained that he was. It might therefore be regarded as only an incident of frequent occurrence, when a compact is in truth superseded by the occurrence of circumstances unforeseen and unprovided for.

The following is Francis's own version of the transaction, in a letter to Tilghman the day before the duel. It requires comparison with the detailed account given by Hastings in his letter to Sulivan, printed in Gleig's memoirs of him, ii. 297:—

Calcutta, August 16, 1780.

The issue to which Mr. Hastings has agreed to bring the question between us, prevents me from answering the paper I received from him on Monday night in the manner in which I otherwise should have answered it. Nor indeed have I sufficient time to spare from other duties, at this juncture indispensable. If I should fall, I hope the following declaration made now, with the most solemn appeal to God Almighty for the truth of it, will not only satisfy my friends, but clear my character and honour in the opinion of the world.

I declare, then, I never was a party to the paper quoted by Mr. Hastings, nor did I ever, directly or indirectly, give my assent to it. On the contrary, when Mr. Hastings desired me to read a paper of memorandums, I told him I did not hold myself bound by the whole contents of it, or to that effect—though some of the points agreed on were rightly stated. He gave me no copy of the paper, nor did I ever see it but that moment. It was written in his own hand, and a good deal scratched. In the same or some subsequent conversation, I told him that by agreeing to support the war against the Mahrattas, I meant the operations actually existing on the Malabar coast, which, since the campaign was begun, I thought

should be pushed as vigorously as possible; but that I could never consent to any new expeditions from the upper country. At that time, I believe, Mr. Hastings had no measures of that kind in contemplation. On a late occasion, I reminded Mr. Hastings of the foregoing declaration. His answer was: 'Well, Sir, this *is* supporting the war on the Malabar coast.'

These, I allow, are naked assertions, the truth of which I have no means of proving. All that I can add to them is that they are exactly conformable to the language I have constantly held on the point in question to the gentlemen with whom I converse on such subjects. Mr. Wheler, Colonel Watson, Mr. Mackenzie, Mr. Tilghman and Mr. Ducarel are in that number, and to their testimony I appeal.

P. FRANCIS.

Journal.

'*August* 14*th.*—Mr. H. does not return till the evening. No council. At night receive his minute, which he says he had reserved till my return, with a private note.'

(The minute, which has been often printed, was of an exceedingly hostile character.)

Journal.

'*August* 15*th.*—Revenue Board. When it was over, I took him into a private room, and read to him the following words:—

'"Mr. Hastings,—I am preparing a formal answer to the paper you sent to me last night. As soon as it can be finished, I shall lay it before you. But you must be sensible, Sir, that no answer I can give to the matter of that paper can be adequate to the dishonour done me by the terms you have made use of. You have left me no alternative but to demand personal satisfaction of you for the affronts you have offered me."

'As soon as I had read the preceding words to Mr. Hastings, he said he expected the demand and was ready to answer it. We then agreed to meet on the morning

of. . . . Mention the affair to Watson, who happens to dine with me to-day: he agrees to provide pistols in order to prevent suspicion.

'16*th.*—Employed in settling my affairs, burning papers,[1] &c. in case of the worst. Dull work. This evening Mr. H. orders his minute to be recorded.

'17*th.*—Arrive at the ground near Belvedere, near an hour before Mr. H., who comes about 6, with Colonel Pearse. Watson marks out a distance about 14 common paces, the same, he said, at which Mr. Fox and Mr. Adam stood. My pistol missing fire, I changed it. We then fired together, and I was wounded and fell. I thought my backbone was broke, and of course that I could not survive it. After the first confusion had subsided and after I had suffered great inconvenience from being carried to a wrong place, I was at last conveyed to Major Foley's house on a bed. The surgeon arrived in about an hour and a half from the time I was wounded, and cut out the ball, and bled me twice in the course of the day.

'Mr. Hastings sends to know when he may visit me.

'18*th.*—In these two days the pain I suffered was very considerable.

'19*th.*—Desire Colonel Watson to tell Mr. Hastings as civilly as possible that I am forced to decline his visit.

'24*th.*—Return to Calcutta.

'*Sept.* 11*th.*—I pay Sir E. C. a visit. He says he would have prevented this unfortunate accident, if he had been here. I told him he might have done so perhaps, if he had been here six months ago, but at the time it happened it was impossible. Attend council: great civility between H. and me.

[1] Papers compromising him as Junius, Mr. Parkes suspected. But Francis must have had plenty of papers condemnable to the fire.

'24*th*, *Sunday*. —Visit Mr. Wheler in the evening at the gardens. Find his house full of the government people, and perceive plainly, from his own discourse, that H. and he are not in a state of mortal enmity: nimium familiariter exercere inimicitias videntur. They are often closeted together, and he tells me that H. has consulted him on several points.

'*Oct.* 9*th*.—Sir Eyre Coote sends word that he is not able to attend the board, and transmits a minute assenting to the appointment of Sir Elijah Impey to be judge of the Sudder Dewanny Adawlet. Mr. Wheler and I strongly against it. I show the letter of the Court of Directors to Sir Robert Chambers.

'At night communicate my letter to the Court of Directors to Mr. Wheler, who approves of it, and the conduct I mean to pursue. I tell him that nobody has a claim on me but himself; that if he claims of me to stay, I will give it due and serious consideration. But that I can only stay on the principle of our agreeing first to attack Hastings horse and foot, throwing away the scabbard and neither to give or take quarter. He sees the objections to such a plan, and shows no disposition to undertake it, at the same time he admits that it is not possible for me or useful in any sense to stay upon any other. The offer I make him leaves it with him to determine me, and obviates all cause of complaint on his part. In his heart I am sure there is nothing he wishes for more than my departure. It relieves him at once from contest and a thousand difficulties.

'26*th*.—The two Murrays take great pains to satisfy me that Hastings and Stibbert have quarrelled, that Stibbert is determined to think and speak for himself, &c. &c. *C'est-à-dire, if you choose to stay, you're sure of the commander-in-chief.* But I know Mr. Stibbert of old,

and as to the children of an ancient nation I know them too. The younger Murray, Stibbert's aide-de-camp, whom I am hardly acquainted with, came this evening to tell me in confidence that he thought it very necessary that I should know that Mr. Wheler had been with Stibbert in the morning to endeavour to make up the breach between him and the governor, which the said Murray thought very odd, not to say suspicious, &c. These Scotch are never easy unless they can foment division among their superiors, by which they take special care to profit. It is their temper and their policy. I received all he said with the simplest air of unguarded innocence, at which I doubt not the young Caledonian exulted, and called me a *damned feul* as he went downstairs. John Murray has contrived to make Mr Wheler very unhappy by pestering him with reports invented probably by himself, which he says are current, that I am going home, that I am forced away by his joining Mr. Hastings, &c. All which, added to the dreadful situation of public affairs, which Mr. Wheler says and knows is almost desperate, touches him very sensibly.

'31*st.*—In the morning inform Mr. Fowke that the governor agrees to give him a sinecure of 1500 rs. a month, with the arrears from March last. After some appearance of dissatisfaction he seems content at last, and talks of paying the governor a visit. At night he comes with fury in his looks and language, and tells me he has just heard from his son that Markham has written to him to propose to him to give up his office, &c., to which I simply answered, *what then?* On this he burst into a transport of rage, said there was no honour left in the world, and that he would not fall unrevenged. On this I left him.

'*Nov.* 1*st.*—In the evening receive a letter from Mr.

Fowke, in which, after charging me with breach of faith, &c. (*vide* letter) he takes his leave of me for ever. Such are the fruits of taking Clavering's friends on my back, and struggling to my utmost to serve them. With Tilman's advice I resolve not to answer his letter nor to take any further notice of him.

'2*nd.*—Show Mr. Fowke's letter to Mr. Wheler, who says that he left him this morning with a declared resolution of going directly to the governor to demand justice. It is fit to be observed that Mr. Fowke has never once mentioned to me the overtures which have passed between him and Hastings through the medium of Mr. Wheler.

'*Sept.* 25*th.*—Hastings gives in his propositions for peace with the Mahrattas, and for requesting Sir Eyre Coote to go to Madras. I give my sentiments freely, honestly, and with temper. . . . . This move about Coote is strange, and looks very like a secret agreement with Wheler, or at least an expectation that there will be no violent opposition when Coote is gone.'

It has been seen that Francis, ever since the duel, had been meditating departure. But the following entry in his journal is the first which shows that he had now made up his mind to it. The expectations which he had so obstinately cherished were in fact at an end. The game was up. One more Act had passed in April for continuing the existing government, and Hastings as Governor-General, for one year longer.

'*Nov.* 2*nd.*—Governor moves that Mr. Rider (who returned with his rank some months ago, and to succeed to the first vacancy in the Board of Trade) shall be allowed the full salary of that office from his arrival till he succeeds. Agreed: yet nothing, I believe, can

be more improper: *mais qu'importe?* When the ship is sinking, what does it signify how soon we eat up the provisions. The moment I shall have made my exit, enter desolation. . . . . Hastings tells me, and gives me some good reasons for it, that Meer Jaffier's will, by which he bequeathed five lacks of rupees to Lord Clive, was a forgery.

'7*th.*—Discover at last that it is impossible to go in the Dutch ship; so resolve to take my passage in the Fox, Captain Blackburn.'

Here many leaves of the journal are wanting. Whether it was left off, or continued, and the contents subsequently cut out, or lost, I cannot discover. Tilghman accompanied him. Their voyage was unusually protracted. The Fox reached St. Helena on March 12, but was detained there four months waiting for convoy; the war between England and Spain having broken out. The confined society and the dulness of the place made Francis say ever after, repeats his lady, 'that Ennui was the patron saint of the island.' 'I leave it to yourself to judge, he writes to a friend at Calcutta, from St. Helena, July 26, 'for indeed I am not very well able to express, how tedious and weary this long confinement, at such a time, and in such a place too, must have been to me. Many, who pretend to more patience, are, I believe, as weary of it as I am.'

'*Oct.* 18*th*, 1781.—Got on board a cutter at last, with Mr. Tilghman, at midnight, about ten miles west of Dungeness, wind fair and very fresh.

'19*th.*—At four in the morning, landed at Dover, the same day on which I landed at Calcutta in 1774: went to bed for a few hours: arrived in Harley Street at ten at night.'

CHAPTER III.

FRANCIS IN ENGLAND: IMPEACHMENT OF HASTINGS.

[1781–1796.]

Return to England—Reception there—Defence of his Indian career in the press—'Booksellers' edition of Junius'—His fortune—Elected M.P. for Yarmouth—Parliamentary career and qualifications as a speaker—Return to England and impeachment of Hastings—Francis excluded from the managership—Elected M.P. for Blechingley—Correspondence with Burke—Political sentiments.

With the return of Francis to England his official life ended. It had lasted nearly a quarter of a century from his first employment in a public office to his quitting India. It had been a singularly chequered career; violent, ambitious, but in the end unsuccessful. He had acquired a competency; his reputation as a statesman and a man of ability was established; but the two objects nearest his heart of late years, the government of India and the humiliation of Hastings, had eluded his grasp. He had not, however, relaxed in the pursuit of either. No sooner had he reached home than he set to work, with that persevering, concentrated industry which distinguished him almost through life, to procure the recall of his enemy in the first instance, and afterwards to promote his impeachment.

He returned to England an unpopular and discountenanced man. The governor-general, whom he had so fiercely opposed, had hosts of friends both in Parliament and the India House, and a considerable

amount of favour with the public. Francis's own private life in India had afforded plenty of scope for the exercise of malevolence; and his enemies were no more scrupulous in their use of the materials placed within their reach than he himself habitually was. His fierce and contemptuous style of meeting the accusations against him, of which we have seen plenty of evidence in his Indian correspondence, seems to have alienated even those who were willing to serve him. It was reported, and the rumour shows at all events the general character of his reception at home, that when he first appeared at Court only two persons would speak to him, the King and Lord North. Out of this position he had to win his way to public estimation and political consequence. He did so by the force of his great talents and vigorous character. But these, no doubt, were aided by the circumstance that he had it in his power to prompt and assist, and supply with almost all the ammunition of their warfare, that phalanx of enemies which was gathering round Hastings, and which by degrees grew to comprehend almost all the leading statesmen of the country.

But another cause must be mentioned which greatly added to the suspicious hostility with which Francis was so generally regarded. This was his known addiction to anonymous writing, and to the use of the public press as a vehicle for attacking individuals. During his stay in India, according to one of his enemies, 'he was constantly furnishing his agents here with myriads of lying squibs for the daily papers, and overloading with pamphlets that common sink of filth and faction, the shop of Almon and Debrett, in Piccadilly.' (A letter to Edmund Burke—anonymous—1782.) And after his return, it is plain that he soon reverted to the habits of his former life, and worked the press incessantly. Mr.

Parkes appears, from some loose materials which he has left, to have intended to track Francis through his underground evolutions at this period as thoroughly as he had done in the time which preceded Junius. But the subject has not the same interest. The topics of controversy which now called forth his energy are out of date, and do not pique curiosity like those on which he was engaged in earlier days. I have judged it best, therefore, to pass over this portion of his career with slight notice.[1]

Among the anonymous contributions to Indian politics through which (in all probability) Francis sought to defend his cause, two are remarkable; one of these is the history of the affairs of that country in the 'Intrepid Magazine,' a very scarce work (one volume only appeared), full of violent attacks on the sovereign, but in which the account of Indian administration bears some token of his hand. The other is a singular work entitled 'Travels in Europe, Asia, and America, &c. &c. delineating, in particular, a new system for the government and improvement of the British settlements in the East Indies; begun in the year 1777, and finished in 1781.' It is anonymous; but the author was given out to be one Macintosh, whose name occurs in Francis's Indian journal. But it runs so minutely into defence of Francis, and vituperation of his enemies, especially of Hastings and Sir Eyre Coote, that some, acting on Dugald Dalgetty's famous axiom, that no one would have spoken so well of the Marquis of Argyll except his lordship himself, assigned the authorship of these portions of it to Francis in person.[2]

[1] Out of the numerous Indian pamphlets of this time in which he may have borne a hand, I refer only to 'A State of the British Authority in Bengal under the Government of Mr. Hastings,' published by Woodfall in 1781, which seems to me to bear—especially in the preface—strong tokens of the workmanship of Francis.

[2] Some people indeed denied the existence of Macintosh altogether. But

Francis altogether denied the imputation. He writes thus (January 18, 1782) to his old colleague Wheler, at Calcutta: 'In answer to a thousand lies, which you will have heard about Mr. Macintosh, I declare to you, most solemnly, that I never did employ or authorise him, directly or indirectly, to say or to do anything for me, or on any account in England; yet I approve and applaud his zeal in what he thinks a good cause.' How far Francis carried the Junian habit of denying authorship into his subsequent literary transactions, it would be very difficult to detect. But Mr. Parkes discovered the following entries in a cash-book among his private papers:—

1782. Feb.—Draft of Mackintosh paid Jan. 18, 1,078*l.* 4*s.* 10*d.*

„ Dec. 6.—Paid Mr. Almon (the bookseller) in full for Mackintosh, 56*l.* 18*s.* 6*d.*

1783.—Paid Almon, account of Mackintosh, 56*l.* 18*s.* 0*d.* [perhaps the same sum twice entered].

The same cash-book contains large advances to his cousin, Major Baggs, of the same date. Baggs, it will be remembered, left India 'fully instructed' on behalf of Francis. But Francis, in his letters, equally denies having made any use of Baggs as an agent, and declares that the Major left India only because the directors, according to the usage of that time, were jealous of his stay there as an interloper.

Francis was all his life a great pamphleteer: under anonymous cover until his return to England—afterwards both with and without his name. Burke termed him the prince of pamphleteers; and few certainly have excelled him in putting a strong case in a terse and energetic

one of Captain Price's grotesque pamphlets describes him as 'a swarthy and ill-looking man as any that is to be seen on the Portuguese walk on the Royal Exchange.' He was a man of colour, born in the West Indies, and, according to Price, a great impostor, assuming acquaintance with all manner of distinguished persons.

form. In invective he was always great. But he was scarcely persuasive as a writer, any more than (according to tradition) as an orator. There is too little of superfluous flesh in his compositions, if the paradox may be hazarded, for a successful party declaimer, or even reasoner. The real perplexities of political affairs are so great, there is so much to be said on one side as well as the other of most questions, that the *lumen siccum* of mere intellectual ability seems to show too little of the ground on both sides of the way. Mere logic, on subjects not admitting of certainty, convinces only those who are prepared to be convinced, and even these generally prefer rhetoric.

The first-fruits, however, of the return of Francis to Europe, in a literary sense, was the appearance of the so-called 'bookseller's edition' of Junius. It came out without the name of printer or publisher: described, on the title page, as 'a more complete edition than any yet published,' London, 1783. The 'advertisement' informs the reader that 'fourteen letters are added to this edition,' that 'the letters signed Philo-Junius, were written by Junius,' and corrects some mistakes. It evidently assumes to be the production of the mysterious author himself. The corrections, additions, and omissions are extremely curious, but to analyse them thoroughly would be rather the work of an editor of Junius, than of a biographer of Francis. I subjoin a communication by Mr. Taylor (the author of 'Junius Identified') to the editor of 'Notes and Queries,' February 17, 1855, in which the principal among them are stated.

The Dedication is omitted.

The Preface is omitted, with the exception of the concluding paragraph from De Lolme, which is headed 'M. De Lolme on the Liberty of the Press,' and begins as follows:

'Whoever considers what it is that constitutes,' &c.

This single page stands in the place of a Preface.

Then we have 'Contents of Volume First.'

'Letter I. Political Character of Englishmen; Alarming State of the Nation; Plan of Government since his present Majesty's Accession; Characters of the present and former Ministers; America; Summary View of our Condition.

'*Notes: Character of the Duke of Grafton; his conduct to the Marquis of Rockingham. Junius and Lord Mansfield's Opinion of Mr. Pitt's and Lord Camden's declamations in favour of America.*'

The word '*declamations*' is a mistake of the printer's for '*declarations.*' There are many *literal* errors in the book, which lead us to suppose that it had not the benefit of the editor's final revision.

'Letter II. Sir William Draper's defence of the Marquis of Granby.

'*Notes: Sir William Draper's embroidered Night-gown; his healing Letter from Clifton.*'

The Note about the *embroidered night-gown* is one of the new notes introduced into this edition.

The Contents are carried on in this manner to the eighty-sixth Letter, which contains the enlarged account of the author's Letter concerning the Bill of Rights. A note at the end of the Contents of this Letter again calls attention to what is said of it in the Advertisement:

'In the Author's own edition, three fourths of this last Letter are omitted, but in this present edition all the omissions are restored to their proper places.'

The same information is conveyed, for the third time, in a *note* appended to the Title of the Letter itself.

'In the Author's own edition, nearly twelve pages of the above Letter are omitted. In this edition the whole extract is given, as it was originally presented to the Supporters of the Bill of Rights. The passages marked with inverted commas are those in the Author's edition. The passages not marked are the parts of the Letter now again restored to their proper places.'

After the 'Contents to Volume First,' the work commences with the Half Title:

'*Letters of Junius, &c.*; Letter I. To the Printer of the Public Advertiser, 21 January, 1669: Sir, The submission,' &c.

Thus there are three different Titles given to the work: *The Letters of the celebrated Junius; The celebrated Letters of Junius;* and *The Letters of Junius.* These irregularities are perhaps owing to the want of the editor's last revision.

The question to be solved is, Who was the editor of this extraordinary work? As the author of *Junius Identified*, I was naturally

inclined to fix on Sir Philip Francis, if there were no impediments in the way. I cannot find any. He went out to India in the spring of 1774, and he arrived in England in October, 1781. There was ample time for him to prepare this edition for the press, and to have it printed in the year 1783. Whoever the editor might be, it is very evident that he considered himself as much entitled to make free with the work as if he were the author; and who was more likely to have taken these liberties than Sir Philip Francis? I am now alluding only to those sweeping alterations which I have been describing. But if it can be shown that Sir Philip did actually make corrections and emendations in a copy of *Junius*, and that this copy belonged to the same edition with that which we are now considering, it will go far, I think, to prove that he was both the editor and the author of the work. The following extract from a note by Mr. Bohn, giving an account of the sale of Sir Philip Francis's library, Feb. 3, 1838, is of service as supplying the information of which we are in search:

'Among the lots which more particularly concern the present inquiry were several different editions of *Junius's Letters*, and some of the printed inquiries as to their authorship. These sold for rather high prices, as the following quotations will show:

'416. Junius's Letters, 2 vols., with some MS. corrections of the text, and notes by Sir Philip Francis. In calf. 1783. 12*l.* 12*s.* Armstrong.'

'417. Junius's Letters, with notes by Heron, 2 vols., with some MS. notes and corrections of the text, by Sir P. Francis. 1804. 2*l.* 2*s.* Armstrong.'

'421. Junius. A collection of the Letters of Atticus, Lucius, and Junius; with MS. notes and corrections, and blanks filled up by Sir Philip Francis. 1769. And other tracts in the volume. 3*l.* 5*s.* Armstrong.'

'These and most of the other annotated books were bought, under the pseudonyme of Armstrong, for Mr. H. R. Francis (grandson of Sir Philip), then master of a Grammar School at Kingston-upon-Hull, in whose possession they still are.'—Wade's *Junius*, vol. ii. p. 86.

I have omitted in the above list those books mentioned by Mr. Bohn which had no immediate connexion with our present subject.

Thus, by another chain of evidence wholly unlooked for, and totally different from all that was produced in *Junius Identified*, we are again led to the conclusion that Sir Philip Francis was the author of *Junius's Letters*.

JOHN TAYLOR.

Francis brought with him to England a special remnant of his long-enduring quarrel with the East India Company, in the shape of a pecuniary 'grievance.' He claimed of that body his salary as councillor from January 1, 1781 (about the period of his leaving India), to October 18, 1781, when he arrived in England; on the ground, apparently, that he remained a councillor during that time. 'I neither resigned,' he says, 'nor was removed.' It is difficult to say under what category he classed his abdication. The directors may have had reason on their side in resisting his claim, but hardly for their extraordinary conduct in only coming 'to the unanimous resolution of not complying with his request' on April 29, 1789, eight years after his return. Either there was some personal vindictiveness concerned in this, or the directors in those days conducted their affairs with the deliberation of the patriarchal times.

After his return, Francis continued for a few years his habit of entering in his folio letter-books copies of his correspondence with friends in India, and with others concerned in Indian affairs. This he evidently regarded as the remaining business of his life. But he ceased to keep any record of other letters, received or written; nor did he keep any journal, so far as is known, or leave behind him any other contributions to his autobiography. Here, therefore, though little more than midway in his career of life, the task of the memoir writer becomes vague and unsatisfactory, from want of adequate material. I can do no more than combine the leading facts of his public life with the scattered 'reminiscences' of Lady Francis.

He returned to his new home in Harley Street, and to the society of his family. Before his Indian expedition he had been, as we have seen, a very domestic man in his habits; and he returned to those habits, disastrous as the separation had been, with every appearance of content.

Of and to his wife he speaks in the terms of the old familiar and playful confidence; but her delicate health and secluded habits evidently made her no companion for him in the outer world. But he was passionately attached to his children: his boy now at Harrow, and who shortly proceeded to Cambridge; his daughters, or 'younger sisters,' as he sometimes jocosely calls them, now growing one by one into womanhood, and, according to tradition, possessing no common amount of beauty and intelligence. Unhappily the feebleness of constitution which characterised his family, and caused him in later life so much of domestic sorrow, began very early to involve his household in the heavy cloud of constantly recurring anxiety. Already in 1786 we find him making his first trip to Nice, in consequence of apprehensions for one of his daughters.

He estimates his income, three years after his establishment in England, by which time his scattered Indian property was all realised, at upwards of 3,000*l.* a year, and declares that even with the 'strictest economy,' he finds it difficult to live on that sum in London according to his needs. We have seen that a considerable portion of this was acquired, not by saving from salary, but through singular success at cards. And when we compare this moderate accumulation with the Indian fortunes of that day—with the 160,000*l.*, for instance, which Sir Thomas Rumbold, as was alleged in parliament, remitted home in three years' government of Madras, with a salary hardly exceeding that of Francis—we are bound to do the latter the justice of allowing that, in an age and country of corruption, and with every opportunity for enriching himself at the expense of the Indian public, he preserved his hands and his conscience clean.[1]

[1] The only imputation which I have found against him in pecuniary matters worthy even of being mentioned, is that he and his colleagues, Clave-

Francis, like many other patriots of the indignant turn, had very little confidence in the stability of British institutions. He interdicted his trustees from investment in the funds, and made them look out for landed security. He laid out a good deal in mortgage on West India estates; which, it is to be feared, proved ultimately a disadvantageous proceeding.

I now subjoin a few letters of this period, chiefly written to old friends whom he had left in India.

To Sir John Day.

London, November 24, 1781.

I beg you will tell Lady Day that I took special care of her parcel for the Queen, and brought it on shore with me in a cutter, in which I had the pleasure of travelling forty miles in the dead of night, and which landed me at last at Dover, on October 19. I sent the parcel next morning, as directed. Mr. Ramus was at Windsor, and I have not seen him; but Mrs. Ramus sent me a very obliging message. When I had the honour of being presented to the Queen, on the 25th of last month, I told her Majesty what I had done. She said she had not received it, but honoured me with many thanks, &c. You must know I was told by everybody that the Queen was the politest woman in Europe (N.B. they know nothing of the politeness of Asia or St. Helena), and I declare I think so; at least it has not fallen to *my* lot to see anything comparable to the gracefulness, affability, and dignity with which she expressed herself to me and to everybody. In addition to all which, I did not know there had been so many diamonds in the world as her Majesty was covered with. I had the honour of a most gracious reception from the King a day before. They say it was distinguished. Having paid my duty at St. James's and my visit to my Lord North, I have literally sought no man, except my own particular friends. Indeed, there are very few people in town. The honourable Court of Directors have shown no sign of life; but they know that *I* am alive, and, as long as they know that, I think they will not quarrel with me. When you read my letter to them of October 12, 1780, you will not wonder that they are not

ring and Monson, having drawn their salaries at two shillings the rupee, 'insisted that the same money should be received back into the Treasury for bills on the Company at the enhanced value of two shillings and a penny.' So says Captain Joseph Price, of whose pamphleteering attacks on Francis—who, we know, had given him cause for enmity—we here take leave.

passionately fond of my company. Let me now congratulate you on your victory over the supreme Court of Judicature. I do assure you it is much more complete than it appears to be, even by the late bill, though that is pretty well. Nundcomar is returned, and, like Cæsar's ghost with Ate by his side, is now raging for revenge. Depend upon it, the inquiries in parliament will not stop with Sir Thomas Rumbold, or the judges. Your packets were sent immediately to Lord Mansfield and Lord Bathurst; but I have heard nothing of them. I beg you will present my best respects to Lady Day, and compliments and best wishes to your brother. I am quite crazy with receiving and paying visits.

I am, dear Sir,

Your most obedient and most faithful humble servant,

P. Francis.

Observe that this letter is only for the private *ear* of Lady Day and yourself (you understood Irish, and can explain the expression), and not to be published by Hickey.

Mrs. Edmund Burke to Mr. Francis.

December 6, 1781.

Mrs. Burke presents her compliments to Mr. Francis; she would have returned him a thousand thanks for having made her as fine as an *Eastern Queen*, but that she waited to do it in person, which a heavy cold has prevented. She now begs he will permit her to say that she is infinitely obliged to him for his very obliging and kind remembrance of her.

Charles Street.

To Sir Robert Chambers, at Calcutta.

London, December 27, 1781.

My dear Friend,—On the 24th of last month, I wrote to you very fully overland; also to Mr. Hay by the Trial Pacquet; and now again to Mr. Wheler. They are to show you so much of my letters to them as have a relation to your affairs. It is not in my power to write more; nor could I add anything to what I have already said. I hope it will arrive in time, and make the impression it ought to do. Notwithstanding anything Impey may tell you to the contrary, be assured from *me* that, except Mr. Dunning, the Supreme Court have not a friend or approver even in Westminster Hall. The Chancellor will either give up or certainly not defend Impey. He is a condemned man. There is no power that either can or is inclined to save him, from public disgrace at the least. The friends of Hastings have tried every artifice to make it be believed that you were implicated by accepting a post of profit in the police; but I

have cleared you completely up to the end of last year, and it stands rather better than if you had been so charged. Mr. Wheler will tell you the particulars.

If there be faith in men, these inquiries will go to every thing done in Bengal and at Bombay, as well as on the coast; and if there be justice on earth, some criminals will be punished. But, alas! will this or any other remedy save the patient from death? With respect to *your* interests, you may rest assured that I will be alert in my attention to them. But you must be aiding and assisting to them yourself. Hyde is despised in the same degree in which Impey is execrated. *You* must stand clear and wide of both. Sir John Day hangs but by a thread. You see how he is degraded by the orders from hence. Many who censure the court are far from approving of *his* conduct or admiring his learning.

I flatter myself Mr. and Mrs. Wilton will give you a good account of us. As soon as the present hurry is a little over, we intend to be special neighbours to those good folks. Mrs. Francis joins me in hearty good wishes to Lady Chambers and you. Believe me, ever most faithfully and affectionately,

Yours,

P. Francis.

I have printed the next letter nearly at length, as a specimen of the peculiar numerical cypher in which Francis sometimes wrote, and of which (in the copies entered in his letter-book) he sometimes interlines the explanation. The character of Major Scott—the very singular agent whom Hastings chose to represent him in the most critical period of his life—is curious.

London, January 17, 1782.

Dear Ducarel,—I have written to you by Mr. Dunkin, who went overland, and by the Trial Pacquet; I have also written as fully as possible to 29, who will show you my letters, to which I have nothing to add. Your letter of January 6, 1781, is received. 64 57 15 26 32 63 75 56 73 9 34 84 42 7 95 46 1 57 28 13 37 19 115 52. The solid contents have not been thrown away. It appears to me impossible that Mr. Hastings can stand it much longer; but we have seen the *impossible* happen oftener than it ought to do. Impey 23 will certainly be demolished, and, I think, with public disgrace. If Major Scott be no better instructed at the next meetings of the committees than he was at the last, he will do his

constituent more harm than good. Au reste, rien de plus heureux que l'arrivée de ce garçon. De la façon dont il s'est annoncé d'abord, il paroissoit tomber des nues exprès pour rendre témoignage sans réplique contre la conduite de ceux qu'il représente. A force d'argent, s'il en est bien pourvu, il peut parvenir; pour le présent, tout le monde s'en moque. Il faut avouer qu'il n'est pas le premier des hommes, et encore moins un second Macleane. Il n'est pas de ce calibre-là. Madam your mother and I are actually in a state of high vigorous correspondence. For want of better employment, she opens her heart to *me;* but I advise *you* not to let her break yours. You know how women feel, even in trifles, and how they express themselves. At least I know it, if you do not; and therefore seldom regard what they say. . . .

By all that's extravagant, Lacam is alive, and likely to exist for many years longer. This fellow's perseverance has made me believe firmly in the immortality of the body. Your agent, Touchet, is very diligent and capable; he has done wonders. I shall send you all the pamphlets I can pick up about Indian affairs. Hastings and Barwell, or they who act for them, have had all the newspapers in their pay for a year past, and the press in every sense at their command. You may judge how charmingly I have been abused; and now that I am on the spot to defend myself or retaliate, they profess wonderful candour and moderation. You will be delighted to read my examination before the select committee, and still more that of Mr. Shakespeare. Between us Impey and Barwell 23 & 31 are fairly made as black as the devil. Mais ce qui a réjoui tout le monde, c'est ce charmant Monsieur Scott, qui vient tout à propos pour éclaircir ce qu'il y avoit encore de douteux dans l'histoire de ces messieurs et du Gouverneur-Général. Ecoutez, mon ami, je m'en vais vous consoler comme il faut. En cas qu'il arrive des changemens chez vous, je parie dix contre un que vous aurez le bonheur de posséder un gouverneur écossais 108 27 64 20 13 72 96 26 1; ainsi vous n'avez qu'à choisir. Quant à moi, 119, c'est une chose décidée. Il n'y a pas de puissance humaine qui pourroit le renvoyer là-bas. Once more and again I say, take care of the money I left in that cursed treasury. Would to Heaven I had invested it in diamonds! The smaller sort have sold amazingly. I was obliged to cut two of those which I received from Charles Grant on my own account, as nobody would buy them. They have turned out tolerably well. I pray you to take every opportunity of sending me a few muslin handkerchiefs, of the sort made by Mr. Blaquiere at Santipore. I shall consider any man as my true friend who supplies me with those

handkerchiefs, and I want nothing else. If they are left loose among any gentleman's linen, there is no danger of their being seized. The Court of Directors Hastings, 22 is devoted to 17, and I am in great hopes will go the devil with him. You cannot imagine in what contempt and abhorrence, 9 48 16 39 47 95 99 1 60 37 41 65, that court is held.

Mr. Sulivan will be out of the Direction next year, and I am grievously mistaken if he ever gets in again. The conversation between him and me at my house, on November 13 last, was full as curious as that which you remember to have happened at Sir John Day's on April 6, 1779, between Major Baggs and Sir Eyre Coote, and much in the same style. A third of the kind is not to be met with in history. . . .

But for the demolition of the supreme court of Judicature, we should have no consolation in this transitory life. Mr. Francis 119 has powerful and very professing friends in all parties. But, what is much better, he cares not a farthing for any of them. Chambers 112 is very low indeed. As for the King, Parliament, the Company, 79, 21, 12 the Court of Directors, Lord North, 22 11; 120 121, and every other great person I can think of, suffice it to say that there is no example in history or experience of such exalted virtue, nor of any nation in so prosperous a situation as England.

Understand this in the extremity, and you may have a faint conception of men and things. I swear to you the truth is incredible, therefore why should you believe it? Adieu.

P. F.

To conclude. Everything that could be done by one human creature to support a cause, has been done by me from the day of my arrival in England. It cannot be very long before I see the final effect of my endeavours. Even now, I very much fear that Mr. Robinson is at his old game with Sulivan, and that Lord North will be drawn in to support Hastings. The wind here shifts every day. Before the fleet sails I shall probably know the final determination of your government. And so farewell for the present.

Yours ever,

P. FRANCIS.

You are not to show my letters to anybody but Mr. Wheler and Sir Robert Chambers.*

* Bristow, Shee, Livius, and Ducarel, are called by Hastings 'the lees of Mr. Francis.' Letter to Scott, April 28, 1781.

The next fragment is only inserted on account of the singularly high character which it contains of Thomas Pitt (Lord Camelford), Chatham's nephew.

Francis to Wheler.

January 18, 1782.

It will give you pleasure to hear that Mr. Thomas Pitt, to whom for many years I have had the warmest attachment, has lately spoken of you to me with expressions of the greatest regard and esteem. Since the death of his uncle I doubt whether England can boast of so great a man as Mr. Pitt. I am sure there are few so virtuous.

To Mrs. Francis.

Bocket,[1] October 21, 1782.

My dearest Betsy,—I arrived at this charming place on Monday at noon. The human person cannot be better provided for than it is here; not even at Mr. Ellis's. Here are Lord and Lady Lincoln, Lord Huntingdon, Bishop of Salisbury, Mrs. Barrington, and various others. Considering the company I keep, you must not wonder if you find me extravagantly polite when I return. Among other improvements in my behaviour, I resist all manner of temptations to go to sleep after dinner; or if I am not quite awake, I sleep with my eyes open, which does as well. I have just linen enough to keep me clean till Sunday;—I shall probably lie at Isleworth on Monday, and be in town the next day. My compliments to the ladies.

Yours, yours,

P. F.

Edmund Burke to Francis.

February 8, 1783.

Dear Sir,—I think to go out of town for a day, finding myself faint and unstrung. I wish to see you as early as you please for half an hour. I am really ashamed of the troublesome liberties I take.

I am ever yours sincerely,

E. Burke.

Could you prevail on Mr. Harwood to come with you to breakfast? Quarter of an hour's discourse might save him much trouble in his examination. He may come in his beard, as he is. You will once more, and he will be so good to, excuse the freedom of this request.

[1] The seat of Lord Barrington, in Berkshire.

The next letter (to his wife) notifies a visit to Spa. Lady Francis, it will be remembered, suggests a reason for it.

Spa, August 19, 1783.

My dearest Betsy,—I take this to be Tuesday, for Heaven knows I have completely lost my chronology. On Friday morning I set out for Maestricht, and thence to Brussels. So that, barring accidents, and allowing five or six days for loitering in the way, you may expect to see me about the 7th of next month. Nothing but sheer love and kindness could carry me away so soon; for as to this place, there is no such thing as being tired of it. Pray tell Governor Pownal that I have never heard a word from the printer; but that I shall certainly call on him and on Abbé Mann, and do all that depends on *me*. At the same time I expect no good from Monsieur Flon, who seems to want common good manners. As for news and scandal, you must wait till you see me. The benefit I have received from this residence in point of health, spirits, and fat, is very distinguished indeed, and forms the admiration of Spa!

Tell the dear girls, my younger sisters, that I never can, will, may, might, would, could or should forget them, and that I am theirs in all times and tenses, moods and conjugations. And so, ma charmante famille, portez-vous bien, amusez-vous bien, et souvenez-vous toujours que vous avez ici votre très-cher petit papa, qui prend les eaux, et qui ne se meurt pas de tristesse.

Yours, yours, yours, yours,

P. F.

A scrap to his wife on another short visit to Paris may be inserted here:—

Paris, September 7, 1784.

My dearest Betsy,—If you pass your time half as well as I do, you have no reason to complain. The weather is particularly fortunate, and at present that's half the battle. . . . I know not what to add, but that I enjoy a brilliant state of health, and that a day at Paris seems to consist of no more than twelve hours. Judge then whether it be possible for me to send you a homily in a letter. Madame de Saint-Albin, the prettiest woman in England when she arrives there, serves me for a messenger. 'Comment! une lettre à votre femme! ah, voilà du nouveau! Laissez-moi la porter, je vous en prie. C'est pour la première fois de ma vie. Mon cher, vous êtes unique; il n'y a point de maris comme vous.' So, she shall have my letter, and by this time all France knows what a

marvellous husband you have got. Oh Lord, I wish I could carry the infantry to-night to a new play here called 'Les Noces de Figaro': never saw the like in all my life! Ducarel has found his uncle and aunt, or rather they have found him. He was forced to get on a chair to put his arm round his uncle's neck; and he has worn my blue box to rags to keep his feet from dangling in the chaise. And so, ma chère moitié, je vous embrasse.

During these early years after Francis's return, he evidently took an active part in advising and informing those English politicians who were busily engaged in conducting the movement against Hastings and the Company. It is necessary to give in a few words the summary of their proceedings, so as to throw light on the conduct of Francis, and this cannot be better done than by borrowing those of Macaulay in his essay on Warren Hastings:

'Towards the close of the American war, two committees of the House of Commons sat on Indian affairs. In one Edmund Burke took the lead. The other was under the presidency of Henry Dundas, then Lord Advocate of Scotland. Great as are the changes which during the last sixty years have taken place in our Asiatic dominions, the reports which those committees laid on the table of the House will still be found most interesting and instructive.

'There was as yet no connection between the Company and either of the great parties in the State. The ministers had no motive to defend Indian abuses. On the contrary, it was for their interest to show, if possible, that the government and patronage of our oriental empire might with advantage be transferred to themselves. The votes, therefore, which, in consequence of the reports made by the two committees, were passed by the Commons, breathed the spirit of stern and indignant justice. The severest epithets were applied to several of the measures of Hastings, especially to the Rohilla war, and it was resolved, on the motion of Mr. Dundas, that the Company

ought to recall a Governor-general who had brought such calamities on the Indian people and such dishonour on the British name. An act was passed for limiting the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court. The bargain which Hastings had made with the Chief Justice was condemned in the strongest terms. . . . . Impey was recalled by a letter from the Secretary of State. But the proprietors of India stock refused to dismiss Hastings from their service, saying, what was undoubtedly true, that they were entrusted by law with the right of naming and removing their Governor-generals, and that they were not bound to obey the directions of a single branch of the legislature with respect to such nomination or removal. Thus supported by his employers, Hastings remained at the head of the government of Bengal till the spring of 1785. His administration, so eventful and stormy, closed in almost perfect quiet.'

In this interval Fox had introduced his famous India Bill of 1783, a measure in which he was supported and prompted by Burke. It produced the overthrow of the Coalition Government. A new general election took place in April 1784. Francis's early aspirations after a seat in Parliament are already known to the reader, and the careful manner in which, in 1773, he laid his plans for ultimately attaining one through the testamentary disposition of Calcraft. But times were changed. The Parliamentary interest of that distinguished borough-holder had not survived him. Francis obtained a seat for Yarmouth, in the Isle of Wight. In whose patronage this little place then was I have not discovered; but from the complaints which Francis occasionally makes of the expense of his elections, I infer that, like other nabobs, as all returned Indians were then called, his seat was of the nature of a pocket borough. He enrolled himself at once on the

side of the opposition, then led in the Commons by Charles Fox. His introduction to the House had been heralded just before by the eulogium of Burke, which, well known as it is, requires insertion here:

'On the other hand, consider the fate of those who have met with the applauses of the Directors. Colonel Monson, one of the best of men, had his days shortened by the applauses, destitute of the support, of the Company. General Clavering, whose panegyric was made in every despatch from England, whose hearse was bedewed with the tears and hung round with eulogies of the Court of Directors, burst an honest and indignant heart at the treachery of those who ruined him by their praises. Uncommon patience and temper supported Mr. Francis a while longer under the baneful influence of the commendation of the Court of Directors: his health, however, gave way at length, and in utter despair he returned to Europe; at his return the doors of the India House were shut to this man, who had been the object of their constant admiration. He has indeed escaped with life, but he has forfeited all expectation of credit, consequence, party, and following. He may well say—

'Me nemo ministro
Fur erit, atque ideò nulli comes exeo.

'This man, whose deep reach of thought, whose large legislative conceptions, and whose grand plans of policy make the most shining part of our reports, from whence we have all learned our lessons, if we have learned any good ones; this man, from whose materials those gentlemen who have least acknowledged it have yet spoken as from a brief; this man, driven from his employment, discountenanced by the Directors, has had no other reward and no other distinction but that inward "*sunshine of the*

soul" which a good conscience can always bestow on itself. He has not yet had so much as a good word, but from a person too insignificant to make any other return for the means with which he has been furnished, for performing his share of a duty which is equally urgent on us all.'—(On Fox's bill, December 1, 1783.)

I insert here, as bearing on the events of this particular period, one of several letters received by Francis from a singular counsellor and intimate friend—his old schoolfellow Rosenhagen, the army chaplain, of whom more will be said presently. It will be remembered that his name is on the list of the supposed authors of Junius. At this time his convivial talents had made him popular, it is said, in the circle of the young Prince of Wales. He seems, however, to evince Pittite tendencies.

January 26, 1784.

Dear Francis,—I am infinitely obliged to you for Mr. Burke's speech. It would serve to confirm me (if I could waver on those points) in my old opinion of his unwearied industry, of the force of his genius, and the goodness of his heart. But, with his permission, I must go a step beyond him. His collective picture of Indian horrors subjugates the understanding as well as the feelings; and, in his hands, the argument *à posteriori* becomes equivalent to demonstration. But my mind has always carried me farther. I have ever considered the East Indian Company as disfranchised beforehand, by the eternal law of God and nature, from the exercise of *sovereign power*, however conveyed by charters (of which fact I doubt) or connived at by subsequent acts of Parliament. With respect to the latter, let it be remembered (*en passant*) that those statutes passed amidst the infamies of North's administration. Trembling for his head, he was afraid to look a *sound principle* in the face: subsisting by corruption, he had an interest in supporting the worst effects of a bad principle. But to return. I have always been of opinion that a corporation composed of traders of various denominations, and instituted merely for mercantile purposes, *must* be a scoundrel from its very frame. Let the kings of France multiply edicts upon edicts, trade (however I may agree with Mr. Burke as to the characters of individual traders) *cannot* be honour-

able, generally speaking. *Here again* you may 'differ from me widely.' But you will at least admit that the sovereignty of the East India Company dropped upon them by surprise, and has increased to a degree that it never was in the contemplation of any charter to admit or confirm. But these charters of the company certainly gave them *something*. Yes, says Mr. Burke, they gave them a *monopoly*; which monopoly, says he, though it affects not the form, yet invalidates the substantial merits of the charters. I express myself hastily—I mean such merits as would entitle their claims to the description of 'the chartered rights of man.' After this declaration, it is astonishing to observe that the only part of the charter which the bill he defends leaves untouched, is this very monopoly—the monopoly of trade, I mean; for the monopoly of commercial control, and indeed every shadow of control, is absolutely removed from the trader. To return once more. These rights of sovereignty, *transferred* to a commission composed of members of Parliament under the appointment of Parliament, are not *taken* from the crown; they are taken from the company. Admitted. They have been suffered, unconstitutionally and fatally, to remain in the company, because a scoundrel administration (whose cowardly conscience flew in its face) subsisting solely by the influence of the Crown, was terrified at the apprehension of the outcries which the assumption of these rights on the part of the Crown might have occasioned. By the constitution of this country, they *belonged* to the Crown. If they were obscurely ceded to the Company by any charter, they were unconstitutionally ceded. If the Crown grows too powerful for the constitution, attack it in form, or counterbalance its influence by adding weight to the scale of the people, restore the integrity of the representation: or, if you cavil at the word restore, create it. But I cannot consent to transfer or to give sovereign power to a party, most of whom have publicly opposed, and all of whom, as I believe, are enemies in their hearts to, every mode of Parliamentary reformation. You recur to the precedent of 1688. I love that precedent from my soul. But before the whole of the precedent will answer the purpose of your argument, you must convert the party which means to usurp and appropriate to itself the casting weight of Indian influence, into a National Party, an attempt which will baffle all your abilities while the code of Rockingham politics remains on record, and while these politics are melted into North's. After all, *do manus*. When I review Mr. Burke's picture of India, I am ready to sacrifice every consideration of party, and indeed *every* object that entered into the contemplation of Guy Fawkes, in order to make some compensation to humankind

for the horrors that have been perpetrated there under the name and auspices of an English government. I say compensation, for reparation, I fear, is impracticable. I doubt we have infected everything that has come in contact with us, and that the extirpation of entire and important classes of man has struck at the character of the country. But to conclude. Admitting all *your* principles, I reprobate the composition of your commission. Lewisham, North and Elliot were born, and have been drenched through life in the sink of corruption. Let Heaven take to itself poor Fletcher or Gregory, and the K— will clap in a man after his own heart. Then what will become of *your* plan of reformation? It will be given into the hands of men—fit to succeed Lord North. You will say that Pitt's bill exposes us to the same risk in the first instance. I know nothing of the principle nor the provisions of that bill. I am no advocate for the man nor for his present conduct. I said in my last, or I meant to say, that *he* was the *sole* obstacle in the way of a dissolution. I intended not to go much farther: although I believe that his apology for himself, when it appears, will surprise you. I abhor secret influence as much as any man, and I detest those who submit to be the tools of it. I think it will turn out, strong as appearances are against him, that Pitt is not one of those tools. As to a dissolution, I persist in thinking it would rather be dangerous, as tending to confirm dangerous precedents, than dangerous in the instance. With regard to charters, doubtless they may be forfeited by corporate bodies, in the same manner as an individual may forfeit his life, or a king his crown. But I cannot consent that Bradshaw should bully, or Jeffries taunt, or Attorney Lee crack jokes on such topics.

I must confess after all that I have little recollection of the charter of the East India Company, and I wish you would send me a copy of one. Adieu. I dare not stir out in this weather, my physician absolutely forbids it; which almost breaks my heart.

Yours,

PH. R.

If I had strength to methodise what I have said I should confute you to my own satisfaction. But I beg of you not to believe that all I have said, or any part of it, implies a predilection for any party. The calm and deliberate result of my reflections on this subject is a fixed detestation of all the parties and of most individuals to be met with in this country.

I receive frequent letters from A—y, all pressing my return to town, but none of them containing anything specific. I am per-

suaded that Pitt would readily promise the first *living* that should fall within distance of me. But I want a *dignity*. What think you?

Francis seems to have addressed the House for the first time on July 2, 1784, in a debate concerning the financial affairs of the East India Company. In ending his speech, he said that he wished to guard himself against two sorts of misconstructions: the first, that he was an enemy to the Company. To the 'Court of Directors,' he said, 'I neither owe nor profess any gratitude, although, for six years together, they constantly and highly approved my conduct. I owe them no obligation for empty promises of support and barren praises, pure and unmixed, as I have always found them, with any serious proof of their approbation. . . . . Neither do I profess any special devotion to the Court of Proprietors: I mean to the power that has generally preponderated in that court. They have almost uniformly supported the persons and measures which I have uniformly opposed. But there is a third class of persons, completely distinct from the other two, for whom I profess and feel the warmest attachment: I mean the East India Company, to whose service I owe the independence which I possess, and even the ground I stand on at this moment.' The second sort of misrepresentation, he said, against which he wished to be guarded, 'is still more of a personal nature. I should be sorry to be suspected of retaining a spark of personal animosity to Mr. Hastings. We are both, I believe, men of a temper too warm to be capable of lasting resentments. Our contest is at an end, and the hostilities it produced expired with it. Assuredly I feel no enmity to him, and I readily acquit him of harbouring any against me.' Assurances which passed, it may be feared, only at

their rhetorical worth. It is singular to note the great master of the anonymous ending his maiden speech by complaining 'of a letter sent to me within these few days, signed "Detector," in which I am threatened with vengeance, or with a severe inquisition into my own offences, if I dare say anything to the disadvantage of that great absent man, Mr. Hastings.' A few days afterwards he renewed the subject, in a very powerful speech against Pitt's India Bill. 'I will not,' he says to the House, 'appeal to your virtues, or suppose that you have any. If you have common sense, if, as interested men, you understand your own interest, you will treat the creatures subject to your power with lenity and justice.'

Another long speech, against the same bill as amended, followed on the 26th of the same month. It was on this occasion that Francis uttered that eloquent eulogy on Lord Chatham which has been so frequently repeated. 'Had such an attempt been made when a great man, who is now no more, had a seat in this House, he would have started from the bed of sickness, he would have solicited some friendly hand to deposit him on this floor, and from this station, with a monarch's voice, would have called the kingdom to arms to oppose it. But he is dead, and has left nothing in this world that resembles him. He is dead, and the sins, and honour, and character, and understanding, of the nation are dead with him.' This is the utterance by which Francis is commonly said to have given mortal offence to William Pitt, the minister; a report not very easy to believe, unless the expressions were pointed in some special manner at the latter so as to fix the attention of the House on him. William Pitt at five-and-twenty could hardly have attained at so exalted an opinion

of himself as to suppose himself insulted when his father was called incomparable. But the passage certainly seems to illustrate the cynical advice once given by Francis to a young member (according to an anecdote in the Edinburgh Review), 'never to praise another, except *in odium tertii*.'

It was not long afterwards, in a debate of 1787, on the commercial treaty with France, that he added some well-known sentences respecting the great deceased statesman, which seem as if in some degree intended to correct the exuberance of his former panegyric. 'He (Lord Chatham) descended from his station to take notice of mine, and he honoured me with repeated marks of his favour and protection. How warmly in return I was attached to his person, and how I have been grateful to his memory, they, who know me, know. I admired him, as a great, illustrious, faulty human being, whose character, like all the noblest works of human composition, should be determined by its excellences and not by its defects.'

As a speaker, Francis was unsuccessful; that is to say, in comparison with his powers as a writer, and with the high character which he has earned for statesman-like ability. He wanted fluency, the cardinal virtue without which oratorical success is impossible. Accustomed only to the use of the pen up to the age of five-and-forty, he had not sufficient flexibility of temperament to acquire, as others have done even at a later period of life, the great gift of parliamentary eloquence. His own theory on the subject is given by Lady Francis in her reminiscences. 'Here I may account for his not being a ready speaker in Parliament, except when roused by indignation or feeling, when he electrified the House. He accounted for it from Lord Bacon's well-

known axiom: "Reading makes a full man, writing makes an exact man, speaking makes a ready man." I had enough and too much of the two former, and none of the latter, in my youth. A vessel may be too full to part easily with its contents, and few orators are very exact men; besides, I had too much sensibility, and felt the House was against me. The House was Pitt's, and Pitt could not despise me, but he tried to make it believe he did.' I have said in my preliminary remarks that his lady adds another singular reason for his hesitation in speaking, namely, that extreme anxiety to maintain his secret made him weigh every word lest it should convict him of being Junius.

But against the common verdict passed on his powers as a speaker, it is but fair to set the honest and enthusiastic admiration of the youthful Windham, who bestowed on Francis some share of the enthusiasm which led him to worship Burke.

'It is a strong proof,' he says in his Diary,[1] 'on what cheap terms reputation for speaking is acquired, or how capricious the world is in its allotment of it to different people. There is not a speech of mine which, in comparison of one of Francis's, would, either for language or matter, bear examination for one moment, yet about my performances in that way a great fuss is made, while of his no one speaks a word.' 'Let any one,' he says again, 'remember the reception and examine the language and matter of any of Francis's speeches, and then say what the proportion is, on matters of this sort, between praise and merit. Francis's speeches are regular compositions, exhibiting in many parts great force of thought, and conceived throughout in language peculiarly elegant and energetic. I know

[1] Diary, June 1786, and April 1789.

not any one whose speeches, in respect of clearness and force of diction, can stand in competition with Francis's.'

A few words may be added, on the same side of the question, from one who seemed to be of opinion that no Whig politician or orator was duly launched who had not received a testimonial from himself—Dr. Parr:

'Though I have not much personal acquaintance with Mr. Francis, I think highly of his erudition and taste, and in the book which you have obligingly sent me I have found him doing justice to a very good cause by some very good speeches. I see in them the acuteness and precision, the perspicuity and even humorousness, the rapid marches and lively transitions which mark his best manner, with excellences which the churlish or fastidious spirit of criticism must acknowledge to be well adapted to a popular assembly. Windham is sometimes circuitous and involved, Pitt is diffuse and dissipated, Dundas is boisterous and coarse, but Francis is never obscure, never languid; I track the man of letters in every page, and I often feel, keenly indeed, but agreeably, the peculiarities of his temper. You will understand the whole of my meaning when I say that what in his conversation seems restlessness, is, in his speeches, exalted into animation. Whether or not your numbers be thinned, I cannot tell, but your phalanx, in my mind, loses much of its strength and its splendour when such steady auxiliaries as Francis and Honeywood are driven out of the ranks.'[1]

Both were no doubt in the right, from their respective

[1] Of all men who have obtained a reputation as critics, Dr. Parr was surely endowed with the smallest amount of tact and perception. The following are reasons which he gives for believing that Francis did not write Junius. 'Francis never writes anything but English, and there is gallicism in Junius. Francis is furious, but not malevolent. Francis is never cool, and Junius is seldom ardent.' (Letter quoted in Barker, p. 242.)

points of view; the detractors and the admirers. Francis's printed speeches (which he was very much in the habit of publishing in the form of pamphlets) give a pretty accurate idea of the reason why, with all their merit, they failed to captivate the House of Commons. They were no doubt singularly masculine and 'sinewy' in their fabric; 'there was no gummy flesh about them,' says one of his panegyrists. But when they were not strictly and closely business-like, they were generally didactic. He laid down proposition after proposition with the air of a professor accumulating a sorites. If the House would not endure this kind of generalisation in Burke—as we know it would not—it was still less likely to do so in the case of Francis, who had much of the discursive mind and tendency to analogical argument of Burke, but without the richness of his genius. The general cast of his eloquence, moreover, as of his mind, was sternly incisive; the background of his oratory usually sombre and severe, and only relieved, if at all, by lurid flashes of tempestuous invective.

Perhaps an adequate specimen of Francis's peculiar manner, when disengaged from personality, will be found in passages from a speech which he delivered in 1787 on the subject of Pitt's commercial treaty with France. It will be remembered that this measure was violently opposed by the Foxites; and it may be supposed that party connexion went a long way in dictating to the leading Whigs, the champions of enlightenment, the tone of strong national and anti-Gallican prejudice which they adopted on this occasion. Unless I am mistaken, this speech exhibits as much of the peculiar Junian vein of epigrammatic generalisation as any of his performances:

'But we are told that one merit of the present measure

is that it militates against many ancient prejudices. Now, supposing that the opinions in question really did deserve the name, is it clear that it would therefore be safe or prudent to eradicate such opinions? The judgment of a nation appears in its proverbs; the virtues and probably the vices of a nation appear in its prejudices. To cure a whole people of their prejudices is to efface their distinct character. There is no such thing in existence as a moral or immoral nation. The national mind is formed by circumstances external to it, not upon the internal principles. The French and English, we say, are natural enemies: not because there is any natural antipathy between them; on the contrary, no people agree better in private life. It is their relative position, their vicinity to each other that furnish a perpetual source of dispute, that make them rivals in peace as well as enemies in war. Nations which border on each other never can thoroughly agree: for this single reason, because they are neighbours. . . . With respect to the French, if peace can be preserved between us on terms of honour and security to England, who is there so mad or wicked as to refuse it? But take care that the peace be armed. As to an alliance or intimate union between the cabinets of an absolute and a limited monarchy, it is not antipathy, it is not prejudice, it is the policy, it is the wisdom, it is the experience of England which ever have and for ever should deter us from accepting it. I need not look back to the days of Agincourt and Cressy; for neither could causes so remote have operated so long, nor is a battle between hostile nations, any more than a duel between individuals, a motive for hating each other. The battle and the duel act as a crisis which kills the parties or cures the disease. It has been the deliberate policy, not the passion, of

England, in all times but those of the House of Stuart, to prefer the friendship of any distant nation to that of France. . . . . If the present patience of the House would permit me' (he concludes rather significantly), 'it would be superfluous to say more.'

In 1785 Hastings returned from India. The following letters from Francis—the first to Wheler, of whose decease, which had taken place, he had not heard, the second to Richard Tilghman, who had gone back to Calcutta, where he died in 1787—show with what interest Francis up to that time continued to regard the course of affairs in Bengal.

London, January 12, 1785.

Dear Sir,—Since I wrote to you by the Fox pacquet, which carried out General Sloper, I have seen no reason to depart from the ideas which I then threw out to you in that letter. The contest between George Vansittart and Ralph Leycester, for the succession to Mr. Hastings, if it ever was serious, has not been revived, and we have heard no more of either of them. The office is not considered as vacant, or likely to be so. Mr. Hastings seems to have no thoughts of resigning; for though in February last, when he set out for Lucknow, he wrote to the directors in a very desponding style, he seems to have recovered his spirits when he arrived there, and, as usual, promises to do wonders if he be continued in the government. How wonderfully his language is altered about his Majesty Shah Allum! I strongly suspect that he has some new mischief in his head, and that ere it be long, we shall hear of an expedition to Delhi or Bundelcund. It is not in his nature to be quiet.

There is a rumour here, for the truth of which I would by no means answer, that an accommodation is on foot between the ministry and Lord Bute, of which one of the conditions is the appointment of Lord Macartney to succeed to Bengal. But if you could prevail on Hastings to resign, you might hold the government a year or two before any appointment from hence could supersede you. I should look on that event as the salvation of India, for I know you will do right.

Poor Tilghman is to deliver you this letter. It will be a great happiness to him to see you once more, and he will communicate to you everything that I know or think about the state of affairs. I pray you, my friend, to serve him if you can. I have no other

object now in life very deeply at heart. He will tell you himself how cruelly and unjustly the directors have treated him. But I hope it will make no great difference for the present, and that things will come about again. If either my present situation in Parliament, or any other that I may hereafter be placed in, can be made useful to your service, I desire you to consider me as at all times at your disposal. Indian affairs *cannot stand as they are;* and while they are canvassed at all, it is impossible for me to avoid taking a principal share in them.

I have been and always shall be your friend and advocate to the utmost of my ability.

I have it from good authority that Mr. Pitt is to bring in another bill to amend the last, and that the operations of the Board of Control over the directors, particularly in the arrangement of the Nabob of Arcot's debts, are to be strictly canvassed. They all begin to perceive and come to acknowledge that a double government cannot govern. The directors now are compelled to sign letters written for them by others, and directly opposite to their own sentiments.

Sir E. Impey is preparing to return; but I think there will be a grievous question on that motion. Our funds are extremely low, and a war on the continent is thought to be unavoidable. I hope you will be able to keep peace in India.

With my best wishes to Mrs. Wheler, I am ever faithfully and affectionately,

Yours,

Edward Wheler, Esq. P. FRANCIS.

Take care to seal the enclosed letters before you deliver them; and so, farewell.

The letter was found enclosed in a paper containing the following endorsement in Mr. Francis's handwriting:

April 14, 1785.

Dear Tilghman,—I am just come from dinner at my neighbour Mr. Bevan's, where I have heard that the Dutton's pacquet goes to Portsmouth this night, so I take the chance of a letter by the post to tell you that we have just heard of Mr. Wheler's death by a letter overland from Mr. Hastings. I lament his loss for his own sake, and I feel it very sensibly for yours. However, keep up your spirits. You know there are people here who will stand by you in all extremities. If ever there be a change, all the interest I may gain by it shall be exerted for you. If you keep your health, I have

no doubt of your success. If not, come away directly. Better live anywhere than die in Bengal.

The House list has carried it. Major Scott is thrown out, and I am assured never can have the smallest chance again. You will certainly find Mr. H. in Bengal. But I conclude he will not stay when he hears of Lord Macartney's appointment.

This country is in a flame against Mr. Pitt's plan of commercial settlement with Ireland, and I think he is in a fair way to be as unpopular as ever Fox was.

All your friends in this town are well. Your brother is a great prince. The Reform is to come on next Monday; but I understand it is to be thrown out with disgrace.

Yours always,

P. F.

You know the directors have reinstated you in your rank in their service.

London, June 8, 1785.

My dear Tilghman,—If I have anything material to say to you which at present does not occur to me, I must reserve it for the first ship of the ensuing season, for God knows how or when this may reach you. I have recommended you to Lord Macartney, through Mr. Staunton, in a way which he assures me will be effectual, at least to secure his goodwill to you. You must cultivate (*sic*) with Mr. Staunton, who, on his part, promises everything I could ask. Major Scott tells me he expects Mr. Hastings home in a month or six weeks. He says, too, that it was reported at the Cape that Lord Macartney was preparing to come to England, but I do not give implicit credit to either of these stories. In a few days I set out for Paris, perfectly weary of Parliament. Tell Bristow that I have received all his papers and studied them, but have had no opportunity to write since they arrived. I do not think that his business will be taken up here at all. It will depend wholly on Lord Macartney to do him justice. If any question arises I shall do my part. All here are well.

Yours ever.

Pray tell Sir John Day that I shall answer his letter by the first opportunity. If he has really been obliged to refund, I shall think his case singular.

The last years of the administration of Hastings had been triumphant. He came to find the authorities of the India House prepared to receive him with open arms; the king recovered from that inclination towards Indian

reform which had infected him at an early period of his reign, and disposed, through hatred of Fox and the opposition in general, to look favourably on any one who was the object of their invective; society, in England, ready, by a great majority, to worship the conqueror, and to condone, or overlook, the offences through which he had achieved his victories. But Pitt was cold and doubtful. He is reported to have set himself absolutely against the proposal to raise Hastings to the peerage on his return. And while the disposition of the great chief was thus uncertain, a band of the ablest debaters in the House were preparing to attack him with all the vigour and determination of politicians who believe themselves to have at once a just cause, and one which, if successfully maintained, is likely to raise their party and establish their own reputation. Francis was the soul of this combination. It was he who furnished fresh and fresh, from the stores of his Indian memory and his implacable spirit, the accusations which were accumulating around the head of the devoted governor-general.

'The charges brought forward by Mr. Burke against Mr. Hastings were on those subjects which had been matter of discussion between Mr. Francis and Mr. Hastings, while the former gentleman was in India; the impeachment of Mr. Hastings was a continuation of Mr. Francis's opposition to Mr. Hastings's government. I believe I am correct in this statement. All the materials for the twenty-two charges brought forward by Mr. Burke were furnished by Mr. Francis; and Mr. Burke had sufficient influence to prevail on Mr. Fox to support the charges with the whole strength of opposition. Mr. Francis was a man of considerable abilities. He was a very superior classical scholar, and he was capable of laborious application. Strong resentment was a leading

feature in his character. I have heard him avow this sentiment more openly and more explicitly than I ever heard any other man avow it in the whole course of my life.'[1]

'Of all Hastings's enemies,' says another contemporary, 'Francis might be justly deemed the most inveterate and implacable. He was likewise the most formidable, not only from his local knowledge obtained while on the spot, but from the composition of his mind. Unlike Burke, Francis's hatred, cool, sagacious, and controlled by his judgment, enabled him to direct his weapon with malignant skill. Burke's rancour exhausted itself in a torrent of invective, always decorated with classic allusions, frequently illustrated by wit and humour. Francis, like Junius, tore his victim with deliberate, scientific ability, was rarely carried away by passion, preserved his enmity ever fresh, laboured with unceasing perseverance, and made his hostility felt by deeds still more than by words. Such was the different formation of the two men.'[2]

'To Hastings,' says the writer in the 'Calcutta Review' already so often quoted, 'everything was new and strange: he stood alone and unpractised to contend against a number of expert assailants. When he called in an ally, he made the great mistake of his life. What he required as an associate, was a skilful tactician, of eloquent address, of rapid execution, one admirably cunning of fence, versed in all the ways of parliamentary warfare, and enjoying the reputation of a gifted and high-minded man. Instead of this, he called in a lumbering blockhead whose only weight was the weight of his own stolidity, who blundered and prosed, wrote long letters in the papers, and made dull speeches in the House; who

[1] Nicholl's 'Recollections and Reflections,' i. 280.
[2] Wraxall, Memoirs, ii. 260.

was sometimes abusive without point and energetic without impressiveness; who occasionally stumbled upon a happy thought by chance, but did not know what to do with it; who wearied the House without serving his master, and did all that human dulness could do to show how deplorably Hastings had committed himself by selecting so very obtuse a personage for the performance of so delicate a duty. Against the eloquence of Burke, the legal acuteness of Lawrence, and the untiring energy of Philip Francis, Hastings set up the profound stupidity of Major Scott.'

For a long time, however, the prospects of the framers of 'articles of impeachment' were far from bright. Although Pitt took up the cause of Hastings with no warmth, yet he did espouse it; compact majorities accordingly negatived several articles, and some of the boldest Indian reformers of former years, such as Dundas, contrived to accommodate their new zeal in favour of Hastings with their old creed. So things went on, until the extraordinary change of resolution on the part of Pitt, which declared itself on the so-called 'Benares Charge' (in June, 1786), entirely altered the aspect of the game. It remains to this day one of the most unaccountable passages in the career of the great statesman that he, who had passed over in silence, and allowed his followers to defend, what Mr. Massey too truly terms in his History (ch. 29) 'the transcendant infamy of the Rohilla War, which casts a shade over the many other iniquities of Hastings, glaring as they were,' should have taken his stand on the far less profligate Benares affair, and that only as to a comparatively unimportant point, for Pitt only maintained that a fine inflicted by Hastings on Cheyt Singh was exorbitant in amount, not that it was unjust. It is in truth one of the unexplained mysteries in

the history of English political warfare. But the solution most honourable to Pitt was probably the true one. He was reluctant to separate himself from the party of the Court and of the India House, and to aid in the designs of his own personal enemies. But a strong sense of the real gravity of the case against Hastings grew in his mind as the accusation proceeded; and he changed his ground, as men who have long reluctantly taken the worse part are apt to do at last, on an occasion which hardly justified the move.

The tide now turned against Hastings. The minorities of his assailants were turned into triumphant majorities. Charge after charge was adopted, and finally the great measure of impeachment was resolved on. But when the list of managers of the impeachment was under debate, the name of Francis was excluded (April 1787) by a majority of 96 to 44. Burke endeavoured, in vain, to procure this vote to be rescinded. It was confirmed, in December of the same year, by a majority of 97 against 23.

If Francis had been personally more successful in the House, less haughty and supercilious in private life—for such was the character he had by this time earned—the result might perhaps have been different. The reason given in debate, however, was his personal hostility to Hastings. The propriety of the resolution was much debated then and since. It deprived the impeachment of its best-informed supporter. Many were disposed to say (with Mr. Storer, Lord Auckland's correspondent, Dec. 5, 1787), that this hostility 'would be a bar to his being a judge, but is in fact rather a recommendation for a prosecutor.' But others looked more to the substance than the technical view, and deemed that the House of Commons, in so solemn an act of prosecution, ought not to avail itself of the services of a private enemy of the

defendant. On this point, the observations of Lord Brougham ('Statesmen of the Reign of George III.') are full of weight.

Francis vindicated his character from the charges thus brought against it in some able speeches. He 'took this occasion (April 19, 1787) of vindicating his character against certain malicious injunctions which had been industriously circulated, both within and without the House, and to the effects of which he attributed the rejection of his name in the appointment of the committee the day before. It had been intimated, he said, that through the whole of his conduct in the prosecution of Mr. Hastings he had been actuated by private personal motives of hostility and hatred. In justification of himself therefore, he should beg to state to the committee the origin and ground of that hostility.' He and his colleagues, he declared, had left England with the *highest* opinion of Mr. Hastings. When they landed at Calcutta, 'they soon found their error: it was upon public grounds, as all who were acquainted with the transactions of India well knew, that their opposition to Mr. Hastings commenced, and that his had continued to the present moment.' As to the duel, he declared that 'the difference between them was not private, but public, on the ground of Mr. Hastings's injurious minute.'

Unfortunately no one can have studied the materials afforded by Francis's private memoranda and entertain the belief that 'he held the highest opinion of Mr. Hastings until he landed at Calcutta.' He seems to have left England prejudiced against him. All that can truly be said for him—and it is much—is that his vindictiveness against Hastings, although it ripened into the bitterest of personal quarrels, originated, like most of his political feelings, in what was high-minded and noble. He believed

Hastings to be an arbitrary, unscrupulous ruler and an oppressor. And if Hastings was not so, a chapter in Anglo-Indian history must be rewritten. The set-off against these weighty charges may itself be weighty; but the charges remain the same.

The following paper (which Francis would seem to have printed and circulated) may properly be inserted here. It is noticed in Mr. Parkes's preface.

'I would do much, sir, at this time, and in a cause in which I am not ashamed to own it, to court the favour of this assembly and of power; but I will not, even in these circumstances, refrain from saying that the disposition of this House, and of those who have much weight in this place and much authority in this country, towards the honourable gentleman[1] I have alluded to, does no credit to the House, to government, or to any individual to whom the observation can apply. It but ill evinces any just or sound view of the principles on which public men are to be countenanced and supported, to see every consideration which should give splendour to a character, which should excite admiration, command applause, honour, and reward, which should draw the grateful thanks and bind the hearts of his country and mankind, all yield, and fall before the most unfounded, the most petty and capricious prejudices, prejudices the most entirely personal and the least connected with any manly, rational, or honourable estimate of character; that ever disgraced the wayward choice or antipathies even of children. Sir, I do not hope to correct the vice I am lamenting, but I have a right to speak my mind of it; and, inconsiderable as I am, I know that the justice of this rebuke will give it weight. Another cause for my concern at this disposition of the House towards my honourable

[1] Mr. Francis.

friend is, that it is a heavy discouragement to the hopes of reform and of benefit to India that we should yet be so far removed from the sound and efficient principle of that reform, which I have endeavoured to show, on another occasion, consists above all in a just discrimination between merit and misconduct, and in a steady distribution at home of honour and reward to those who have done their duty abroad, as of disgrace and punishment to the disobedience and crimes of others. If the members of this House be indeed so little read in their duties, or be prepared to sacrifice their most sacred obligations to partialities which, although still, I fear, at the bottom of their hearts, are such as they are justly ashamed to avow, all I can say is, that, for one, I am determined here, in the very seat and centre of what I think this criminal disposition, to withdraw myself at least from all suspicion of partaking in its guilt. In delivering my opinion of my honourable friend, I am not so madly vain as to think it can add anything to his honours; it is not for him, sir, it is to do myself honour that I say here, what I have often said elsewhere, that of all the great and considerable men whom this country possesses, there is not one in the empire who has a claim so much beyond all question, who can show a title so thoroughly authenticated, as this gentleman, to the admiration, the thanks, the reward, the love of his country and of the world. If I am asked for proof, I say, the book of his life is open before you; it has been read, it has been examined in every line, by the diligent inquisition, the searching eye of malice and envy. Has a single blot been found? Is there one page which has not been traced by virtue and by wisdom? Virtue, sir, not of the cold and neutral quality which is contented to avoid

reproach by shrinking from action, and is the best ally of vice, but virtue fervent, full of ardour, of energy, of effect; wisdom, sir, not the mere flash of genius and of talents, though these are not wanting, but wisdom informed, deliberate, and profound. I know, sir, the warmth imputed to, nay possessed by that character; it is a warmth which does but burnish all his other virtues. His heart is warm, his judgment is cool, and the latter of these features none will deny, except those who have not examined, or wish to disbelieve it.'[1]

'Thirteen years' (Francis said in the debate of December) 'are now elapsed since I first was connected in office with Mr. Hastings. Six of them were wasted in India in perpetual contest with him. Seven years ago I left him there in possession of absolute power. In all that time no charges have been produced against me. Yet I think it cannot be said that I have been particularly cautious not to provoke hostility, or that there is no disposition anywhere to accuse me. Surely, sir, if accusation is ever to come, it is high time it should appear. If now, or at any other period, I should be obliged to change place with Mr. Hastings, if hereafter it should be my lot to be accused, I shall assuredly never object to his being my prosecutor; for though by removing a powerful, a well-informed, and, in the sense of the present argument, an inveterate prosecutor, I might provide for my safety, my honour would be lost.'

His final exclusion from the list drew from the whole body of managers, headed by Burke, that remarkable expression of their sense of his personal importance which deserves a place in any account of his life :—

[1] Extract of Sir Gilbert Elliot's speech on moving the first charge against Sir Elijah Impey, December 12, 1787

To Philip Francis.

Committee Room, House of Commons, December 18, 1787.

Sir,—There is nothing in the orders of the House which prevents us from resorting to your assistance, and we should show very little regard to our honour, to our duty, and to the effectual execution of our trust, if we omitted any means that are left in our power to obtain the most beneficial use of it.

An exact local knowledge of the affairs of Bengal is requisite in every step of our proceeding; and it is necessary that our information should come from sources not only competent, but unsuspected. We have perused, as our duty has often led us to do, with great attention, the records of the Company during the time in which you executed the important office committed to you by Parliament, and our good opinion of you has grown in exact proportion of the minuteness and accuracy of our researches. We have found that, as far as in you lay, you fully answered the ends of your arduous delegation. An exact obedience to the authority placed over you by the laws of the country, wise and steady principles of government, an inflexible integrity in yourself, and a firm resistance to all corrupt practice in others, crowned by a uniform benevolent attention to the rights, properties, and welfare of the natives (the grand leading object of your appointment), appear eminently throughout these records. Such a conduct, so tried, acknowledged, and recorded, demands our fullest confidence.

They conclude by requesting, in more specific terms, the assistance they require of him, and, in particular, his frequent attendance at their committee.

Francis, no doubt, accepted the invitation, and did not withhold the benefit of his counsels from the managers; but in the great drama of impeachment enacted in Westminster Hall he could take no open part. The career of his public life received a check which was most sensibly felt. The increased bitterness, along with a sense of discouragement, which characterises his subsequent speeches on Indian affairs (particularly those on the unsuccessfully proposed impeachment of his enemy Impey, in 1788) is evident enough. And this occasion may be taken for inserting some of his corre-

spondence during this period on those affairs, especially with Burke.[1]

[1] I insert here a memorandum which I find among the papers of Mr. Parkes on the subject of Francis's exclusion:—'As to the proposal of him in the House of Commons as one of the managers of the Warren Hastings impeachment, *vide* Lord Brougham's character of Francis and observations on the above question in Lord Brougham's "Statesmen," vol. ii. p. 80. On the whole I concur in the view that Francis was properly rejected. But much *pro et con.* may be urged on the point. Francis, to the end of life, deemed his rejection most unjustifiable. As a general rule, certainly the same persons should never combine the functions of *accusers and judges*, functions which ought always to be kept distinct. But, in truth, all the managers were more or less accusers and judges. They scrupled not to vote in every division. There never was so disgracefully constituted a tribunal and (*vide* James Mill's condemnation of it in his "History of British India") it gave its object of prosecution the vantage ground of the just complaint that he was a "persecuted man," and in many senses Hastings was such. The enormous cost of the impeachment to the accused, the unconscionable delays and duration of the trial, the constant violation on both sides of the principles and rules of evidence, will ever be a deep stain on our highest court of judicature.

'But to the point in question: Ought Francis or ought he not to have been nominated one of the managers? I shall argue in the negative, not for the common reason assigned, but on other grounds. Francis's personal relations with Hastings were very peculiar and of much delicacy. They had been for several years in India opposed to each other, not only in policy but personally, both entertaining equal animosity, amounting to personal hatred. Several articles of the impeachment were subjects in which Francis had taken an individual part diametrically contrary to Hastings. In fact, Francis would have been on many articles the most important and indispensable witness against Hastings, especially had the case of Nuncomar been entertained. Indeed, Francis would have aided the managers much more effectively had he not been even proposed as a manager. The vote of the majority rejecting him declared him ineligible as an accuser and as a witness in the cause. (*Vide* "Debates.") Thus he was in a degree branded as a challenged juryman, the objection to him as one of the panel being allowed by the court! Nor was his position at all afterwards mended, the managers publicly declaring that notwithstanding his rejection they should nevertheless consult and treat him as a colleague! Thus, and in his known intimacy and influence with Burke, Francis was viewed by the public as a sort of informer, an unfair accuser, and he was caricatured (by Sayer) as the "Prompter" behind the scenes. Thus also in Francis's own language, on the termination of the trial, it would seem that he himself, not Hastings, was the real culprit arraigned and tried! Francis, so far, was placed, and partly placed himself, in a false position.

'It has been argued that the circumstances which occasioned the duel in

Burke to Francis.

September 30, 1785.

My dear Francis,—Here I am returned from my Scotch journey. On what journeys have you been, and what does your —— prompt you to? If you are for knotting and splicing, and preparing again for action in the Bay of Bengal, have at you. We shall not indeed make such a fortune of our naval engagements in those seas as Sir Edward Hughes. But let us do what we can. Adieu. Our best and most cordial compliments to Mrs. Francis and the ladies.

Yours ever most sincerely,

EDM. BURKE.

November 14, 1785.

My dear Francis,—I proposed going to you the instant almost that I received your letter. But first Fox came in upon me; and afterwards came an engagement to Lady Rockingham, from which I could not well be off. I now cannot go; but if you and Mrs. Francis and the young ladies will favour me with your company any day after Wednesday, we should be extremely obliged to you. Thank you for your kind attention to Dick.

I am, my dear sir,

Most truly and affectionately yours,

EDM. BURKE.

Beaconsfield, November 23, 1785.

My dear Sir,—I shall be with you on Saturday next, if some accident that I don't foresee should not prevent me. I have lately passed a very pleasant day with Mr. Fox here. I shall be happy in having the same satisfaction renewed, with the improvement it must receive at Sheen.[1]

I do not well see how the East can be kept out of our conversation; but I if were to choose, it should make mere matter of conversation and not the subject of a business consultation. There can be no difference between us on the general principles of Indian

1780, and the duel itself, were reasons why Francis should not have acted as a manager of the impeachment. But such circumstances formed no valid objection. Duellists oftentimes have continued bitter political and personal opponents throughout life—but duellists who have shot at and wounded each other have also subsequently become attached friends and members of the same cabinet. The real argument against Francis as a manager or a judge is, that he was unquestionably an *interested party* in the impeachment of Hastings, and that there is no disguising the fact. And it was no true ground for his claim to be a manager that it was an anomalous jurisdiction, *or* that Burke himself was the earliest and chief accuser of the ex-Governor-General of India.'—J. Parkes.

[1] Where Francis now chiefly resided.

politics. On the same abstract view of things the plan of conduct you propose must meet the approbation of almost everybody. Therefore, any further discussion of the subject as an affair of parliamentary management is unnecessary. When you or he bring any Indian question before the House, the single vote to which I am reduced will be given to justice in the first place, in the next to you and to Mr. Fox. If I were to enter into any further detail, besides the indecorum of making a man's personal feelings a topic in the consideration of a great public concern, I should fall into the more disgusting impropriety of seizing you upon points on which I have more than once troubled you already. If a man is disabled from rendering any essential service to his principles or to his party, he ought at least to contrive to make his conversation as little disagreeable as he can to the society which his friends may still be indulgent enough to hold with him.

Since I came from Scotland[1] (or rather for some time after my return) I have endeavoured to banish India from my thoughts. I have not opened a drawer on that subject nor looked over a paper, except two or three memorials which were sent to me, and which, to say the truth, are curious enough. I will take them with me when I go to you. Adieu. Believe me, with the most sincere affection, my dear Francis,

Most truly yours, &c.

EDM. BURKE.

December 14, 1785.

My dear Sir,—What's the best day for drinking—Saturday will be a very pleasant day to me, if you make it a tolerable one to you. If anything (so far as *man* is concerned, for we have agreed there is no company good but that of *women*) can add to the satisfaction of seeing you, it will be your bringing Mr. Archdechne with you. I wrote you a volume as long as an East India *minute*, that is as long as a European *century*. I hope Friday-Saturday no post went out. Sunday was Sunday—consequently idle—and Monday I dined with Lord Inchequin. So my farm went to the devil whilst I spent almost all Tuesday in a political dissertation to you.

Bring us good news of Miss Francis.

Yours ever,

EDM. BURKE.

To Bristow, in India.

London, April 15, 1786.

Dear Bristow,—I do assure you, that I have written to you by

[1] Burke had been there in company with Windham. (See the detailed and very curious account of their tour in the latter's Diary.)

every opportunity in my power, for the last two years, and particularly I am sure I wrote by the Fox Pacquet, but having nobody to help me, it was impossible to keep copies of my letters. I am now to acknowledge yours of October 25, 1785, but whether I answer it fully or not with my own hand, you must take the will for the deed. I am nearly overwhelmed with the toil that has fallen unavoidably to my lot in preparing and conducting the impeachment. The slavery I have gone through in that business, added to my attendance in Parliament and my efforts to overset the India Bill of 1784, has been too much for me; and, what is worst of all, the pain of the wound I received in August, 1780, has lately returned with great violence, so that I can hardly sit straight in a chair or sleep in my bed. I shall make a shift to tell you, however, what may be most material, and leave the rest to your nephew, whom I have instructed as well as I could.

I think you have acted right not to quit the ground, while any accusations against you were depending. The papers which you have already recorded or transmitted to me are very material, but I wish you had not withheld any of your proofs; now as, in my private judgment, the business of the impeachment will not be concluded in the present session, do not act on a presumption that anything you have still to transmit will arrive too late, but send everything you have by every opportunity. I would give a finger to have you here at present, especially as I do not think you can stay long in that country. In my judgment, it will soon be too hot to hold any of you; the French and Dutch are certainly forming plans and collecting forces in India which threaten us with ruin.

Burke to Francis.

You are not to doubt that Mrs. Burke and myself always have thought and always shall think you a very sensible man whenever you agree with our sense, and shall think that you take every step proper for an affectionate father whether it be taken according to to our own opinion or not. I have great hopes from this Nicene journey, and I hope God will bless that undertaking: I assure you we wish it here most cordially. I scarce know anybody in France. Dick is better acquainted there; but I doubt whether his letters will arrive in time to be of any service. The only persons I know are the Bishop of Auxerre and his family and the Parisots of Auxerre. Your way lies through that town, and as you may possibly find it necessary to rest a day or two on your journey, you may find their attentions useful. Not that, in general, I have found attentions to ailing people of any great use, unless they are to make a permanent abode

in a place; because attention requires some reciprocal attention, and there is always some matter of restraint that, above all things, oppresses in certain situations of the mind and body. Proper directions and recommendations at Nice will be more important; but there I can be of no service at all, for I know no creature there. Sir Gilbert Elliot, who is so strong an instance of the benefit of that place, can, I believe, give the best directions both as to the route and to the rules to be observed, and can recommend (as well as any one can recommend) to a place where hardly any can be considered as residents. I will send you letters to the bishop and Madame Parisot, as soon as I can get Miss Hickey to write them for me to be transcribed, for you will easily conceive that I do not wish to see my French in black and white. By the way, I have just recollected that I know Abbé Dillon and his brother. The house of the Dillons are very civil to the English, who are well received there. The archbishop may not be at Paris or the Comté, but you will take your chance. The abbé as well as his brother the chevalier understand English, the latter very well; so I can risk writing to them without the aid of my French secretary.

Your ladies have been so excessive in rating Mrs. Burke and my little attentions to them, that we can say nothing about them that will not look like a sort of payment in kind. But indeed we are infinitely flattered in their liking of us, and we think so well of them (whatever we may do of ourselves) as to be persuaded that in their expressions of regard there is something more than politeness. As to Philip, he fully answers the opinion I had formed on him. He is really a fine, lively, intelligent, and natural lad. Indeed you are happy in your family. God bless you, and give all success to your voyage, and may the young lady whom you accompany find her excellent mother and sisters on her return in health to enjoy all the health she will bring with her, and that I hope will be such to do credit to the climate of Nice.

Ever most truly yours,

EDM. BURKE.

August 6, 1786.

Richard Burke to Francis.

Beaconsfield, Sunday morning, October, 1786.

My dear Sir,—Who shall decide when doctors disagree? Herewith you will receive the opinions of one great judge against the practice of another: Misdemeanour *versus* Felony; but Nuncomar was hanged, and there is no averring against either lord or record.

We found a letter from Edmund, dated yesterday se'nnight at

Holyhead. They were on the point of embarking. He says that the wind was not fair, but it was so mild as to make them rely on the tide for aid. If you remember the tempest which raged in these quarters on that day, you will wonder.

I trouble you with a letter, which I beg of you to send free. Were I to use the language of the writer of that letter, I should say that your friend Evans is not an esquire, and so I leave it to your ingenuity to add the profane abbreviation of Mister. We Quakers acknowledge no master. Mrs. Burke sends a thousand loves and compliments to the ladies. I beg them to receive half the number from me.

Yours truly,
RICHARD BURKE.

Burke to Francis.

November 3, 1786.

My dear Francis,—Here I am, after some dips in the Stygian flood of my native Liffy, which have made me quite invulnerable except in the heel, and in twenty or thirty different parts, but perfectly secure as to the forehead. I have gone through with a patience to emulate even *yours*. Eighty-four hours calms in the sea which is said to be so turbulent! So ill does the world estimate the temper of Irishmen and Irish seas! I have heard of your Ulyssean peregrinations. Thank God you have succeeded so well, at least in prospect, in doing your duty with much labour and self-denial towards that fine girl of yours. Now I am your humble servant for all good works. I think I shall go to town, though but for one day, on Monday. Can you be here before, or will you come with me when I have been to pay my devoirs to you and your family at Sheen? Dick is a little shaken with a succession of colds and two voyages, and such rapid journeys and a continual hurry in Ireland; but I think you will find him recovered, and as much yours as I am, and ought to be. Mrs. Burke is always much attached to the family at Sheen.

I am, my dear sir,
Ever faithfully and affectionately yours,
EDM. BURKE.

Beaconsfield, November 8, 1786.

I did not receive your letter until this morning, and am very sorry to hear of the cold, by whatever name it is to be abjured, or conjured, or exorcised. I proposed to be, and would have been, in London long before this, but I stay here to compel Richard to stay along with me. He has no decided complaint, but is by no

means well, though he has a mind to act as if he was. I long very much to see you, and if I were in condition to plan matters according to my own good liking, I should certainly fall in with your wishes and go to Sheen to bring you to Beaconsfield. But since I cannot assure myself that I shall be able to do this, why cannot you bring one of your fair ladies along with you, if Mrs. Francis is absolutely immovable, and take this long journey hither? It is not altogether so far as to Nice, the roads tolerable, the horses and postilions not such as to make you swear a great deal, the inns clean and decent, the charges reasonable, the provisions eatable, the cookery not poisonous, the climate not intolerably severe, and the manners and customs of the natives of the several counties through which you pass not extremely rude and ferocious. With all these encouraging circumstances, I hope to see you here. If not, pray tell me so as soon as you receive this.

E. B.

Francis to Shee.

London, December 4, 1786.

My dear Shee,—I take the opportunity of a gentleman who goes to Bengal in a foreign ship to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 14th of March last in duplicate. You behave yourself much better than I had any reason to expect, for as you are a violent gentleman, and are apt to conclude rapidly from appearances, you might naturally suspect that I was negligent or forgetful of you; but your writing so copiously, with that impression upon your mind, is very meritorious. The real truth is that I neither have the same dexterity in writing nor the same opportunities of sending letters that I had in Bengal. I was then in high exercise, and had plenty of secretaries to copy for me. I knew of the departure of ships, which now I never hear of, and had the times and seasons of writing at my command. All these circumstances are reversed; but beware of suspecting that anything else about me is altered. I fear I do not persevere in hating some people so long as I ought to do; in everything but my enmities I am tolerably obstinate. You draw pictures to admiration. As long as the scenes shift, pray let your pencil be employed.

By this time you have been witness to a marvellous transition from small wares to coronets, to ignorance with dignity from ignorance without it. It is hard that integrity should have nothing to support it. Now observe you are never to show this letter to anybody but Mrs. Shee, on whose friendship and discretion I place a particular dependence. The prosecution of your friend Mr.

Hastings will be revived with a renewal of vigour as soon as Parliament meets. He has had a pleasant summer of it. An attempt will also be made to impeach Sir Elijah Impey, in whose fate I know you are interested. Let the event to their persons be what it may, the charges will gibbet their characters to all eternity.

From various passages in your letters a stranger would be apt to imagine that I had the whole trust and absolute management of your fortune in England, but to this hour I have never seen an account of your remittances, nor am I able to tell you precisely what your uncle has done with them. Ducarel lives a hundred miles off in perfect obscurity, and, as to *me*, I don't guess what it is you expect me to transact. This I do know, that your affairs are in the hands of as honest and as prudent a man as lives. The account he gives me of your property here is not so high as you state; but why the devil don't you send me an exact account of it in proper form? You talk very loosely about ten thousand pounds. When you have five times that sum realised here, I give you leave to come to England, not sooner. You are a mad man if you think of it. I, for, example, have above three thousand pounds a year to spend, and I live with rigid economy; yet it is the utmost I can do not to exceed my income.

Another thing. Take my advice once in your life: lay aside forty thousand rupees for a seat in Parliament. In this country, that alone makes all the difference between somebody and nobody.

I kiss the fair hand that copied your letter, and am affectionately and faithfully yours.

To Sir Robert Chambers.

London, December 20, 1786.

Dear Sir,—I received your letter of the 12th December last with very great pleasure, and that, I assure you, is saying much for anything that comes from Bengal. To that country I am certainly much indebted; but as far as labour and plague may entitle a man to wages, I think I have earned my reward. This next sessions, I most devoutly hope, will put a period to my political connections with India. Since the year 1774 they have employed the whole of my life, and embittered too much of it. My dear friend, I did not suspect you of forgetting or neglecting me. If not writing regularly to one's friends were a breach of duty, I should have more to answer for than you have, but I should not be without some tolerable excuse. I have always confided in your friendship, and shall always depend on its continuance. I trust it will never be abated by any want of formality of either side. The account you give me

of your own situation makes it necessary that I should possess you of mine. Concerning Indian politics, it has happened strangely that I have never been in luck, not even while I was in office. I was deserted and sacrificed on the spot, and have been completely proscribed since I left it. Had it been possible for me to pursue another line, I might have been in some considerable office long ago. As it is, I find myself farther from employment and profit than ever I was. Fortunately for me, my circumstances are not pressing, and I am so fond of my liberty that no common advantage would tempt me to resign it, even to work with an administration that I liked. I see and feel the hardship and injustice with which you are treated, but in what way I may be able to do you service does not at present occur to me. I hardly know how I can appear to be your friend without hurting your interest. To Lord North I certainly could speak with all manner of freedom, but I very much question whether his interest would be of any more use to you than mine. I am not in contact with any man in power in this country, and as to the Chancellor [1] in particular, I should be very sorry for *your* sake that he knew how earnestly I wish to serve you. I hope you will have thought it right to address yourself directly to *him*, for at *his* disposition I conclude your object lies. With respect to Sir Elijah Impey, I am of opinion that his situation cannot be in suspense much longer. He must either resume his office or relinquish it very soon. As soon as Mr. Hastings is disposed of one way or other, I have reason to believe that the impeachment of the other will be attempted, and with some better prospect of success. He is by no means so well supported as Hastings, and I know there are many, on that side, who would be ready to make him the scapegoat. From that quarter I have been asked twenty times, *Why don't you impeach Impey?* In short, many of those who defend the one would be glad to make it up with their own conscience and reputation by punishing the other. I write to you in confidence and perhaps indiscreetly. To the best of my judgment he will be hard run, and I hear he is very uneasy about it. In my opinion, his going up to Lucknow to take those depositions against the Begums is the blackest and basest transaction, except one, that has yet dishonoured the British administration in India. Let the event of the prosecution be ever so favourable to him, a minute and public inquiry into all his conduct cannot but be very afflicting to him. As to Mr. Hastings, I believe he is too powerfully protected to have anything to fear for his safety. But I

[1] Thurlowe.

can assure you there *is* a punishment which he cannot escape, and no man can look at him without seeing that he suffers it.

Secretum quatiente animo tortore flagellum.

To say nothing of his virtues, the public opinion of his abilities is greatly impaired by some of his late performances, particularly his view of the state of India, than which a more silly, stupid, and impudent piece of falsehood was never exhibited. I cannot believe it possible that Sir Elijah Impey will ever be permitted to return to India. Nor am I sure that he desires it. The profession of such a desire, I imagine, was meant only to masque his fortune. Neither can I think it possible that any administration would supersede you. But I shall make it my business to watch and inquire, and to give you the best information I can get.

Sir John Day is equally offended and surprised at the disposition of his office. He considers it as *his*, and talks of returning to it. In the course of last summer I was obliged to carry my eldest daughter to Nice, where alone it was agreed by the faculty that she had any chance of recovery. My son is at Cambridge, and the rest of my family going on pretty well, except Mrs. Francis, whose health is at all times very indifferent. We stay at East Sheen till after Christmas, which throws me out of the way of the present state of Indian intelligence. Even the departure of the ships seldom comes to my knowledge time enough to write as much as I would do if I had earlier notice.

Burke to Francis.

Beaconsfield, December 15, 1786.

My dear Francis,—Richard would have profited of your kind invitation to a pleasant party, but he is not right well yet, though much better than he was. Perhaps I am got into some puzzle; but if I don't mistake, it was you that told me of a seat to be had for the remainder of this parliament at two thousand pounds. I had a letter from John King this morning. He tells me that a chapman such as we could wish in point of principles and inclinations may be had. Who has the disposal of the seat? Or what course is to be taken, that the affair may be put into train? I wrote yesterday (to my shame not earlier) to Sir Gilbert Elliot. I hear that Windham is in town. What is he doing? If you see him, tell him I long to know something about him. Do you spur him on to do something about the hive, otherwise he shall be buzzed and hummed out as a downright drone. All here desire to be cordially remembered to you and yours.

E. B.

Burke to Francis.

January 2, 1787.

I have heard from Sir G. Elliot. He has passed his time but indifferently, his wife having been on the point of death in a very bad labour of twins. However, he writes in remarkably good spirits, and says he will be in town before the twentieth. I have written to him to press that that before may be as long before as possible, and I have begged him to select an head for himself to open. Fox and Windham came hither one day (I forget what day) last week, and returned, the one to town, the other to St. Anne's Hill, the next morning. I cannot say that our conversation produced much, but I think they feel, both of them, about India nearly as I could wish, and as we do ourselves. I always think I have a good deal to say to you, but it evaporates before we meet, and perhaps it is not so much as at moments I fancy. The Duke of Portland tells me that Sheridan has warmed with a sort of love passion to our Begums. General Smith says, what I am much inclined to believe, that he will make such a figure on that subject as has not been hitherto seen, and for part of this figure he takes some credit to himself for his hints and instructions. Would it not be clever in you to come down hither on the receipt of this, and bring one of your young ladies with you, and let us talk a little on the business of India, and other business? It is not to be conceived how rusty I am on all sorts of business. I want to be rubbed and fretted a little. If you cannot come, I mean to run to town on the 5th; and wish to see you at my house in Gerrard Street, late Sir William James's. I have taken it for seven months. What say you to all this? Dick, I think, may be called well at length. He ought not to have made one at your festivity: he was not in condition.

Adieu. Mrs. Burke most cordially salutes Mrs. Francis and all yours. By the way, it is holiday time, and why should you not bring the younger Francis with you?

February 27, 1787.

My dear Francis,—You have not left me one easy moment since the hint you gave me relating to the few words I said in the House this evening. It is a most abominable thing to throw out one word which might appear in disparagement to professional men at our bar, the furthest thing from my heart and my practice, and, on this occasion, the most completely remote from my opinion. I did not indeed hear the whole of the counsel's argument, but what I did hear I thought very weighty. I have long thought most highly of

Mr. Rouse's abilities. I am not so much acquainted as yet with Mr. Dallas, but I really thought there was shown this night by him a deal of most manly and most convincing eloquence; so much, that from what I heard this night I had great reason to regret that Mr. Middleton's correspondence should defraud me of one word of it. When I said the subject had scarcely been opened, I certainly had not the least idea of the bar. Indeed I must have been understood with many grains of allowance even of the House, when I recollect your truly admirable speech last year. But I spoke from my notions (perhaps too big) of the subject of all Dundas's legislative contrivances, which are in my judgment the most wildly and the most diffusively mischievous of anything I have ever known. To these ideas (which take in much more than the subject to day) I meant to allude; to nothing else. I long for an opportunity of doing justice to talents and spirited exertions. I shall never speak on this subject (I believe) but to give me an opportunity of setting to rights this misconception.

I am ever yours most truly,

EDM. BURKE.

In this year (1787) Francis paid a short visit to Ireland. Burke gave him an introductory letter to Lord Charlemont (printed in his works), in which he mentions him (Francis) as a native of that country, but who had never set his foot in it since his childhood. According to the editor of Bohn's 'Junius,' it was in this year also (not in 1773) that he recovered his private papers from the Calcraft family. But I do not know the authority for this.

To Hay in India.

London, May 22, 1787.

My dear Hay,—I have received, by the Swallow, your letters of the 15th and 19th of November last, with all the papers and letters enclosed. My answer, and even my thanks, must be as brief as I can make them. In the first place, I am afflicted at hearing of your intention of sending me another pipe of Madeira. I have actually more than I can drink in ten years. You will forgive me then, if, whenever this second pipe arrives, I dispose of it to the best advantage, and pay over the amount to your agent or banker. Moreover, I request that you will send me our account current, that I may liquidate the balance by the earliest opportunity. My dear

boy, you are too generous to everybody. Recollect, I beseech you, that you ought not to be an exile for ever.

The imputation against *me* (respecting some missing property of Nuncomar) is ridiculous and contemptible, and I request that, if it be revived, it may be answered on my part with contempt and defiance. These are the terms in which I answer all charges against me in the House of Commons, particularly those preferred against me now and then by Major Scott, but never insisted on by the said major.

You speak of an affidavit of yours about poor Tilghman's effects, but I do not find any such paper enclosed.

I rejoice to hear that you stand so well with Lord Cornwallis, and I have no doubt that, sooner or later, his favour will turn to a profitable account. In the mean time, is it *no* reward to be able to hold up your head in such times as these and to bid defiance to inquiry? I am sure you feel as I do on this occasion. If you were to see how low and degraded the wealth of India is at this moment in England, you would not only not regret your poverty, but be proud of it. To your brother William and to the newspapers I must refer you for all the business of Indian politics, &c. You and I are under a tacit engagement not to meddle with public affairs; yet I cannot help recommending to your perusal the *Morning Herald* of the 5th of April instant. You will there see how and by what honourable courses, the cause of Mr. Hastings has been supported. All I shall say is, you may depend upon it the famous talisman is broken and the enchanted castle is dissolved. I fear I shall not be able to write to my good friend Wilton. Pray tell him, however, that whereas my inclination heretofore led me to love him, his conduct in office, confirmed to me by Lord Cornwallis's approbation, entitles him to my sincere and hearty esteem; and this sentiment assuredly will last.

Edward Hay, Esq.

Burke to Francis.

January 3, 1788.

I thank you for the memorandum you have sent me of a day which (by the aid of enemies, to whom a man often owes as much as to his friends) has been the crown of your life. I have not done a great deal. My first days here were, at best, days of recovery. Some avocation: and a little yielded to the surfeit of one thing; which, after so many years, does inevitably cause moments of nausea. However, I have read most attentively the first volume of the Renigpore [?] Memoirs (there are three in all; I have not seen the two last), and have so noted it as to make an index to it a very

easy work. Oh what an affair! I am clear that I must debate upon that, for it has stuff in it that will, if anything, work upon the popular sense. But how to do this without making a monstrous and disproportioned member I know not. At any rate it must be done, and done early. We cannot risk the postponing it. It goes full to the bribery and pecuniary corruption in his sale of these provinces to Devy through Genega Govind Sing. If you cannot come down hither, I hope to see you at breakfast in Gerrard Street on Tuesday morning.

Adieu. God send us a good deliverance.

The following from Burke (apparently 1788) is interesting as showing the generous nature of the writer, and his desire to place Francis and Fox, who never were very cordial, on favourable terms with each other.

It was with unmixed pleasure that I heard Mr. Fox the other day do justice to my friend, by owning the information he had, and the wisdom he might have gained, had he had such a flapper at his elbow in his most high and palmy days. 'I have sucked many brains in my time (he said), and seldom found more to reward me. Few men say so much in so few words.' 'Aye, sir,' I replied, '*multum in parvo*: his style has no gummy flesh about it.' But I must not enlarge; for I am so much yours, and have so much of yours, that your triumphs puff me up as with a sense of personal merit. Still I may allow myself the more satisfaction in finding that Mr. Fox acknowledges your value; as I know he has earwigs about him, who buz in his ears all the pitiful calumnies that a Hastings or a B. and Co. have deluged the town with since your return from India; and I feared the fatal facility of his temper, which yields to proximity rather than be at the trouble of examining and detecting.

April 13, 1788.[1]

What became of you after we were separated by the crowd of pickpockets? Though I was almost jostled to death, they got nothing from me; my pockets were indeed turned inside out, but there was nothing in them. I hope you suffered nothing. Courtney and I escaped into the Duke of Portland's coach. I don't know when the Duke of P. goes out of town. I have spoken to him of them sundry times. But as they are of your clan you ought to be

[1] Day after Lord John Townshend was chaired.

the presenter. They and Harwood are fine fellows, and finely acted their part. How are you after this bustle? I write as supposing you in Harley Street.

How are the ladies?

September 14, 1788.

I agree with you entirely that Hastings's paper in approbation of himself is just what we could wish, and that nothing is wanting to the full perfection and value of the service but that he should produce this certificate of his good behaviour at the trial. I really am of opinion that his counsel will be for producing it in time and place, but it would be material to us that it should appear early; for which reason, I think, we ought to make some early manœuvre in Westminster Hall to draw it from them; or if a copy has been sent to the India House, to move for its production.

As to your correspondent in India, I believe he wishes ill to Hastings, not well to the cause; and that, except what he has furnished in the course of his own defence, we shall never get another word from him. Scott says that his friend and deputy, Cowper, was the chief manager in procuring signatures to this certificate. It may be true, though Scott affirms it. I shall easily believe anything of the politics of that set. I don't think much better of old Fowke than of them, or of young Fowke. Sir John Day is a good-natured man, and of better principles. But I must always reserve my opinion of his intelligence until I see it. Hitherto he has concealed what he knew, or was absolutely ignorant of every transaction in Bengal.

You are certainly in the right not to precipitate anything relative to the certificate. It will be time enough to do anything when parliament meets. When is that to be? I shall not wholly throw away all my time, though to-morrow I set off on an excursion to Cheshire. I have looked over some papers with attention, and shall prepare practically and vigorously when I return. I am, with the best regards of Mrs. and this family,

Ever truly yours,

EDM. BURKE.

I cannot tell to whom the following was addressed by Francis; probably his old schoolmaster Dr. Thicknesse. The 'delicate subject' was no doubt the King's insanity.

March 9, 1789.

My dear Sir,—I beg of you to have the charity to believe that I am utterly incapable of forgetting or neglecting you. The truth is,

that for the last three months I have deserted all my correspondents, and literally written to nobody. I do not mean to affirm that every moment of my life has been too much occupied; but thinking it rather imprudent, if not dangerous, to mention the only subject which I knew was uppermost in the minds of all persons at a distance from the capital, I determined not to write at all. Even at this moment, private opinions here are so divided; so positive are the assertions, yet so suspicious are the appearances; the facts so difficult to be ascertained, and all regular evidence so industriously withheld, or so resolutely refused (as if no evidence were necessary), that, *entre nous*, I scarce know what to think, certainly not what to say, on so delicate a subject. To-morrow, I conclude (for it cannot possibly be deferred any longer), we shall know with certainty what we have to trust to. If there be a regency, it must be vested in the Prince of Wales; for I believe the boldest man in the world will tremble at the thought of dividing Ireland from Great Britain. If the King therefore does not reassume the government in his own person, you may be perfectly sure that his incapacity continues. How the conduct of the Irish parliament should have *contributed to the recovery of his majesty* I do not comprehend; but I do verily believe that it has hurried the declaration of it. The situation of affairs began to be too critical to his ministers, to permit them to permit him to be incapable any longer.

I condole with Catherine on the fatal events which have happened in her family. An Hindoo lady who had lost her cow would have hanged herself out of hand. But Catherine, I trust, is too good a Christian to follow such courses. As to your man, he may drown himself as soon as he pleases. I care not what becomes of him. But as to the fish that have perished in your pond, permit me to console you by insinuating that Philip and I are the only persons who suffer materially by their demise. I apprehend, you never dragged that reservoir but when we were of the party.

I saw your brother on Saturday, looking well and in high spirits. One would think he had taken a final resolution to be immortal. I did all I could with prudence to prevent a public rupture between him and his son: but *cursed*, I fear, are the peacemakers. They both begin to distrust me. So you may be quite sure I shall never meddle with them any more. What makes their quarrelling the more absurd is their marvellous personal resemblance to each other. It looks like a contest between a man and his shadow.

My son is still at Cambridge. The rest of my family desire nothing so much as to be better acquainted with you.

And so, my dear sir, farewell. I do not despair of the happiness

of seeing you in July or August. Why do you talk of saving fifty shillings? How can you do without a man servant?

The next letter is from old Joseph Fowke, now living and grumbling on his Company's pension in England.

Malmsbury, September 7, 1789.

I have been made happy by the receipt of your letter of the 28th of last month, which has done me more good than anything the doctor could prescribe for me. There is no time of my life in which I have been so totally debarred from intellectual food as at present, and therefore I am glad to catch a few of your electrical sparks as they fly from you upon the road, and I wish I was situated nearer to you, that I might catch a few more of them.

Of five hundred people who might read the speech of Hastings, not ten would take notice of the palpable nonsense you have pointed out. The generality of readers dwell upon the single part which first strikes, and look for nothing further; they greedily seize upon what they *do* understand, to make themselves amends for what they do *not* understand. The crowd suppose the writer out of their reach when he writes nonsense. I remember Samuel Johnson remarking that in the early part of his studies he used always to think the fault lay in himself when he did not understand a passage, but at length, after many discouragements, he discovered that his *author* did not understand himself; and, however strange it may appear, it is certain that very few *do* understand themselves, and particularly in metaphysical subjects. The multitude exclaim against a long and tedious trial, and when they are tired of hearing and examining, they pass over at once to the side of the prisoner, forget the past volume of evidence, and pronounce him innocent. When I used formerly to speak slightingly and contemptibly of the writings of Hastings, you desired me to consider what a bad cause he had to defend, which would have been a good apology for any other man; but applies so ill to him, that I sincerely believe he would be utterly incapable of defending a *good* cause, as all his talents lie on the wrong side. 'Our business in India is to redress existing evils' has been the cant for many years, and therefore as government *says* nothing and *does* nothing, it is no wonder that the Whites in Bengal should be silent; but Mr. Collins is much mistaken if he thinks that the names of Mr. Hastings and his associates are forgotten among the Blacks; their groans reach me at Malmsbury, and will be heard as

long as we have a foot of ground in India. Salt could not rise to seven hundred rupees per maund as it has done at Calcutta, and the batta upon gold Mohurs to near two rupees each, without being attended with the most serious ill consequences. The last mischief the supreme Court of Judicature have undertaken to reform, who imagine they have remedied the evil, but are miserably deceived. Amidst all my distractions and base treatment I have received in England, I feel the greatest possible satisfaction in the account my high-spirited daughter Sophia has given me of the flattering attention paid to her by the first and best part of the natives both at Madras and Calcutta, who waited upon her with splendid offerings as tokens of their grateful remembrance of my feeble attempts to do them service, which she with too much delicacy put from her. In better times her singular mortifications and disappointments would add weight to my claims upon the East India Company, but whether they ever operate or not, the contemplation of her great and transcendent virtues will always afford a powerful relief to me in my misfortunes.

That a wise and virtuous man, engaged in public affairs, ought as you say to trouble himself very little about fame and popularity, as objects of pursuit, is an incontestible aphorism; and I am not sure that he ought to trouble himself at all. The approbation of good and honourable men every person ought to set a high value upon, but he should go no further. I would rather have the testimony of Lord Macartney than that of seven-eighths of the kingdom beside. The profanum vulgus of Horace, which includes the rich and the poor, the great and the little vulgar, and which no one has ever interpreted rightly except Cowley, are to be contemned. Truth must for ever stand, because it is by truth alone we can approximate the Deity; and although I am willing to allow that in the weak government of man some deviations are necessary, yet I am certain modern politicians are too ready in difficult situations to admit their necessity. The courage which virtue inspires, if left to operate freely, would generally attain its end better than all the sly shuffling contrivances which are commonly put in practice. When virtue retreats it seldom or ever rallies, and then villainy gains an ascendancy which nothing can cure but itself. The future history of India will prove the truth of my reflections.

I envy you the company of the Duke of Portland, not as Duke of Portland, but as an honest man who is high above all titles. I am arrived at an age which levels all distinctions among men. Kings, princes, nobles, are all alike to me; I set no value upon them apart from their virtues; and if they are possessed of great qualities I

would rather have them without their trappings for my own particular use and enjoyment.

I have lodged my memorial with the Board of Control, agreeably to your counsel, but as they have adjourned to October they cannot take it into consideration before that time. I will acquaint you with their determination as soon as I receive notice of it. I am perfectly indifferent about the event, though I confess I am impatient from curiosity to know what they will say.

I am surprised that Parker never found his way to your study. He is, in my estimation, an able writer, and I wish he were employed to continue the History of India from the date at which he left off.

Whenever an opportunity offers I beg you will make my sincere compliments to Mr. Burke. I entertain a great partiality for him, and he is one of very few whose good opinion I should be proud of.

I would not venture to write so long a letter to you but in vacation time, if any vacation you ever have, which I much doubt; it is next to impossible that so active a mind as yours can be at rest. Your labours merit reward.

Three years ago I read Neckar's book on finance. The perusal of it satisfied me that the French government was falling into ruins, and that Neckar was a very improper person to prevent it. He appeared to me to be a man that would attempt great things at an improper season, and without the vigour necessary to carry them into execution. I now think that he will break his own heart, or that the nation will break it for him.

I perceive a sensible difference in the state of my health within a few days past. I have walked two miles without tiring, and speak as articulately as ever I have done, for a little while; but still I feel that I shall never be the same man I was before August 1 last. I can bear little application to the desk; however, upon the whole I am miraculously recovered, considering my time of life.

Farewell.

Your faithful and obedient servant,

JOSEPH FOWKE.

Burke to Francis.

November 1789.

It is but just this moment, that thinking of you about something else, I recollect that I have not answered your very kind and good-natured note about my brother. He has had, indeed, a pretty sharp bout, or rather two, of an illness in which his lungs were attacked. We thought him thoroughly recovered, when he was attacked a second time; and though without fever, he was more reduced than he was by the first fit, when there was a very high fever. But,

thank God, he is now well recovered of the second, and so much so that we think him in no sort of danger of a relapse. He gathers strength apace—yet we do not think it quite advisable to let him go to town for a few days. He thanks you heartily, as we do, for your kind solicitude about him. As to the rest of us, we have had severally our colds, of which we are jointly and severally recovering. Mine was only one of my old hoarsenesses; but it has stuck to me for some days. To say a word—it shall be but a word—of business. I wish you would see Fox and Sheridan, and try to persuade them if possible to observe on our evidence—to settle their parts and to let a brief be prepared for them in this our strange devilish business. Every step taken in France is a new prodigy. The only sensible thing I have seen is the answer of the French ministers to the address of the Général Assembly on provisions in consequence of Mirabeau's motion. Nothing, however, can show so irresistibly the general impotence of all parties and the utter dissolution of their government, which is a great dissolvment, as great as the general menstruum, but is good for nothing else. What think you of the robbery of one of their own orders, by way of resources. Dii meliora piis erroremque hostibus illum! Adieu, may we all have sound minds—kings and subjects. It will do us no harm. Our best love to your fireside.

Yours most truly,
EDM. BURKE.

Burke to Francis.

December 1789.

I should be ashamed of having given you or myself any great trouble upon the subject of your last letter, but you said that a friend of yours had some idea of being concerned in the projected bank; and though we are driven from our public cares, the rights of private friendship have yet some pleasant demands upon us. The affairs both of France and England are rendered little more to us than a matter of curiosity. With the one our duty gives us no concern; with the other we are not suffered to intermeddle with any effect or any credit; and after all, perhaps the follies of France, by which we are not yet affected, may employ one's curiosity more pleasantly and as usefully as the depravity of England, which is more calculated to give us pain, but which we can do as little to correct as we can the folly of our neighbouring nation.

I agree with you, no power in our line of politics can be got to stir unless assured of a speedy end to this trial. It is certainly so—but let me add, that he will move as little if he had such an assurance. Is any one ready to give that support upon that declara-

tion? If they are not, what do we get by making it? Nothing, certainly; but we lose a great deal in point of credit. Whilst we proceeded with little difficulty they gave us no assistance, neither did we want it. The moment we find an obstacle, they refuse to take a single step to help us forward. The delays we meet with are our subject of complaint, and by their denying us to remove them, they more than indirectly assert that we ourselves are in fault for the difficulties we meet with. The guilty are encouraged to chicane us further, by the hired libels with which they darken the very atmosphere; and by the countenance and protection which they receive in courts of justice, and the verdicts in their favour, the public voice seems to be against us, and that we are disowned in appearance by those . . . . . in whose name we prosecute. This is an exigency, and calls for the assistance of friends and partisans. What is the conduct of our pretended friends? 'Put an end to the trial; you have spun it out too long; the people are tired of it.' It was in this manner the trial of Sir Thomas Rumbold was got rid of, little in my opinion to the credit of the nation, and those in particular who got rid of it in this manner.

I have done with that sort of friends. It rests only with me in what manner I am to conduct myself in this defeat produced by their desertion and treachery; and upon that I wish your opinion and Windham's (by the way, I wish I could see Windham). I understand that Hastings's people intend to move something themselves in the House of Commons which may tend to put an end to this business. This may be true, and their conduct seems to be a preliminary to some such measures. Now, will it be advisable to wait for this proceeding, and to take our indications from what may seem the temper of the House upon it; or shall I, first laying the affair before the committee, state to the House Mr. Hastings's complaint to the Lords at the beginning and at the end of the last sessions, and ask their direction upon the conduct which we ought to hold in this prosecution? I think most people will advise me the defensive. It is not my own opinion—but, as it is nearest to deciding nothing, it will, I imagine, prevail. But this deliberation cannot be protracted beyond a very few days; we must either go on in our old way or propose the thing ourselves; this is all that is in our choice. The rest depends upon the enemy, who may either bring forward this motion or let it alone. The nonsuit, if we are to be nonsuited, must be the deliberate act and order of the House. To say we are to stop at the bribery charges is to say that we consent to Hastings's acquittal; for as he pleads the exigencies of the Company in his excuse—and this plea if not rebutted must cer-

tainly be accepted, unless we show how he squandered away the Company's treasure—we do not meet their corrupt prejudice with the advantages we ought. I know well enough in what straits I am—but I never will get out of them in the Rumbold way. See whether any of the parties concerned can be got together. Know as exactly as you can how Anstruther proposes to open, and let us have the syllabus of that opening and our evidence ready to each point in that syllabus. I could wish him supported in the opening, but since we must consult brevity it will be enough; and by sending the brief, syllabus, and heads of evidence to Fox and Sheridan, we endeavour to awaken them to some sort of attention. Nothing is done as to the opening of Cheyt Sing's bribe, or the note present. Will Adam take those, or who will? Fox certainly ought to take the first, and Sheridan the second. They belong to them; or suppose Grey did it? Adieu. Adam sees now and then some of the Ministerialists. Can he divine from their conversation what they mean to do?

Of Francis's private life during this long portion of his parliamentary career, records are altogether wanting. The gossiping memoranda of his lady are too irregular in point of date, and evidently too defective in point of accurate recollection of particulars, to be relied on to fill up the gap. He appears to have certainly realised one of the dreams of his early days, by becoming a 'man of fashion,' and attaining a general acquaintance with the higher circles of society. But his main introduction to these was no doubt political. He was already familiar with the circle which surrounded the Regent, with Adam, Fitzpatrick, Laurence, and especially so with Lord Palmerston, father of the late statesman. Windham's diary gives glimpses of the company to be met with at his house at Sheen, to which he removed from Harley Street some time before 1790.

Francis was a man of considerable social qualities, though not, perhaps, in the highest sense of the words. He was distinguished in conversation. But he was better known as a sayer of severe and sarcastic things than for

any display of the more genial qualities of the circle.[1] He had the merit of never telling long stories, says his wife, and he had no mercy for those who did. In his later days, it was reported that he lost for a time the countenance of Carlton House, through having interrupted a prosy narrative of the Regent with an impatient, 'Well, sir, well?' on which the Prince prefaced the continuance of his narrative with the words, 'If Sir Philip Francis will allow me to proceed.' But he was also extremely partial to the society of ladies, and appears to have succeeded in it, so far as success can be predicated of an elderly aspirant. He had the Irish temperament, with a good deal of foreign polish of the old time—how acquired it is hard to say; certainly not in the circle of Dr. Francis at Bath, or that of Calcraft at Ingress; perhaps through his early diplomatic associations. Many of his letters to women have that mixture of playfulness, humour, and sentiment, which is said to be particularly captivating to them. He had also that peculiar attraction which they are sometimes apt to find in one who is feared by men, and reputed haughty and unyielding among them; but who shows himself tractable and submissive to the other sex, and eager to obtain their favour. Among the latest of his MS. remains are portions of correspondence with ladies of fashion, carried on in a tone of respectful gallantry.

Lord Brougham, after describing some of the originalities of Francis, says that 'he had much higher qualities;

[1] Lady Francis says (speaking again of a much later period): 'In one of his fits of rudeness, Sir Philip one day walked to Carlton House, and disdaining the usual method of proceeding knocked loudly at the door with a large stick. The next day Colonel McMahon, the Prince's confidential managing man, met Sir Philip in the street, and stopping him exclaimed with much earnestness, "Upon my word, Francis, you must try to keep Sir Philip in order. Do you know he has been knocking at the Prince's door with his stick, and making such a noise because he was not admitted that we thought we should never get him away?"'

but his singularities were probably what chiefly recommended him in society.' But Lord Brougham only knew him at the very close of his life, when even the fame of his more shining period had passed away.

As a frequenter of circles such as these, and an habitué of Brookes's, Francis occasionally drifted pretty far into the 'fast' company of the period. The following extract from Lady Francis's memoranda refers, in the first instance, to a fracas between himself and Sir Richard Sutton, which seems to have originated in the debate on the proceedings against Impey (April 16, 1788), but is scantily reported in the Parliamentary history. But from that incident the lady diverges to the general subject of her husband's duelling experience as recorded by himself.

'Sir Philip was no duellist on principle, or rather for want of it. We have seen that he had once been forced into one, in defence of all that a gentleman holds most dear—his honour and character for truth. The manner in which Mr. Hastings attacked him on a country where religion among the English was only a name, and that rarely mentioned, so that it had been said that some of the principal Hindoos expressed their surprise on a clerical establishment being formed in India, and observed: "Then the English have really a religion"—left him no alternative but to submit to the deepest dye of infamy that social men can be taunted with or to risk his life. His narrow escape from death, and long sufferings from his desperate wound, made him unwilling to provoke another, but never made him hesitate when honour was at stake; and he was drawn more than he wished into affairs of this nature, in consequence of the animosity of Mr. Hastings and his supporters. As Sir Philip told me a very amusing story of one of these adventures, which was brought on

by another, I shall relate both with all the incidents I can remember, only regretting that I cannot do this *verbatim* as I heard it from his tongue, with his usual happy use of the most suitable words. During Hastings' trial, I think at that period when Sir Elijah Impey was accused of the judicial murder of Nundcomar, there was a Nottinghamshire Baronet, of the name of Sir Richard Sutton, who had held office and was a warm hearty man, who hated liberal politics from his heart, and was an intimate personal friend of both Hastings and Impey, and probably took their representations of Sir Philip's character to be just, which in after life I had the happiness to find was quite the reverse. This gentleman, in the warmth of his defence of the accused, not only repeated the Chancellor Thurlow's wish that the vessel containing Francis, Monson, and Clavering had been lost at sea, but added some personal reflections on Francis that he thought beyond parliamentary language. He had just enquired of his neighbour the name of his accuser, who was a stranger to him, and was deliberating in what way to notice the attack, when a strange incident happened in the House. A member had entered the House in that strange state of intoxication which some men are liable to, when wine causes a kind of insanity rather than common sottishness, like the famous Jack Fuller 20 years after. This hero directed all his spleen against the Speaker; he marched up to him while the House was engaged in watching the rising storm which seemed coming on between Sutton and Francis, and without giving the right honourable gentleman any notice, tried to eject him from his chair in the most summary way, *vi et armis*. The Speaker resisted like Falstaff, on compulsion; but the Bacchanal pulled so hard, that all the members near flew to the rescue,

thinking assassination or some personal injury was intended; but the assailant gravely assuring them that he would do the Speaker no harm, only take the chair himself, and make them a much better Speaker, and that he had no notion of one man sitting always in an easy chair while the others had nothing but narrow benches; that this was an injustice he would not endure, for one, but would have his turn, &c. &c.; changed their apprehensions into merriment, and they soon found out, *de quoi il s'agissait.* By this time all the members were on their legs, and the House in an uproar; all order was at an end; queries from one part, and peals of laughter from another, were all that was heard; all tried to get near the chair, where the crowd was the most dense and where the new speaker was defending himself with much gravity and logic. Sir Richard's speech had come to an abrupt conclusion, and Mr. Francis, finding there was no chance of any public satisfaction at that time, took the opportunity of all having quitted their seats to step across the house to the Treasury benches, where Sir Richard was standing, and asked him upon what footing he was to consider his personal attack on himself? Sir Richard, who was a quiet and respectable man in private life, out of politics, though somewhat stern and fierce-looking when disturbed, answered him that he had not theleast intention or thoughts of offending him; that it was merely on public grounds he spoke, and was sorry if he had offended him; and Sir Philip, though not believing him, took the apology, merely adding, "Then I hope, sir, I shall not have to complain of you in future?" "Certainly not, sir," said the other, and so they parted. Francis went down the next day to East Sheen, and on Sunday, while happy in the company of his then young and promising family,

particularly Elizabeth and Harriet, who were just rising into womanhood, and equally distinguished for beauty of person and mental endowments, a friend came in all haste from town, to give him the *pleasant* intelligence that Sir R's. speech was in all the papers, and in even more violent language than he had used in the house; that Sir R. had made charges against him, Francis, which remained uncontradicted and unatoned for. Francis, after a few moments' consideration, took his line of conduct, and, begging his friend to remain with his family to guard them from any alarm, he returned alone in his carriage to town, not wishing, as his friend was a family man, to involve him in what might prove a disagreeable business. In London he had many acquaintances who desired no better amusement than keeping their hands in practice either as principal or second in a meeting at Chalk Farm, but on calling on these fire-eaters he could not find one at home, or able to assist him. He then proceeded to the club-houses, and at Brookes's the only person he met was Captain Macnamara of the navy, afterwards so well known by the famous duel with Col. Montgomery about their dogs, while quarrelling in the Park. Captain M. thought himself cavalierly treated by the Colonel, one of the finest gentlemen and handsomest men in London; this the gallant son of Neptune could not brook; a challenge ensued; and the next morning by seven o'clock Montgomery was a corpse. Mr. Francis was at the time now in question very slightly acquainted with Macnamara, but finding himself tête-à-tête with him he mentioned his dilemma, when the naval hero immediately offered his services, for, he observed, not an hour should be lost in vindicating honour. Francis was at least sure that his new friend would not compromise him, to avoid

coming to extremities; he therefore sat down and wrote the words that he wished to appear the next day in the papers which had reported Sutton's speech. This paragraph, which disavowed the offensive expressions, and all purpose of casting the slightest imputation on Mr. Francis, he wished to have with Sir Richard's signature, and sent it to him by Captain Macnamara for that purpose, at the same time informing him that it would appear in the papers that had contained the report complained of. This at first appeared rather unpalatable to the baronet, but Captain Macnamara was a very firm and gentlemanly man, and at length succeeded in convincing him that he had been deceived in the estimation he had formed of Mr. Francis's character, and that he really owed him reparation; on which he signed the paragraph, which appeared in the newspapers; and Mr. Francis felt very well satisfied with the conduct of his ambassador, who had brought the affair to an amicable termination and yet enabled him to vindicate his honour. But the consequence of this little negociation was, that not long after Mr. Francis was drawn into an actual duel, though not as a principal. Harvey Aston had some *démêlé* with Captain Macnamara, and being a celebrated duellist, as was well known, called him out; the latter was not a man to decline such an invitation. I believe that he was purely aggrieved, for Mr. Harvey Aston's way of atoning for an injury was to challenge the injured man; and Sir Philip said, after numerous duels, in all of which he was the aggressor and escaped, at last he was engaged in one where he was in the right, and fell. Sir Philip related this when speaking about the old custom of trial by combat. This rencontre was, it seems, one of Mr. Aston's lucky duels, but the termination of it was owing to an odd incident. Captain Macnamara, on re-

ceiving the challenge, remembering the service he had lately rendered Mr. Francis, immediately applied to him, nor could he in justice refuse to act as his second. I forget the name of Mr. Aston's, but he was one of his fashionable friends, and to do him justice he seemed inclined to join Francis in wishing to reconcile the belligerent powers, but that he found impossible; and on Sunday, one fine summer morning, the hostile parties met in a field near a little village at some distance from town, for they dared not stop nearer, as they had some reason to fear their intentions had got out, and they knew that Chalk Farm and other favourite spots might not be safe. They took possession, therefore, of the corner of a field protected by high quick hedges. Before another attempt to pacify the combatants had failed, and the necessary preliminaries had taken place, the day was so far advanced that the bells from the village church near began chiming for the service of the morning, which perhaps hurried the gentlemen, for though both were dead shots, a brace of pistols was discharged on each side without effect. Both being still unsatisfied, they called to their seconds to reload, which they were unwillingly going to do when a voice from behind the hedge called out, "Stop, gentlemen, I cannot allow this business to proceed any further." On looking to see from whom the voice proceeded, to their great surprise the clergyman of the parish, in his canonicals, attended by his congregation, appeared through every aperture in the hedge, which was in fact lined with faces, which had been stationary there during the whole proceeding, to see the upshot and probable downfall of at least one of the party. In vain the bells had been impatiently ringing for the last half hour, not one would move from the interesting spot, or spoil the sport.

The Vicar, after issuing his injunction to stay further proceedings, made his way into the field of battle, and very politely accosting the party, said, "Gentlemen, I saw from the first what your intentions were, and, making allowances for the feelings of men of honour, I would not deprive you of the satisfaction you required; but now you have done enough. I know the laws of honour as well as any of you, and request you will give me your words that this affair shall end here." The gentlemen, who could scarcely keep their countenances at meeting with so chivalric a parson, gave him the assurance he required, and Mr. Harvey Aston's second said to Mr. Francis, "To tell you the truth, I am very glad it has finished as it has; for our gentlemen were very likely to have gone on till one fell, and it would not have been very pleasant to bring a man home dead to a widow and six children, which I might have had to do." By this time Macnamara was looking at his watch, and expressing some anxiety at finding it so late. "Why," said Francis, "we shall get back to town in very good time for the Park or Gardens."—"Yes, but my dear friend, I have a carriage waiting for me at the inn here; for the fact is, that I have another little affair of the same nature a few miles further off, and I am afraid that the other party will have to wait for me, which has always an awkward appearance in such cases."—"Very true! but pray am I to accompany you?"—"I am sorry to say I have another friend, who would be affronted if I were to ask any one else as second in this affair, and I am to call on him in my road, and if I disappoint him it will probably produce a third meeting, which for the pleasure of your company and assistance I shall not mind if you will be my friend; but it was a favour I could not previously ask, having been of so little service

to you."—"My dear sir, you could not have done better; but I assure you I have not the least wish to disappoint your friend, and therefore will take the carriage we came in immediately back to town, as you have another, in which I hope you will arrive in time to turn the practice of this morning to good account."—"So we parted," said Sir Philip, "quite *à l'aimable*, he assuring me that it was from no want of confidence that he did not inform me of his second engagement, but as he might have been shot previously by Aston it might never have taken place, and there would have been no use in palaver, &c." This was the man that a set of young coxcombs of fashion thought to bully in the Park, but they soon found they had caught a Tartar. Macnamara was brave as his sword; "but I took care," added Sir Philip, "never to incur another obligation to him, being pretty certain of the way in which I should have been called on to discharge it. By this means I escaped being a party to the fatal duel he had with Col. Montgomery.'"

I have faithfully printed the amusing gossip of the reminiscent; but I am bound to add that I have not myself discovered any record of the curious parliamentary scene which she describes at the beginning of it, or of Sir Richard Sutton's alleged retractation, in such newspapers of the day as I have consulted.

This is the most convenient period for noticing another singular episode in the life of Francis. The reader will remember Philip Rosenhagen, his early intimate, his supposed ally in controversy with Samuel Johnson, and the half-unfrocked military chaplain whose pranks in Paris amused his friend during his visit there in 1773. Of all other men—at least after the publication of the collected Letters—Rosenhagen seems to have been the nearest to penetrating the secret of Junius, and to have caused Francis the greatest alarm. This clerical

scamp, after returning to England, had through his convivial qualities made his way into the society of the Prince of Wales; and—if there be any truth in the following story—was solicited in vain to perform the marriage ceremony between him and Mrs. Fitzherbert, in 1787. It is given in the words of Lady Francis. I can furnish no evidence either to corroborate or refute it.

'Rosenhagen was of Danish family, but educated at one of our Universities and ordained. The Francis's often visited the Chandlers at Richmond, where they met Rosenhagen, who soon made himself agreeable to them. He was full of amusing stories, extremely witty, and had travelled much. He was an excellent whist-player, and F. appears to have acquired much of his excellence at the game from him. His life was not exactly that which would suit our modern evangelists. When chaplain of a regiment, he was the gayest man at mess. In aftertimes Francis met him in Paris, in hat and feather, silk coat, red-heeled shoes, and all the foppery of a *petit-maître*. He told F. that he mixed in the best society, and therefore could not appear in the dowdy dress of an English parson. He took F. to his lodgings, up a hundred steps, where he found a little room with a bed in it that nearly filled it; the remaining space was occupied by a chair and a box containing the tenant's wardrobe, on which he seated himself, complimenting his visitor with the honors of the chair, and telling at the same time that yesterday the Duke of —— occupied it; the day before, and before, the Marquis, the Compte, the Chevalier, &c. If he was to be believed, half the nobility of France had ennobled his bedroom by their presence. When four or five noblemen happened to meet in the room, he said they had to sit round the bed, but they knew he was a bird of passage, and could not entertain them as if he were at home. At

that time his English home was nothing but a name. Speaking the French language well, and having an infinite fund of humour, his company was always courted both in France and England. He discovered that F. was Junius, and endeavoured to turn the discovery to some personal account. He offered to let Lord North into the secret on condition of receiving a pension. Lord N. declined. F. got information of the negociation, and fearing he would not be able to baffle Rosenhagen, made an advantageous and honourable retreat. How Rosenhagen made his peace with F. does not appear, but R. left F. his papers, amongst which was an amusing diary, too personal to be published. There is also a curious correspondence relating to the marriage of the Prince of Wales with Mrs. Fitzherbert. Colonel Gardner, the Prince's private secretary, writes the first letter, asking R. to perform the ceremony. R. replies that it would be contrary to law for him to do so, and if done would be productive of important, probably disastrous, consequences to the whole nation. The Colonel answers that the Prince is aware of all that, but pledges himself to keep the matter a profound secret, and that the Prince will feel bound to reward R. for such a proof of his attachment as soon as the means are in his power. Rosenhagen, in reply, says he can trust implicitly the Prince's promise of secrecy, but he dare not betray the duty he owes to the Prince by assisting in an affair that might bring such serious consequences to him.' Lady F. says there were six letters, and she 'believes Rosenhagen declined the business because no *specific* offer was made to him, and not from the motives stated in the letters, as he was daring and unscrupulous. The marriage was soon afterwards performed at Devonshire House, in presence of the Duchess, Fox,[1] and other friends of the Prince.'

[1] So says the lady.

'It is believed,' she adds, 'that Rosenhagen consulted Mr. Francis and showed him the correspondence, at the time; which confirms our opinion that no cause for lasting dissatisfaction existed between them. Both gentlemen were in hopes that an impediment would arise to the dangerous marriage by no clergyman being found who would be inconsiderate enough to perform the ceremony; and it was understood the lady, whose virtue and sense of honour were undoubted, and who had hesitated even to accept a marriage which, had the Prince succeeded early to the throne and had a son by her, might have placed her by his side on it, never would yield except the Prince's honour and conscience were as much bound as her own, by a marriage according to the forms of the Church of England as well as by her own; and that each ceremony was to be performed by competent ministers of each Church. Difficult as these terms were, they were performed *au pied de la lettre.* A clergyman was found in the Church of England who viewed the affair in a different light.'

It is unnecessary to caution the reader against accepting the authenticity of much of this story: but, as regards Rosenhagen, not many years after these events he was sent out to Ceylon, then a recent acquisition, as Archdeacon of Colombo. Such was the care then taken by the mother country to plant the religion of the Church of England in her new possessions. Francis has preserved a transcript of his own last letter to him. It will be seen that this letter, in which he adopts the style of his own old days of license in writing to his graceless associate, must probably have reached the receiver on his death-bed.[1]

[1] His death is reported in the obituary to the *Gentleman's Magazine,* 1799, as having occurred at Colombo in September 1798. It is curious that his decease had been already recorded in the same publication in 1796. 'Lately, the Rev. Philip Rosenhagen, &c. A report was at one time industriously circulated, but without foundation except to flatter his vanity, that he was the author of the letters signed Junius.' It must be left to conjecture whether this premature insertion was a mistake or a mystification.

To the Rev. Philip Rosenhagen, at Colombo.

November 24, 1797.

I have written to you copiously in the last three months, particularly by Mr. Frederick North, who by this time I hope is in quiet possession of you, and of his government. Observe, if you please, that there is very little comfort in writing freely to a divine, who probably has quitted this world without going, I will not say to a better, for that would indicate reward without desert, but to any other; and that I am not at all ambitious of the admiration of your administrators or assigns. I have given Mr. North an idea of your character and qualifications, which will give him a very indifferent opinion of mine, if you do not convince him by an unheard of exertion of your faculties, that you are the Coryphæus of orthodox divines, and that no such man as yourself ever set his foot in Taprobane before. Now I have done my duty by you, so leave off your boyish tricks and make your fortune rapidly, that you may set like the sun with an enlarged orb; or depart in a blaze, like the great enemy of your religion. As for *me*, I am preparing to fight the French on British ground. *Pro patriâ non timidus mori.* And such a country too! But so much greater is the merit of those who are fools enough to die for it. If you should happen to survive me, as I know you will if you can, and are not at all likely to fall in battle (I don't mean bottle), be sure you do justice to my memory. To save myself the trouble of entering into any political details with you, I send you herewith two little pamphlets, on the subject of which I advise you not to engage in argument with Governor North, but drink about, study the compass, and always take care to shew him that God has given you grace enough to be of his Excellency's opinion. *Sic itur ad episcopatum.*

Everybody whom you know or care for in this hemisphere are well; but as none of us expect to see you again, we are endeavouring to wean our affections from you, and to fix them on another parson—neither Parson Glass nor Parson Horne, you may swear to that; but parsons never swear, do they? Only curse a little on high days, in a Commination or Athanasian. Oh Philip Rosenhagen! Philip Rosenhagen! You ruined my morals. You followed me up and down like my ill-angel, and I am no more the man I was intended for than the Irishman who swore he was changed at nurse and had never a day's health after, from being as fine a child as ever was seen.

George Hanger is going out Adjutant-General to Colombo.

Farewell,

P. F.

Francis kept up an occasional correspondence both with his old master George Thicknesse, who died in 1790, and was buried in Warmington churchyard, 'where' (to use the words of Francis) 'the wisest, learnedest, quietest, and best man he ever knew was laid' (Nichol's 'Lit. Anecdotes,' ix. 255); and also with George's brother, 'governor' Philip Thicknesse, of eccentric memory. Philip Thicknesse it seems embarked in the Junian controversy, having written in the newspapers in support of the authorship of Horne, and was answered (as Mr. Parkes believed) by Francis himself, in the *Gazetteer* of that year, a paper to which Francis was certainly an occasional contributor, under the signature 'Minor.' He afterwards republished his articles. The following is one among a few letters which Francis had apparently recovered and preserved, to his early friend the schoolmaster.

January 1, 1788.

Dear Sir,—I send you enclosed two letters from your brother, by which you will see that he perseveres stoutly in his goodwill to me. I told him yesterday that I abandoned the whole matter to *your* judgment; for, God knows, my opinion of *his* is not without alloy. On second thoughts, however, I very much wish that you would stifle this idea at its birth, and that you will do so by an effort of authority. As you are his brother, it is very fit and proper that he should make you remember it. But why am *I* to be killed with his kindness? I cannot help laughing when I think how long he has been the plague of your life, out of mere brotherly love and affection. At all events, I beseech you to keep me out of his book, without letting him suspect that the objection comes from me. You will receive two pacquets by this post.

I am, dear sir, your most faithful and
Affectionate humble servant,
P. Francis.[1]

At the general election of 1790, Francis was returned to parliament for the borough of Blechingley. His conduct

[1] Francis composed a Latin epitaph for Mr. Thicknesse, to which reference is made in a subsequently quoted letter of Burke.

remained much the same as in the former parliament. Excluded from the management of the impeachment of Hastings, he was limited to the business of observing its course, and prompting those who conducted it. But other subjects of fresher and far more engrossing interest now occupied the public mind, and the foremost of these was the French Revolution.

On this great subject, the opinion and conduct of Francis were decided from the beginning, without reticence or *arrière-pensée*. All the relics of his early writing show the intensity of his early prepossessions, and deliberate opinion likewise, respecting the mischiefs of the *ancien régime* in France, and of despotic and priestly power in general. On these topics his language never varied or wavered during his sixty years of journalism and public life. I have not observed any passage in his writings in which he palliated the excesses of the revolutionary party; but neither did he ever admit those excesses to furnish a reason for doubting that their cause was in substance the right one. In this disposition of mind, he held on his way through the agitated years from 1790 to 1796, always opposing Pitt and others, sometimes with effect, whenever the questions of our relations with France, or of the suspension of the Habeas-Corpus, and similar measures against the disaffected in England (he was himself a leading member of the society of the Friends of the People, and had much to do to defend himself and his associates in parliament), or of parliamentary reform among ourselves, came in question. In truth, the radicalism of Francis lay very deep. Of course it may be ascribed in part to disappointed ambition; more, perhaps, to his habitual contempt for what he esteemed the political baseness and profligacy of the governing faction in England. But beyond all this, there was a fundamental belief in the doctrine of political equality—

a doctrine which he never wished to see carried into practice otherwise than gradually, but of the ultimate success as well as justice of which he was in his heart persuaded.

Of course, this way of thinking and expressing himself soon brought him into collision—gradually at first, afterwards so as to produce some coldness between them—with his hitherto close political associate, Burke. To no other man does Burke appear to have deemed it so important or so difficult to justify the great change which his horror of the French Revolution had introduced into his general political sentiments, and in especial his political friendships. There was, in truth, very much in common between these two distinguished fellow-countrymen, so like, and yet so unlike, each other.[1] Both were under the tyrannical influence of those impulses so finely delineated by Coleridge when speaking of Burke :—

> Stormy Pity, and the cherished lure
> Of pomp, and proud precipitance of soul.

But the pity of Burke, now at all events, was for an outraged court and aristocracy, that of Francis for the multitudes, the 'proletary,' the slave, the Hindoo. The pomp which fired his imagination, if any, was not that of European potentates, but of Indian sovereigns, writhing beneath the grasp of English power, used to wring from them wealth for the meanest of the sons of England.

The letters which passed between Francis and Burke

[1] No one who has carefully studied the *external* evidence can believe that Burke wrote Junius. But as far as the internal evidence of style goes, those who advocate his authorship have always appeared to me to have a far more plausible case than other dissentients from the Franciscan theory; and I believe the reason to be what I have suggested: the similarity of the two minds, different as their products undoubtedly were.

on French affairs at this crisis are printed in part in vol. i. of 'Burke's Works and Correspondence' (ed. 1852, to which the following references are made). I am enabled to make some addition from the Francis papers as regards the letters from Burke (his own he has not preserved). And I have only reproduced those already printed where they seemed necessary for the comprehension of the subject.

The series commences with a letter from Burke, December 11, 1789, on a scheme for the establishment of a national bank in France, which Francis had communicated to him in print (Burke's Works, i. 568). The next from Francis is dated from Bath, February 19, 1790, p. 569. It appears to have been occasioned by Burke lending him a proof-sheet of his 'Reflections on the Revolution in France.' In it Francis argues strongly and fiercely against the use made by Burke of some of his topics.

> In my opinion all that you say of the Queen is pure foppery. If she be a perfect female character, you ought to take your ground upon her virtues. If she be the reverse, it is ridiculous in any but a lover to place her personal charms in opposition to her crimes. . . . Look back, I beseech you, and deliberate a little before you determine that this is an office which perfectly becomes you. If I stop here it is not for want of a multitude of objections. The mischief you are going to do yourself is, to my apprehension, palpable. It is visible. It is audible. I snuff it in the wind. I taste it already. I feel it in every sense, and so will you hereafter; when I vow to God (an elegant phrase) it will be a sort of consolation for me to reflect that I did everything in my power to prevent it.

On the following day (Feb. 20), Burke answers by a remarkable letter (enclosed in one from his son Richard Burke), which is printed at p. 571. It contains a long and eloquent vindication of his enthusiasm in behalf of the unfortunate Marie-Antoinette, which need not be reproduced here.

'You,' he says to Francis, 'are the only friend I have who will dare to give me advice. I must have, then, something terrible in me, which intimidates all others who know me from giving me the only unequivocal mark of regard. Whatever their rough and menacing manner may be, I must search myself upon it; and when I discover it, old as I am, I must endeavour to correct it. I flattered myself, however, that you at least would not have thought my other friends altogether justified in withholding from me their services of this kind. You certainly do not always convey to me your opinions with the greatest possible tenderness and management, and yet I do not recollect, since I had the pleasure of your acquaintance, that there has been a heat or a coolness of a single day's duration on my side during that whole time. I believe your memory cannot present to you an instance of it. I ill deserve friends if I throw them away on account of their candour, and simplicity of their good nature. In particular, you know that you have in some instances favoured me with your instructions relative to things I was preparing for the public. If I did not in every instance agree with you, I think you had on the whole sufficient proofs of my docility to make you believe that I received your corrections not only without offence, but with no small degree of gratitude.'

The next (not printed) relates, apparently, to some questions concerning the management of the impeachment.

March 10, 1790.

My dear Francis,—I called upon you last night, both at your own house and Brookes's, and on coming home found you had been here. Let me know what answer you have received, but by no means return any reply or take any other step until I see you. Shall I call on you, or will you come hither? I have many thoughts on this business extending beyond your present lease, though not foreign to it, and I think of starting some of them in the Committee this day. We meet at one.

Yours ever most truly,
EDM. BURKE.

The next from Francis is dated Newmarket, Nov. 3, 1790. It was written when Burke's work on the Revolution, which he originally saw in proofs, had actually appeared. It is printed at p. 586, and has been perhaps more frequently quoted than any other of Francis's avowed productions, and supposed by critics to contain more of the

Junian character. It is a long and argumentative defence of the revolution, founded on the writer's estimate of the misgovernment of France in past times, and the hopelessness of any but a radical remedy.

Many things have been done which greatly deserve to be lamented: and the more because they weaken and disgrace a cause essentially just and honourable. The loss of a single life in a popular tumult excites individual tenderness and pity. No tears are shed for nations. . . . But you dread and detest commotion of every kind. And so should I; and who would not? if a healthy repose could be obtained without a tempest or stagnation. But tell me—has not God himself commanded, or permitted, the storms to purify the elements?

Burke's closing reply follows (November 19, 1790, p. 591), and the correspondence drops. I find only two more short letters from Burke to Francis, and one from Burke's brother William, on the melancholy subject of the death of Edmund's son Richard, which broke the father's heart.

Monday morning, January 23, 1792.

My dear Sir,—I thank you for the honour you have done me in thinking that my obsolete and worn-out ideas of classical expression can be of any use to you. Such as they are they are at your service. I have scribbled in your margin a trifling note or two. I have likewise scribbled over the same thoughts with yours; which I thought so far from contracting, to give a dignity to the subject, ought rather to be expanded. Certainly it is in the very best style of antiquity, in all eulogies, to exalt the place of birth and education; and the dignity of the art is the object of an . . . cultivated, and the splendour of his progenitors or predecessors. I think you have said more of Mr. Thicknesse in your conversations with me than is said in the inscription. I have endeavoured to express it. In the latter part I was interrupted by the bad news which takes me to town, the great danger of the life of an old and invaluable friend. If my stock was greater the loss would still be most grievous. I can say, write, or think nothing more. Alas! all that is said there would be truly said upon another tomb.

Dear sir,
Very sincerely yours,
EDM. BURKE.

The next begins singularly, as if the political quarrel had now ripened into personal disunion.

Sunday evening, February 16, 1794.

Mr. Burke presents his respectful compliments to Mr. Francis, and hopes he will have the goodness to excuse the liberty Mr. Burke takes of requesting the honour of seeing him at his house in Duke Street at ten to-morrow, on the unpleasant business.

The next, as I have said, relates, sadly enough, to Edmund Burke's death-blow—the loss of his son.

William Burke to Francis.

25 Duke Street, St. James's,
August 9, 1794.

Sir,—The friendly effect of your humanity found me here. The poor father and mother are strangely comforting each other, and the mother, far the weaker, succeeds, I think, something better than the father in that dreadful exertion; nor does she fail altogether in participating the miserable comfort she endeavours to give. God only knows whether these sad exertions of the moment can grow into a settled patience.

God preserve you, sir, and continue to you the infinite blessing of being a father.

I am, sir, with great regard and esteem,
Your very obedient, humble servant,
WILLIAM BURKE.

Once only have I found Francis and Burke in contact again. On June 20, 1795, an attack was made in Parliament on the latter, for some violent language which he had used in the conduct of the impeachment of Hastings: the question being, the proposal of a vote of thanks to the managers. Francis on this occasion supported his old associate; and claimed his right to do so, as 'having attended the trial of Hastings, with the greatest diligence, and more constantly, he believed, than any member of the House.' A significant proof of the pertinacity of his implacable spirit. Burke spoke languidly and little, and did not at all notice the language used against himself. On the following day he accepted

the Chiltern Hundreds; and so ended the greatest parliamentary career, in one sense, and that a lofty one, which England has known.

The account of the relations between Burke and Francis may be fitly closed with a paper of remarks, composed by Francis many years later, on Bisset's 'Life of Burke.' They formed, perhaps, the heads of that 'Memoir of Burke,' which he seems to have written, but which has not been recovered.

'Doctor Bisset's Life of Edmund Burke, when I read it a dozen years ago, appeared to me not much better than a catchpenny; very hastily put together, without materials beyond magazines and newspapers, and full of mistakes, but by no means without merit in point of criticism, and sound observation on some characters. In that part of the work in which I am mentioned he is extremely inaccurate, though I furnished him, at his own earnest desire, with two original letters of Mr. Burke, and some other information about India, to which he has not done justice. In p. 452, vol. i. he says, "A very intimate friendship had subsisted from their early youth between Mr. Burke and Mr. Francis." This is not the fact. I had known Mr. Burke a little at an earlier period; but it was in the year 1773, before the Act of Parliament appointing the first Governor-General and Council for Bengal legislatively, that we were introduced to each other by our common friend the late John Bourke of Tokenhouse yard, who brought us together; and Mr. Edmund Burke, though otherwise he opposed the bill, spoke handsomely of me in the debate, as a very proper person for the office, &c. In the year 1776 I sent to Mr. John Bourke, from India, a copy of my plan for a perpetual settlement of the lands of Bengal, and desired that he would communicate it to Mr. E. B.—This is

the paper alluded to in p. 145 of the 2nd volume, and in Edmund's letter to John Bourke dated in November 1777, which Bisset has published.

'In the preceding June of that year Mr. Burke wrote to me himself, to introduce and recommend to me his cousin, the late Mr. William Burke, who, after a short stay at Madras, returned to England, and did never come to me at Calcutta. In answer to the queries.[1]

'1. I can only say that the ninth and eleventh reports of the Select Committee, and which are the most important, were written by Mr. Burke, except a few pages of the former, about the Nabobs Mobarek ul Dowla and Mahomed Reza Cawn, and the monopoly of salt, opium, and some other articles, which I drew for him at his own desire, besides correcting the whole—I mean in minor particulars and lapses of expression; all which he left at my disposal, not only in those reports but in many of his speeches and other writings.

'2. I am not able to say which of the articles of the impeachment were written by *him*. Several of them were drawn up by *me*. Others and the most voluminous by Dr. Laurence, and one by Lord Minto (Sir G. Elliot). All these I could point out.

'3. *This* speech was in my judgment by much the most powerful and perfect he ever *pronounced*, and heard with universal admiration and assent, including even that of Pitt and Dundas. Unfortunately, no record of it that I know of has been preserved. I often pressed him to write it down. But at that time he had too many and more urgent occupations.

'4. I know of no record of *this* speech. But the report of the Select Committee on the Abatement of the Impeachment was written by him, with assistance, I

[1] These queries are not preserved.

presume, from Dr. Laurence; and if I were compelled to choose among his eminent works the most eminent and the most extraordinary, I should fix upon this report.

'Bisset's principal object was to publish his book at any rate, and as speedily as possible. For all the political part, especially the panegyric of Henry Dundas, he told me I need not mind it, for, to say the truth, he was paid for it. He was at Edinburgh while the book was printing; consequently, had no opportunity of correcting the press himself. So at least he accounted to me for the multitude of mistakes and errors in the printed copies of his work.'

The following, from a letter to Sir Robert Chambers (April 27, 1791), gives Francis's judgment on one of Burke's greatest efforts.

April 27, 1791.

As to the ninth report, which is indeed a masterpiece of human wisdom, the fact is I wrote a very small part of it, and, as to the composition, corrected the whole.

On memory only, and speaking without book, I think I can say with truth that there is not one material principle or deduction in it which may not be fairly and honestly traced back to some antecedent opinions of my own, dilated on and expanded by a superior power. In some respects I am the acorn. But, if you want to see the oak in all its beauty, dignity, and strength, read the ninth report, the sole undoubted property of the commanding master-mind of Edmund Burke.

It is true he sucked the saccharine juices out of all vegetation, even from such a wild weed as myself, and turned it to his purpose; but *he* alone was the wonderful artificer, who made the wax, the comb, and the honey.

Francis continued throughout this Parliament to take an active part as a debater on other subjects of general interest besides those connected with French affairs. He was always found in the foremost of the ever-narrowing

phalanx of Fox's supporters. He opposed one by one the stringent measures of the government against reformers and Jacobins at home. He distinguished himself especially in support of Wilberforce's efforts for the abolition of the slave trade.[1] One of his speeches (on the royal proclamation against seditious writings, May 25, 1792) may be quoted as conveying his sentiments on a subject on which Francis, above most men, had a right to speak with authority.

'Since I have been acquainted with political discussions, I never knew a period at which anonymous publications were less in use than at present, at which authors were ever so ready to put their names to their works and to make themselves personally responsible for what they published. It is the literary character of the age we live in, and gives the lie direct to the ridiculous supposition that a diligent inquiry is necessary to detect any of the persons who can by any possibility be the objects of the proclamation.'

His speeches on parliamentary reform—particularly on Mr. (afterwards Lord) Grey's famous motion, May 7, 1793, of which he was one of the earliest supporters in earnest, looking on it as a fundamental and desirable change, not as a mere party exigency—attracted much attention in their day among the partisans of that change. The way in which his principles respecting it affected his views on minor questions is curiously exemplified in a speech on a proposal for disfranchising certain Stockbridge electors guilty of bribery (April 10, 1793):—

'The instance you prohibit is nothing but a sample of the practice you permit. Do you think that by

[1] 'His judgment does not seem to be equal to his laudable zeal on this subject,' writes Dr. Burgh, a correspondent of Wilberforce. (*Life of W.* ii. 144.)

disfranchising these individuals the principal end of penal justice will in any degree be attained? Do you believe that it will deter others, either high or low, from selling their interest or their votes in other places, or at this place, at a future election? You know it will not. All the effect to be expected from such a measure as this is to make other persons, in a similar situation, a little more cautious in the form of their proceedings, a little more dextrous in the management of their corrupt engagements, and more careful of exposing themselves to be detected. Under pretence of punishing bribery in a particular case, all you do is to teach the lesson and inculcate the necessity of acting with deeper fraud on other occasions. If there be any truth in these reflections, if it be admitted, as I think it must, in the mind of every man, that this bill, whether just or not in its immediate application, will not deter others, I then should be glad to know in what sense our having recourse to such a measure can be of any advantage to the public. On my principles, and according to my view of the subject, nothing can be more injurious to the public service than to hold out to the people the appearance of parliamentary rigour in particular instances of corruption, when, in fact, we are indifferent about the whole system and suffer it to take its course without interruption or notice. The effect of these pretended remedies, these occasional palliatives, I fear, will be to dull and stupefy the people, already too dull and indifferent, on the subject of a parliamentary reform, and to deprive us of any chance of a real effective remedy. Believing as I do that a complete alteration in the construction of the House of Commons is indispensably necessary to the preservation of the constitution, I never will concur in any measure that tends to throw a veil

over the general abuse, or to encourage the people in thinking that a general comprehensive remedy for a universal and rooted evil may be delayed with safety.'

On May 3, George Rose (not unversed, it was thought, in Stockbridge politics) moved to discharge the order for the second reading; on which Francis congratulated the independent electors of Stockbridge on 'the powerful security now held out to them in the respectable protection of the secretary of the Treasury, who had frankly declared himself an enemy in general to all bills of pains and penalties for bribery and corruption. On such a subject the honourable gentleman's authority was great, for his experience must be considerable and his knowledge extensive. The cause and the patron had a natural relation, and were perfectly worthy of one another!' For himself, however, he repeated his objection to the measure, which, through a coalition, was thrown out.

On January 23, 1795, we find him, in a debate on the continuance of the Habeas Corpus Suspension Act, strongly vindicating the very unpopular society of 'Friends of the People,' to which he belonged, against certain imputations cast upon it.

Mr. Parkes—a thoroughly good authority on the history of parliamentary reform—possessed a copy (printed) of the first draft of the 'Resolution and Plan intended to be proposed to the Society of the Friends of the People, drawn up in the Autumn of 1793, and laid before the Society on the 8th March, 1794.' It differs to some extent from that finally adopted. Mr. Parkes has endorsed on this copy: 'It was drawn entirely by Francis, receiving suggestions from two or three of his co-leaders.'

It has been a favourite pursuit with some critics to trace resemblances to the Junian style in the speeches of Francis's best parliamentary period. Generally speaking,

the attempt has been attended with little success. Our styles change in the course of advancing life, as our bodies and minds change. Francis had worn away by this time much of the eloquent *verve* of early youth. And, as we have seen, he was by no means as powerful with the voice as with the pen. He corrected indeed his speeches sedulously for the press; but what has been said cannot well be rewritten, and all who have united oratory with composition well know that to turn into a discourse for publication matter already spoken is a wearying effort, which has nothing of the freshness and fire of original composition. Still, passages every here and there occur which no doubt remind the reader forcibly of the stateliest and most laboured (and the most laboured generally are the best) passages of Junius. There is, in particular, the same peculiarity of a repetition of elaborate efforts to raise the attention of the reader by well-poised generalities, epigram, antithesis, maxim, comparison, without opening the immediate and narrow question at issue until just before the end:

——pendent opera interrupta, minæque
Verborum ingentes—

a process which sometimes gives majesty to a climax, but sometimes also ends in an anti-climax, the substantial proposition being slight, the approaches elaborate.[1] I will select a specimen or two, which seem to my own perception to illustrate my meaning, from his speech in the 'Debate respecting the armament against Russia,' March 1, 1792:—

'Why is this island to be for ever the victim of continental politics? The position that separates, ought to secure us. But systems are created to counteract nature. Our situation gives us no advantage. We are insulated

[1] 'The best specimen of this manner' (the antithetic) 'is in Junius, because his antithesis is less merely verbal than Dr. Johnson's.'—*Coleridge's Lit. Remains*, i. 239.

in vain. I would warn the country, if I could, against plunging, as we have done too often, into a labyrinth of continental politics. The nature and essence of a labyrinth is to be very easy to enter and very difficult to get out of it. Let us attend to our own affairs, and beware how we follow these wandering fires, this will-of the-wisp that carries us away through bogs and quicksands, and instead of landing us at our own door, abandons us at last in some foreign desert, worn out and benighted, to find our way home again. . . .

'The right hon. gentleman would do well to consider where his concession leaves him, and whether he had not better resort at once to the original folly of his conduct, supposed to be corrected by better information or experiment, than persist in asserting that the interest which he has sacrificed was essential, that the right he has surrendered was indisputable, and that the conditions he has retracted were of importance sufficient to justify the armament and fit to be supported by the hazard of a war. In one way, he has a chance of being right; in the other, he pronounces his own condemnation. Privileged as he is, he will not tell us, I presume, that both sides of the contradiction are true; that he acted wisely in demanding, and vigorously in retracting; that to arm for a certain object, and to disarm without attaining it, is an equal proof of consummate wisdom and of exalted resolution. Until adverse propositions such as these are made to concur, I must continue to think, as I have been taught, that among nations, as well as individuals, moderation is the pledge and foundation of firmness; that insolence and arrogance generally lead to meanness and submission; and that he who draws his sword without reason, is very likely to put it up again without honour.' [1]

[1] This is not the proper place for recurring to a well-worn subject. Nevertheless, it may be here suggested in answer to those who have relied (even

Having brought Francis nearly to the natural termination of this division of his political life, I will complete this chapter by the insertion of a few miscellaneous letters of a more general character. The following, to Sir Robert Chambers, now Chief Justice at Calcutta, is the earliest which I have seen dated from St. James's Square, to which he had by this time removed, and where (at No. 14, now, I think, the East India United Service Club) he continued to live until his decease, though for several years he kept the house at East Sheen also.

St. James's Square, April 27, 1791.

My dear Friend,—Instead of a formal, unsatisfactory apology about myself, and you, and my long silence, the best thing I can do is to tell you the honest truth at once, and trust to your candour and friendship to give me a favourable construction. I have really been restrained from writing to you because I neither knew how to avoid the only subject in which you were personally interested, nor how to speak of it in terms either of hope or consolation. I mean your advancement to the office of Chief Justice, so long and so dearly earned and so well deserved. I thank God you have it now, though a poor reward it is for so many years' labour. Will it enable you, within any reasonable compass of years, to secure a retreat in this country? That object, I hope, is not discarded. I see nothing in India that ought to tempt a reasonable man to stay there who has a shelter anywhere else. *My* doom is still to oppose and to predict, and both to no purpose. We are now engaged in a contest in India that cannot, as I learn from the highest authority, even if attended with the utmost success, prove advantageous to our affairs. I believe so. Then what are you to expect from defeat or procrastination? My dear Sir Robert, keep your money in your pocket, if you have any. They will promise you great interest; but, if this war goes on, you will never see your capital again. I have communicated to Mr. Burroughs's friends in Ireland, as I know he has done himself, the kind, the benevolent reception he met with in

---

recently) on the argument that Francis could not have written 'Junius' because he never wrote anything equal to it. Admitting such to be the fact, the same reasoning would prove that Butler could not have written 'Hudibras,' nor Le Sage 'Gil Blas,' nor Bunyan 'The Pilgrim's Progress.'

Bengal from all my surviving friends there, but particularly from *you*. I really am obliged to you for your behaviour to him. His lot in life had been distinguished by a stroke of more than common ill-fortune: he has borne his fate stoutly, and I hope he will live to conquer it. In my situation there has been no sort of change, except that I have removed into a very convenient house in St. James's Square, where I believe I am at anchor for life. The name of the situation sounds well; but you would be much mistaken in concluding that I lived in a palace, or at all like a prince. Some lucky accidents have enabled me to venture once more into Parliament, though at a great expense. This is the last time of asking. My daughters are everything I could wish, and very likely to be happy too, if they can reconcile themselves to believe that happiness may be had without marriage. Security and independence they shall have, at least as long as fortune can be secured in England. My son has been two years in the Temple, and also studying under a special pleader. So I have done my part for him, and infinitely more than was done for me. The idea of actual war with Russia seems to be abandoned by everybody, and particularly disclaimed by the friends of Mr. Pitt. Yet the expense of the armament is continued, and the pressing of seamen, both here and in Ireland, goes on as strenuously as if war had been declared. I really intend to behave better than I have done, and to be a laudable correspondent hereafter. But I know my own frailty too well to make solemn engagements about writing. Much depends upon the topics of the day, the temper of the moment, the immediate occasion, and the general habit of writing. While I was in training in Bengal, I had no mercy on my friends in England. I wrote volumes of private letters, and thought nothing of it. My silence and negligence now, I do assure you, is no proof of a want of good will. Give me credit for more than I say, and do not rigorously measure my merits by my practice. I look back to old times and remember old friends with a tender affectionate interest, considering them as objects in which I have long had a property. They are not like the events or connexions of yesterday, which have not had time to take root in the mind. My wife and family, too, have been brought up to think that they in some sort belong to you, and that they do not go out of their own family, when they wish to be united with you and with yours.

Is there anything in this England in which I can contribute to your service or to your satisfaction? I should like to be tried.

Your most sincerely and affectionately,

F.

To L. Collings, Esq., as to the Expedition against Tippoo Saib.

St. James's Square, August 1, 1791.

. . . I know very well that great military success will cover a multitude of political sins. The glory of it will go to the general; the plunder, if there be any, to the army; the profit to the contractors. But what will the public get by it? Debt, beggary, and ruin. If the reverse should happen, if there should be no success; or if, without supposing a direct defeat in the field, the war should be protracted, I believe I may leave you to your reflections. Upon paper, I must own, the enterprise looks as if it could hardly fail, supposing all the parties to do their utmost to fulfil their engagements; and Tippoo must submit. Yet we had better means in the preceding year, and he was then taken by surprise. In Leadenhall Street the expectation of a peace is much relied on. If it be made in consequence of orders from home, it must be disgraceful, and if disgraceful, dangerous. It is not safe to declare, in the face of India, that Tippoo is superior to you. For the affairs of this part of the world, I must refer you to the newspapers. With respect to France, I can tell you with confidence, I might almost say with certainty, that it promises to be the most flourishing country in the world, excepting North America. I cannot answer for the event of external violence. Contrary winds may retard the voyage; a tempest may sink the stoutest ship; all human skill may be overpowered by the force of the elements. But these are accidents beyond the reach of calculation. The National Assembly have done everything, in my opinion, that brave and wise men could do to serve their country. I have lately been there, and am sure of what I say. Now, my good friend, I beg of you not to think yourself too old or too far off to take any interest in these affairs. Why should *you* not visit England once more, as well as Joseph Fowke? I intend to give up all my hopes the moment they cut off my head, and not sooner. This it is to be young and sanguine. I can easily conceive what Mackenzie's situation must be, and I feel for him much more deeply than I believe he thinks I do. Yet his day is not past, whatever mine may be; and even *I* do not despair. You may write to me hereafter under cover to David Godfrey, Esq., Terrace, Adelphi, London.

Yours,

P. F.

To J. Bristow, Esq.

Dear Bristow,—I leave this letter open for your perusal, which is all that it is worth. I have no intelligence, and my reflections are good for nothing. I wish you could get me an exact account, or at

least a tolerable estimate, of the expense of this war in all its parts. Since we are to be reimbursed by our conquests, I should like to know what we have paid for them.

Yours,

P. F.

To Viscountess Palmerston.

Sheen, December 10, 1791.

Dear Lady Palmerston,—In the course of my last journey and voyage from Paris, I said to myself, having nobody else to speak to, and in the language of Mr. Wraxall, 'Is there any power to compel, or eloquence to persuade, or temptation to seduce me to travel any farther on the surface of this terraqueous globe?- Have I not suffered everything that can be suffered by land, by water, and by air?' In short, the only element that had done me no mischief was fire; so I determined to stick by the side of it, and never stir out till the sun himself came to invite me, which you know very well is not to be expected before Midsummer. One would think there was a spell upon pious resolutions. If I had determined to hang myself, not one mortal lady in Hampshire would have said a word to prevent me; whereas the moment I resolve to act like a prudent person and take care of my constitution, some goddess immediately descends from the machine, and with a pair of scissors, like Fate, cuts the thread of my resolution. You will observe with pleasure, and I hope remember with gratitude, that I am the first person who ever thought of comparing you to Lachesis or Atropos, or Mrs. Culverden to Tisiphone. Anybody but me would have talked to you about the Graces, and sent you to your glass for the picture of Aglaia. But I shall certainly break my neck if I don't come down from these altitudes directly. In plain English, then, permit me to inform you that all power is a trust, that the abuse of power leads to a revolution, and that, if you are not very kind to me when you have me in yours, as I foresee you will ere it be long, I shall unquestionably rebel; so you may find yourself dethroned when you little think of it, and your house and family converted into a republic. Mrs. Culverden may stand a siege if she pleases, but shall be taken by storm, and I know exactly where I shall bang her. It depends entirely on your own prudence and moderation to avert these unhappy omens, and to keep me and all those whom I represent steady in our attachment to your person and government on the same principles on which I am at present, dear madam,

Your most dutiful servant,

P. Francis.

To Viscountess Palmerston.

St. James's Square, March 10, 1792.

Dear Madam,—If you were but half as well accustomed to receive favours as you are to confer them, you would accept of the enclosed,[1] as I am sure you will wear it with a better grace than any lady of *your* acquaintance; though very much tempted, I dare not say of mine. After providing for your appearance, you will see that I have not neglected a more substantial consideration.[2] The beauty that is adorned must be supported. Eat freely, dear madam, and remember, while you are eating, that I do not confine myself to empty praise when I assure you that I am, with as much admiration as I can spare, as well as with all possible attachment,

Your most dutiful servant,

P. Francis.

To Messrs. Richardson and Riddell, Glasgow.

St. James's Square, April 19, 1792.

Gentlemen,—I have received the favour of your letter of the 13th instant. The burgesses of Glasgow and of Scotland in general, as I understand you, have two principal objects in view: first, that certain magistrates and councillors in the burghs, who are successively elected by one another, and who are possessed of or entrusted with the receipt of a large public revenue, of which at present they give no account, should be obliged to account for the use and application of that revenue. This, if I state it properly, is a claim of such clear unquestionable right, as no man, even in these times, would venture to deny, however he might be determined to resist it. Accordingly, you will find that, in the debate last night, in which your cause was ably and vigorously supported by Mr. Sheridan and Mr. Fox, your right was fully acknowledged and completely defeated.

Your second object is, that the same persons who alienate and misapply the public property without account, and who elect themselves, shall not elect your representatives, or rather their own, to sit in Parliament, but that the members who serve for burghs shall be, as they ought to be, elected by the burgesses. To this claim, both in right and fact, a direct negative was given last night, without the smallest qualification or reserve: it was treated as a *wicked* attempt to carry anarchy and confusion into Scotland. You know better than I do whether such a measure is likely to be attended with such an effect, and whether the burgesses of Scotland

[1] A favour.

[2] Bride-cake. The occasion, I conclude, was that of the marriage of his fourth daughter, Mary, this year, to Mr. Godshall Johnson, of Putney.

who have petitioned Parliament on this subject have nothing in view but the ruin of their country. If I may judge from the names and situation of many of those who compose the councils, their stake in the welfare of Scotland is not so considerable as yours. In England, where I have everything to lose and nothing to gain by confusion, I am resolved to promote, to the utmost of my power, a measure founded on the same principles with that which some persons here have had the courage to brand with the foulest epithets. You say you are 'determined to persevere with spirit and firmness until you obtain your just and lawful rights.' Do so. I have sat too long in Parliament to be discouraged by occasional defeats, or to be frightened with hard words. They are the common rubbish with which persons who have the advantage of higher ground and station find it easy to pelt the people who are under them. I do not much lament the decision of last night, because I think that every denial of right and justice tends to ensure to us, sooner or later, a general comprehensive remedy for that grand original evil which is the source of all particular abuses: I mean the present state of the pretended representation of the people in Parliament. Having given you my opinion, you may be sure of my resolution.

I am, &c.,

P. FRANCIS.

To Mr. Collings, in India.

St. James's Square, February, 1793.

My dear neighbour Collings,—Your letter of March 1, 1792, begins with certain words which I dare say you have totally dismissed from your memory. I shall repeat them to you now, in order to set you right about some ideas of mine which I see you have mistaken. You say, 'You write stoutly, but methinks rather petulantly.' The passage in my letter of August, 1791, to which the remark of yours must allude, viz., *that I was still condemned to keep my eyes turned towards India*, was purely and perfectly figurative. I meant nothing but the attention which my situation compelled me to give to the affairs of India. As to a local bodily removal into that country, on any terms that I could submit to, I know it to be impossible. It neither was nor is in my thoughts. John Bristow's grand packet, for which he has a right to take all credit and merit, was not received when I took notice of my not having heard from him. I am sure the observation was made without complaint. You say vehemently, 'there is not a soul that cares a d——n for me, or that ever writes to me.' And you say this to *me*, and your conscience gives you no trouble on the subject!

This it is to have a hard heart and a feeble memory. But take courage. I am doing all I can to forget India and everything that belongs to it. Your reproaches hereafter shall not be so ill founded as they have been. Yet I do not like and cannot allow myself to think it impossible that we should ever meet in this best of worlds. On the subject of Indian affairs, I promise and vow that I shall never trouble you, or anybody else, again. In this age, events of every kind seem to happen on purpose to defeat calculation and to make a jest of human wisdom. Having found out at last that I am no favourite of fortune, I have sincerely and *bonâ fide*, without affectation and without ill-humour, surrendered all my pretensions to the honours and profits of the present system of human affairs. I have distressed myself considerably by going into Parliament with a view to preferment; I find, by sorrowful experience, that I could not have taken a worse road to it. So much for India. As to our domestic situation, I can only tell you that all the politics that I am concerned in are blank and unpromising—ruptures, separation, nonsense, misery, and falsehood! Ireland in all appearance setting up for herself! Tumults, insurrections, and treason denounced to exist in all parts of this kingdom, and to cure these petty disorders, a foreign war prescribed by the faculty and supposed to be extremely palatable to the patient. I am proceeding however in the same path, though not in all the same company, in which I set out in Parliament. Whither it may lead me I know not; most probably to final inactivity and retirement. Fortunately for me, I have some resources in my own mind and in domestic circumstances of which I cannot be deprived by any of those events which are called disappointments. Having already had my share of them, I know exactly how they affect me.

If you happen to meet with, or should write to, my old friend and quondam protégé Claude Martin, I wish you would take some pains to keep me alive in his memory and good-will. I declare to you seriously that I have not strength or spirits enough to do it myself. I shall do my duty to Bristow to the best of my power, but in truth I can do nothing now with alacrity. They who follow the stream need only touch the water with their oars. I am cursed with adversity both of wind and tide. To labour hard and for ever and to make no way is enough to break a stouter heart than mine. A war with France, I am inclined to think, is inevitable, because, on our part, provoked and intended. Assuredly it will not be conducted with the common hostilities nor attended with the common calamities of war. Great reliance is placed on the apparent weakness of France and the distress and confusion of their affairs. But

events have hitherto given the lie to speculations, because sufficient allowance, I suppose, has not been made for the unconquerable powers of enthusiasm and the inexhaustible resources of despair.

To Edward Tilghman, Esq., Philadelphia.

London, April 27, 1793.

Dear Sir,—This letter of introduction will be, I hope, ere long delivered to you by one, who is to be accompanied by another, of my oldest and most intimate friends. The first is Mr. David Godfrey, the second Mr. James Archdekin, and they were both of them closely and cordially united with our dear and ever to be lamented Richard Tilghman. They are literally going to look at America for a few weeks, and by no means to seek their fortune there. They look forward to emergencies on this side of the Atlantic which may possibly determine them to provide a retreat on the other. Such thoughts rarely enter into the minds of wealthy men, unless their minds are above their fortune. But to themselves I leave it to explain to you their motives, views, and projects in this expedition. I pray you to show them attention for my sake, and I recommend it to you to cultivate their friendship for your own.

Be so kind as to inform Mr. Godfrey exactly of the flourishing state of my acres in Pennsylvania, and give him a well-argued opinion on the question of keeping or selling them; I do not think I shall ever be able, though marvellously disposed, to cultivate them with my own hands.

And so, citizen, farewell.

P. Francis.

The impeachment of Hastings came at last to an end in 1795. On April 23, in that year, he 'was commanded to present himself in Westminster Hall, when the Chancellor informed him that he was acquitted by a large majority, and he was consequently discharged.' The public interest in the matter had long ceased, and the result was accepted almost as a matter of course. The managers themselves were weary of it, as Burke's last letters show. Francis—and he in all probability alone, as we have seen—was active and unremitting to the end. But, in spite of all his pertinacity, the 'vendetta' of twenty years was now terminated. It had made of

Hastings a disappointed and impoverished man. It had deprived Francis, through the hostilities which his inveteracy had excited, of the great object which had long filled his imagination, that of succeeding Hastings in the chief government of India. Both the rivals had many years of life still before them; but nothing of importance remained for either to accomplish. They had to sit by, haunted by the importunate shadow of what might have been, and see the business of the world, of which they still felt themselves most capable, transacted by younger men. Each, in his heart, must have known that he had drawn the visitation on himself.[1]

[1] With reference to the sentiments of Francis on Parliamentary Reform, see a remarkable passage in 'Junius Identified,' p. 190. Junius had opposed the disfranchisement of decayed boroughs as an act of injustice. Francis had twice voted against Pitt's plans of reform, which were mainly based on such disfranchisement. It was only on the occasion of Grey's motion that Francis declared that he had 'something to retract:' avowed the 'doubts and apprehensions' (the words used by Junius also) which had beset him on the subject of Reform, and announced his conversion.

In completing this division of the life of Francis, the deaths of two of his intimates may be noted, though I have not found any allusion of his own to them. Major Baggs died in 1792; see note at the end of this volume. Christopher Doyly died in Curzon Street, 1795. I have not noticed, in the Francis papers, any record of a renewal of their ancient friendship, after his return from India.

CHAPTER IV.

PARLIAMENTARY LIFE—*continued.*

1797—1806.

Parliamentary Secession of Fox—Correspondence respecting it—Friendship with the Thanets—Returned for Appleby, 1802—Intimacy with the Prince of Wales—Fears of Invasion—Break up of the Addington Ministry—Family Affairs—Death of his two daughters and wife—Visits to the Continent—Lord Grenville and Fox in Office—Disappointments—Knighted.

FRANCIS did not succeed in obtaining a seat in the House of Commons at the general election of 1798. He was defeated in a contest for Tewkesbury, by the influence of the 'freemen,' exercised in favour of Martin. He was consequently forced, for a time, to stand aside and watch the game. But his social connection with the leaders of the Whig party remained in full force, and his temporary exclusion coincided, in point of date, with the self-exclusion of the chief of that party: the famous 'secession' of Charles Fox from Parliament and from the leadership.

Lord Russell gives in his biography of the statesman (chap. li.) the reasons which induced Mr. Fox to take this step immediately after the rejection in 1797 of Grey's motion for parliamentary reform. It was a most unpopular measure with the bulk of his friends. 'In argument,' says his noble biographer, 'he was obliged to admit that secession was either, as Pitt described it, a retreat to the Mons Sacer, with a view to demand by force what has not been yielded to persuasion, or a volun-

tary abandonment of the pursuit of the great objects of his public life.' Probably indolence and disappointment, and love of home and its enjoyments, weighed the scale in its favour down. Francis was among those who expressed in the strongest terms their disapproval of his conduct in thus abandoning the cause. But it is impossible not to see, from what remains of Francis's correspondence, that he had a personal grudge against the chief of his party which influenced him more strongly than difference of opinion on this particular step. He had never enjoyed the same familiarity with Fox which had united him for so many years with Burke. His self-opinion seems to have been early wounded by some real or imaginary neglect of his claims, which certainly, in the ordinary political sense, rating resolute adherence to a leader and a cause as the highest of merits, were by no means inconsiderable.

Francis has preserved a transcript, in his own hand, of a letter of Fox to Grey of this period, which, so far as I know has not been printed. I am not aware to what particular meeting of the friends of the cause it refers; but in the next month—May 1798—came off the famous dinner of the Whig Club, at which the revolutionary toasts were proposed which cost Fox his privy councillorship and the Duke of Norfolk his lord lieutenancy.

St. Anne's Hill, Tuesday, April 8, 1798.

Dear Grey,—I send you the letter with my signature. But surely it will be scarcely discreet to make any use of it, unless it is settled previously what proposal is to be made at the meeting, and by whom. It must be remembered that I have nothing to propose, though very ready to acquiesce in anything that a few of you, whom I need not name, may think right.

There is one expression in the letter which looks as if it were to be decided at the meeting whether or not secession is to be adhered to; but I hope this not so to be understood, for I should not like a formal decision upon this question either way. I wish to stay away myself, but not to keep away any one who thinks fit to attend; and

any measure that would tend to make the absentees and attenders appear to be less of *one* party and more distinct from one another would, in my opinion, be the worst possible, if indeed, in the present state of things, there is any good or bad, or better or worse. The salmon is arrived.

Yours ever,
C. J. Fox.

Francis to Fox.

November 16, 1797.

My dear Mr. Fox,—I am going to add my little mite to the unbounded waste of zeal which has been thrown away upon the public. Receive it, I entreat you, not as the public has done yours, but with kindness and indulgence. I am not afraid of repulse or suspicion. I confide in myself when I say that your mind is not made to believe that, in submitting my own opinion to you on any subject, I can have a motive that is not united with friendship and attachment to you.

You have declared that, for the future, it was not your intention to attend Parliament so constantly as you have done. I have no thoughts of combating *now* the propriety or necessity of that resolution, though undoubtedly I should have been fearful of advising it, while it was open to deliberation. The question is, Does this declaration at all restrain you from attending in Parliament when, according to your own judgment, the occasion calls for it? I say, on the contrary, it binds you to return. In reserving the right, you made an engagement and created an expectation. He who says he will do less affirms virtually that he will do something. If you never attend, you break your promise. This is clear. But who is to judge of the time and the occasion? Yourself, certainly. Then consider whether the most powerful call upon the duty of a member of the House of Commons be not to guard and defend his constituents to the utmost of his ability, when their property is to be given away, and specially to prevent its being given away by wholesale. Twenty millions more are to be raised, and taxes in proportion. Can you state a case, or an exigency, more pressing, in the sense of your own declaration, or more urgent to recall you to the exercise of the right reserved and of the duty excepted out of it? To give and grant the money of the people is not only the office but the essence of a House of Commons. Can you relinquish your share in that office while you belong to the forms of it?

Many collateral arguments occur to me; but they are such as, on your principles, might possibly be answered; that we are creatures of habit; that interest is kept alive by action; that new figures will

occupy the scene; and that the merit of services discontinued, and no longer seen, will soon be forgotten. Ingratitude, I confess, is a torment: but oblivion is a death.

Take what I say in good part, whether you regard it or not; and so farewell.

Francis likewise preserved copies of letters which he wrote to Georgiana Duchess of Devonshire, in the same year, on the same subject, namely, that of the injury done to the party by Fox's secession. One of the letters of the Duchess accompanies them. The correspondence is curious and interesting, evincing the style of argumentative, metaphysical gallantry in which he thought himself qualified to address the Queen of the Whigs. It raises up a vision, as of Junius in love at sixty. It certainly required something of that personal vanity, which was an undoubted characteristic of the writer, to induce him to read her Grace so unwelcome and apparently so uncalled for a lecture. But these letters illustrate something more; that true-hearted, passionate friendship, for such is really the only phrase to express the sentiment, entertained by the Duchess for the great Whig statesman. If Francis imagined that he could win his way to her favour by convincing her of her error in overvaluing Fox, he was probably under a great mistake.

Francis to the Duchess of Devonshire.

November 24, 1798.

I returned to town on Wednesday, and found your benevolent letter of the 17th waiting for me impatiently. In the first place, I was charmed with the size of it: but, to show you that I know how to command myself, and that I am not invariably hurried away by the impression of the moment, I shall suppress all my compliments, and proceed to business.

As long as you are wishing for me, I know who you are thinking of; and, though I see with a breaking heart that *I* am not uppermost in your thoughts, still I defy you, with all your airs, to write to anyone for two hours without thinking of him for two minutes.

Tant gagné au moins: so like a true gamester, I shall pocket what I win, and wrangle for the rest. The generous passions are always eloquent, especially on a favourite subject. You love him with all his faults, because they are his. I wish I was one of them. I should have good company, and share in your regard. Since that cannot be, I have nothing left for it but to envy him for the first time, and to hate him as I used to do, *con amore*. You say you will never be detached from his standard; *à la bonne heure*: but where is it, or who has thrown it down? If it exists anywhere but in your own fertile fancy, I desire nothing better than to repair to it in your society, and to fight under it, as I have done for fourteen years, not only without pay but without hope. You affirm with an air of triumph that anyone who thinks a party can exist without him will find themselves mistaken. I believe so; but then, is it really a subject for exultation? *Hélas, belle dame, j'aurai quelque chose à vous dire*; but not till time and many prayers of mine as well as your own have inclined your heart unto wisdom.

I am overwhelmed with consternation at the multitude of beautiful things you say about G. T—y.[1] Has he, or any match for him, ever said, heard, or understood, that he aspired to be the leader, or that he thought himself qualified to fill the seat, and to supply the place, of C. F.? Far from it. I *know* that he has said and done everything, which depended on him, to prevent the vacancy. But I hope you will allow that they who are forsaken (without concert, notice, or warning of any kind) have a right to do the best they can for themselves. God knows, that is very little indeed. You say it is presumption to suppose that he can do without Fox. If Mr. Fox has left his friends and party for the special purpose of convincing them that they cannot do without him, and that it is in vain for them to try, I confess that the experiment has not answered completely. But we knew it beforehand, and wanted no such evidence. He who cannot look forward without despair must and will look back with indignation. You expect and you encourage me to deal frankly with you. You give your own sentiments freely, and with an openness for which I am bound to you for ever. Shall

[1] George Tierney. His entrance into Parliament, as Lord Brougham observes (Statesmen of the Time of George III.), took place just at the period of Fox's secession; and the absence of the regular chiefs of the Opposition, and their followers, gave Mr. Tierney a ready opening to distinction upon his entering the House of Commons; he became at once, and from the necessity of the case, in some sort the leader of the Opposition. Nevertheless, he, to a certain extent, justified the distrust of the clear-sighted Duchess by training off, in 1802, for a time, to serve under Addington.

I suffer in your opinion by following your example? Sooner than incur that penalty, I am ready to be persuaded.

I really have not seen, for no reason but because it was impossible, your dearest, loveliest, best of sisters; but if I live and do well, I shall have that happiness next week. I shall soon know, by her behaviour, whether you have spoken of me favourably or not. If she frowns upon me, you shall hear of it, and, what's more, you shall pay for it: that is, with some of those particular smiles that are preserved for favourites.

I send the pamphlet by this post. It was all true, though at present out of date. Stocks are falling again. It is odd, but true, that the higher they are the less the probability of selling the land tax. I do not believe that a third of it will be bought, and that only by the proprietors.

Pray tell me that you are not angry with me; I am mentally frightened at what I have written. I go to town on Monday, and am very much disposed to stay there till Thursday. Two of the infantry, my inseparable companions, are left carousing at Waverley Abbey; good living had nearly killed me.

I hope, as I most devoutly wish, that the Duke will not find it necessary to go to Buxton. If he does, Lord! how I shall write to you out of mere generosity and compassion.

The Duchess of Devonshire to Francis.

November 29, 1798.

I am particularly vexed at having been prevented writing, lest you should think I was affronted or unworthy of your kindness. It must be a bad heart who could be otherwise than delighted (even when differing from you) at your warm and eloquent expressions, and a mind devoid of taste who could relinquish such a correspondent. But, besides having been at a country ball, and having had a house full of *Derbyshire savages*, I have been vexed to my heart's core. Oh! my dear Mr. Francis, you must have spoilt me, since I feel a pleasure in telling you how worried I have been, though I cannot tell you the cause, though you can do me no good, and though my poor heart has been torn to pieces. You know not what you have done in taking some interest in such a being as I am; you must often listen to lamentation, because, though in reality an old woman, my heart and mind are still childish; nor can I encounter without pain a world that is too wise for me. I must feel unkindness when I meet with it, and anxiety when it presses round me. Do not be angry at my boring you with all this stuff;

indeed, if you knew me such as I am, you would know that I pay you a compliment in writing thus.

How can you suppose me angry for your averring your opinion? I knew it long ago, and wished to bring you to own it, that I might attack it, but low spirits, which have taken from me the power of writing for these ten days, have also weakened my strength as a champion. You are wrong, indeed you are. Charles has, and always had, faults of heedlessness, that may injure him, and have, as a statesman, but never as the greatest of men. Who, at one glance, took in the view of the French revolution? Who saw its consequence and warned us of the inutility of opposing its progress? Will not posterity remember this and bless him? Will not they remember his merciful wishes on the condemnation of Lewis XVI., and the various times he would have checked (and it could have been done then) our wild career? Who has sacrificed even his darling popularity to his principles? His standard is in the hearts of men, in my heart of hearts, *in your own*, for you are one of those formed by nature with the fire, the animation that, I am sure, must make you shrink from any other cause.

I blame not George Tierney; but he is no great man; a man who is only bright in the absence of superior merit is in the right to make use of his opportunity, for it will not last long. No, would I were a man, to unite my talents, my hopes, my fortune, with Charles's, to make common cause, and fall or rule, with him.

In my mind, he is greater than any splendid situation can make him; he has warned us of danger; he has pointed the relief, and had he had the *voice of the charmer*, he could have done no more. Being no longer of any use, he retired, and his retirement has, I think, opened more eyes than any other measure could have done. The extreme fretful dislike my Pittite friends express to the secession proves to me that they have reason to fear it.

Indeed, I was unjust to Tierney; but I have a proud spirit, and an irritable one, and I could not bear his supposing he could stand alone, and avow his intention as an important fact, when I am sure (and I think you will see), if he does entirely detach himself, he will either sink into oblivion or join the minister.

The confidence of men is with Pitt; they respect him, as often a wife does her husband; think him a very disagreeable fellow, but a good manager of their views and happiness; and now, though they think he has been going and going on too far, yet they still cling to their spouse, lest the separation or divorce should bring on immediate ruin; for they have given up all their settlements, jointure, and even pin-money into his hands; but, whilst they are

mingled in the interests of *il caro sposo*, their hearts are with Charles. He is not rich enough for an elopement with him; and the husband, by extreme jealousy and misrepresentation, has hurt him a little in their opinion; but still they love him in secret. *He* has a heart. Pitt has none. Now I cannot think that they will look on Tierney or Lord Moira, or any pretender I know of, even in the light of a gallant, or even flirt. They feel themselves in a bad situation, and, if long trial at last engages the people to break all connection with Pitt, it will be for no petty intrigue, but for the lover, whose abilities and genius could save them by some vast effort of genius, and whom they have so long felt to be their destiny.

As I am very sure you do not think that I, as a woman, ever was, could be, or am, in love with Charles Fox, you will allow that, in fervour, enthusiasm, and devotion, I am a good friend, and I assure you, dear Mr. Francis, short as our acquaintance has been, I could and would make a very noble battle for you, should anybody attack you, which hitherto has not been the case, as all I have seen admire you as I do.

But I want you to explain the beginning of your letter; who am I thinking of when I write to *you*? I am ashamed of sending this letter, so incorrect, and so mad as I fear it is, but I am really extremely ill indeed. I will write again when I am better; but pray write *à celle qui sait si bien apprécier le plaisir de recevoir de telles lettres.*

Adair went to-day, and the Lambs, the youngest of whom is the finest creature I ever saw in mind or body. I should like to send you some verses of his on Charles Fox; they answer even my idea of praise.

Tell me that you are not angry, and that I may write on as I think.

Form no judgment of my dear sister; for she is ill and low, as she too often is at the beginning of the cold weather.

Francis to the Duchess of Devonshire.

December 3, 1798.

Some cruel words in the letter I received from you yesterday have filled me with deep and serious anxiety, and the more as I cannot, if I would, conjecture what grief they relate to, or what is the nature or extent of it. The causes and objects of fear are infinitely more formidable in the dark than when they are distinctly seen: for then they may be measured and provided for. Do not believe it possible that your heart can be 'torn in pieces,' and that mine can be unwounded. On a subject so described, it would be

equally unbecoming and useless in me to ask a question, or to solicit an explanation. Neither am I of a curious temper, nor is it consistent with any judgment or principles to encourage the communication of secrets unless it be to answer some serviceable purpose. Sorrow is certainly softened by participation. To share the burden is to lighten it; but that case supposes a long and mutual intimacy, and cannot be extended to many. From woman to woman, it is most dangerous. From the good and generous to the reserved or the interested, it gives dominion at least, which may be abused. Confidence plants itself, and will not grow by forcing. There may be an exception, for I have some faith in sympathy, unaccountable as all faith is. In a few minutes, I have hated at first sight. In others, as you perhaps may think possible enough, I have loved without waiting for a second. But mere love should beware of confessing anything to its object, except its own passion. The party that desires more intends to command. With all these wise considerations before you, it is for yourself to judge whether any service, or council, or consolation, of mine can be of any use to you. If not, you ought not to tell me; for though I know you would be safe, *you* do not. It was not intended that the affairs of this world should be governed, or the happiness of individuals secured, by anything without prudence. Virtue suffers, and vice enjoys, and then they change places. The passions defeat themselves, or make us pay too dear for their indulgence. Talents, genius, science, when left to themselves and their own guidance, very often constitute the misery of those who possess them. Religion comes late, and serves only to console. Can you endure, and will you forgive, these moral airs in a man who never pretended to be anything, and to be a moralist least of all? With all possible veracity, I do confess to you that I am very wise for everybody but myself. Wisdom has been beaten into me by experience, of which no man, I do believe, has had more than I have had, to my cost, crowded into the same number of years. Yet, born and bred as I was in adversity, and traversed by disappointment in every pursuit of my life, I never should have been unhappy if it had been possible for me never to be imprudent. My mind is come at last to maturity, of which you, if you please, and if you want it, may at all times have the benefit. Should I fail in judgment, you will find me safe, faithful, and discreet. You talk of the shortness of our acquaintance; why, then, if all this be not mere moonshine, and if we are really and seriously to be friends, we have no time to lose. The fact, however, is that *I* have known *you* many years, and long before the date of our acquaintance. It is true I saw you at a great distance, and as a bird of passage.

The planet passed by, and knew nothing of, the poor astronomer who watched her motions and waited for the transit. Hereafter, I hope, you will not insist on my seeing you through a telescope. Honestly and honourably, I believe I meant nothing, but that, while you were writing to *me*, you thought of nobody but C. F. Not at all, however, in the sense of being in love with him. That idea never entered into my thoughts. On that subject, I begin to be what fine ladies call *nettled*, by your eternally answering me at cross purposes, or telling me, as you do in effect, that six and four do not make nineteen, and as if I had maintained the contrary. My allegation is that I am forsaken, &c. Your defence is that he is a man of transcendent abilities, and externally amiable in private life. I admire the discovery, but it gives me no sort of consolation. Your petty ministerial friends abuse the secession, and therefore you conclude that the minister suffers by it. No such thing. It lowers their consequence with *him*, it annihilates the moral value of their vote; he wants no support, because he is not opposed, and of course will not pay them for their attendance. Of course, they abuse the secession. But, it seems, 'you are too proud and too irritable to hear that G. T. should suppose it possible he could stand alone!' Why, what, in the name of your own idol, would you have him do? Would you have him hang himself because C. F. chooses to live at St. Ann's Hill? I feel like gummed velvet, and wish I could hate you for half an hour, that I might cut you into a thousand little stars, and live under the canopy.

December 5, 1798.

On Monday I wrote till I could not see, without saying half what I intended. You say I must have spoilt you. Will you be so good as to tell me what sort of being you were before you were spoiled. As for *me*, it is a clear case that I must be bewitched, or I never would trust a declared enemy with such a letter as the enclosed. Perhaps the answer to it, if it ever was answered, was directed to yourself. I never received any, nor ever heard a word on the subject, though I lived with your friend a week at Woburn in July. . . . You say 'I knew your opinion long ago, and wished to bring you to own it, that I might attack it.' Most dear insidious person! I had no disposition to inveigh against Mr. Fox's conduct, nor should I have said anything about it if you had not provoked me on one side, and ensnared me on the other. Will you now be honourable, and can you be just? Did *such* a letter deserve *no* answer?[1] Did *such*

[1] Probably his own letter to Fox, of November 1797, printed *ante*.

an attachment as mine for so many years, and with the sacrifice of every view of interest and ambition, with all the *et cæteras* of friendships renounced and enmities incurred for *him*, entitle me to no return, to no acknowledgment, not a single word at parting, but to be thrown aside *comme un paquet de linge sale*? Then, whose advice does he pretend to have followed? Believe me, they were none of them qualified to advise upon such a subject. But it was a mere pretence. His own heart and soul were bent upon St. Anne's Hill. In no case, however, and with no secret council, ought he to have resolved on such a measure without a general meeting and consultation with all his friends. For the general himself to disband the army, to turn his party adrift, and all his duties, with *Sauve qui peut*! The Princess of Eboli said to Philip the Second, 'Trayciones de vassalos á reyes muchas se han visto, pero de rey á vassalos nunca tal.' He understands Spanish, and is the properest person in the world to explain these words to you. One remark more, and then I shall implore you to drop the subject. You say, 'Would I were a man, to unite my talents, my hopes, my fortune, with Charles's, to make common cause, and fall or rule, with him.' These are the sentiments that belong to a generous heart. I love you for them, and not at all the less because they have misled you. In the first place, if you had your wish, you must carry your talents, your hopes, and fortune, to St. Anne's Hill; and then I should like to know what use you would make of them. You always suppose that there *is* a standard to repair to, and then you argue as if *we*, who in fact have been disbanded in the most ungracious manner, were no better than deserters. With respect to G. T—y, it seems to me that your objection would not be good, even if the fact were true as you state it; namely, that he thought himself qualified to supply the place of Mr. Fox. He has no such thoughts; but if he had, the true objection lies against Mr. Fox, who quits a place which nobody can fill when he has left it. G. T—y holds, and has always held, a certain rank and station in the House of Commons, without high pretensions, or aiming at more than he can perfectly make good. Within the limits, which his own judgment prescribes to him, and far from all competition with Mr. Fox, he will be heard and generally respected. His opposition yesterday, standing alone as he did, totally unsupported, does honour to his personal character, as well as to his ability; and whether you believe me or not, I beg you to remember what I say, that he will gain ground in the esteem of the country, that he will gain and preserve it.

I had the honour of dining with Lord Besborough on Wednesday last, with Lord and Lady Holland, Duke of Bedford, Lord Thanet,

Lord Wycombe, and General Fitzpatrick. I thought your sister looked uncommonly well in health and beauty, and full of spirits and gaiety. The dinner and conversation were very agreeable. Lord Wycombe[1] quite a curiosity. His eyes are wild, and sometimes mad; he is deaf, and his voice, of which he does not know the sound or impression, is a perpetual discord. He talks much, and with great vehemence, but answers nobody, because he hears nothing. Nevertheless, I was delighted with his company, and do not remember to have met with anything so odd in the delivery, or so entertaining in the substance, as his conversation. Having now vented all my spleen on an ungrateful topic, I humbly beg pardon, and promise not to do so any more. Will you discard me for my honesty, or will you be gracious and tell me that you do not hate me because I have received very vile treatment, or despise me because I have submitted to it?

More of Francis's sentiments respecting the 'secession,' and the conduct of Fox towards his self-devoted friends, will be learnt from his 'Character of Fox,' printed in the Appendix. But he rated Fox's natural powers as high as anyone. 'Speaking of Fox' (says his wife), Francis said, 'His powerful understanding grew like a forest oak, not by cultivation, but by neglect. Pitt is a plant of an inferior order, though marvellous in its kind. A smooth bark and a rich foliage, with blossoms and flowers which drop off themselves, leaving the tree naked, to be judged of by its fruits only. He has been educated more than enough, so that there is nothing spontaneous or natural left. He is too polished, too accurate in the minor details of his art, to be a great artist in anything; on one occasion only, he was sublime, never, in my hearing, pathetic. He knew his audience, and knew how, without eloquence, to summon all their passions to his applause.'

We are now reduced to trace the events of his life through a few casually preserved letters.

[1] Afterwards second Marquis of Lansdowne.

To Mrs. Francis.

Wooburn Abbey, July 3, 1801.

Cara Sposa,—After a damp ride to town, and a long walk into the city, I dined very agreeably with Mr. and Mrs. Godfrey and their two nephews, and closed the campaign of Wednesday much to my satisfaction at Brookes's. Yesterday Bob Adair provided me with breakfast at his own personal charge, and we proceeded to this miserable hovel in tolerable spirits and with great hunger. Here we dined in society at six, and remained at table five hours consecutively. After that we had nothing but tea and bread and butter till supper, and then to bed. Since breakfast this day, I have had literally nothing to eat; but we are to dine at four, which is not far off; and I hope I shall be able to hold out.

MEMBERS PRESENT.

Duke of Bedford	General Fitzpatrick
Lord Thurloe	Ed. Faulkner
Mr. Fox	St. And. St. John.
Lord Robert Spencer	Dudley North
Lord John Townshend	P. F.
Bob Adair	

and this morning, Lord Holland.

And so farewell.

Yours dutifully.

To Lady Thanet. (?)

Brighton, December 9, 1801.

Most dear Lady,—Brief let me be. I arrived here yesterday, and dined with Mr. and Mrs. Stanhope, who were very hospitable and good company . . . The Prince, Lord and Lady Holland, Mrs. Fitzherbert, are gone away: but I hope they will all be back in a few days. So here I must remain, and I wish I had stayed at Hothfield. Love to the infantry and your own self.

About this period of his life, towards the end of the century, Francis formed a very close intimacy with Lord Thanet (Sackville Tufton, ninth earl); then, although still young, almost as well known as Coke of Norfolk himself, in the double capacity of a distinguished political reformer and agriculturist. From thenceforward Francis seems to have spent a great deal of his disengaged time at Hothfield, near Maidstone, Lord Thanet's seat in Kent. Lady

Thanet was also his frequent correspondent. She was a Hungarian, of the (Croatian ?) family of Bojanowicz. She and the Earl are chronicled in the Gentleman's Magazine as having been 'remarried,' at St. George's, Hanover Square, in February 1811. Francis has preserved among his papers the copy of the following letter of Lord Thanet to the King, written from the King's Bench prison, when confined there after the part which he had taken in the matter of the rescue of O'Connor at the Kentish assizes. I am strongly inclined to suspect that Francis wrote it for him, as it was certainly his habit to exercise this preserving care chiefly in the case of his own compositions.

Lord Thanet to the King.

King's Bench, May 21, 1799.

Sir,—Your Majesty is, I am persuaded, desirous at all times to extend your gracious protection to every class of your subjects when any of them become liable either by indiscretion or misfortune to severe and excessive legal penalties. My present situation cannot be unknown to your Majesty, and will, I trust, be a sufficient apology for the liberty I presume to take in addressing your Majesty in this form. I humbly beg leave to submit to your Majesty's consideration an exact copy of the declaration made by me in the Court of King's Bench, and to solicit your Majesty's gracious attention to the contents of it. If I felt a consciousness of guilt, I would not presume to appeal to your Majesty without confessing it. I do most solemnly assure your Majesty that I am innocent of the offences imputed to me ; but, even if the contrary were true, I humbly hope that the extraordinary circumstances attending this transaction would appear to deserve your Majesty's favourable consideration. I was tried on an information by your Majesty's Attorney-General, and convicted on evidence which the Court allowed to have been contradictory—for such offence the judgment was understood to be discretionary. The jury were not apprised that they were trying a crime for which the penalty was determined by law, and the Attorney-General did not pray for a specified judgment. The doubt which has occurred to the judges, and which, at their desire, remains to be argued, was not stated until several days after the trial, and had not occurred to the learned counsel on either side. The

sentence, if it should be determined to be specific, would extend to the loss of my hand, to the forfeiture of goods and profits of land, and imprisonment during life. In that case, I humbly conceive I cannot be lawfully deprived of life or limb by the verdict of a jury, or otherwise than by the judgment of my peers. Nor would your Majesty, as I confidently trust and believe, suffer such a sentence to be carried into execution. But the judgment of itself, as I am advised, would be attended with great distress and inconvenience to me, even though it should be ultimately annulled or reversed, and these consequences can only be averted by submitting my case to your Majesty, and soliciting, as I most humbly do, your Majesty's gracious interposition in my favour.

I have the honour to be, with the greatest respect, sir, your Majesty's most dutiful subject,

THANET.

The following, to the Prince of Wales, though written before the acquaintance between Francis and his Royal Highness had ripened into that intimacy of which I shall have to speak presently, shows that he could presume sufficiently on it to ask a favour.

Francis to the Prince of Wales.

Hothfield, September 24, 1801.[1]

Sir,—Confiding in your Royal Highness's constant goodness to me, I cannot restrain myself from taking the liberty to express to you the concern and anxiety with which I heard last night of the unfortunate accident[2] your Royal Highness has met with. The same intelligence says that, although you suffer considerable pain, it is not attended with danger. I hope soon to have the honour of waiting on your Royal Highness, and the happiness of finding you perfectly recovered. Believe me, sir, that in every event in which your Royal Highness is concerned I take the part that belongs to the sincerest attachment to you. It was inclination before it was gratitude, and assuredly will live as long as I do.

There is another subject, sir, on which I have nothing to express to you but pleasure and thankfulness. I have just heard of your generous intentions in favour of Ralph Johnson. What the young man's engagements or views may be, or those of his guardians for him, I do not know; but I can answer for him that he feels the honour

[1] The seat of Lord Thanet, in Kent.

[2] I have not found in the papers of the day any account of this 'accident.'

done him by your Royal Highness more sensibly and with deeper acknowledgment than perhaps he may submit to you in proper terms for himself.

I have the honour to be, &c.

P. FRANCIS.

H. R. H. the Prince of Wales.

To his Wife and Daughter Catherine.

Brighton, October 14, 1802.

. . . From the bottom of my heart I rejoice at Miss Berry's going to Nice [1] (where Philip, Harriet, and Elizabeth at this time were). I shall not trouble her with anything but letters: but we must all write vigorously. Mr. and Mrs. Macmahon are in town. Suppose Sally were to ask them to Sheen for a night or two. . . . I pass my time tolerably, dine always at the Pavilion, and spend the evening at Mrs. Fitzherbert's, or at your friend the Countess Ctzchetzdsbffs, a Russian lady of fashion, and three little Russlings. . . . So, with the help of hunting, I am as well as can be expected.

At the general election of November 1802, Francis was returned for Appleby, through the interest of the proprietor of the seat, his friend Lord Thanet. The following memorandum, in Francis's handwriting, and among his papers, seems to be drawn up partly in earnest and partly in playfulness, as a kind of summary of the understood agreement between the new member and his patron.

July 13, 1804.

1. I will do everything in my power to serve Burdett,[1] and would have done so without any memento from you; though I dread the consequence to him. Hitherto I have heard of no competitor. The late sheriffs are likely to be trounced.

2. I will keep fair weather with Mr. Swainson at Twickenham, and hold him to his promise of a supply of grass seeds.

3. I will say and do everything that you and my lady desire, from henceforward evermore; for many reasons, but particularly because I care very little what I say or do now.

4. Lord Duncan is appointed to succeed Admiral Cornwallis in the command of the Channel Fleet.

[1] In a later page an account will be given of Francis's family circumstances at this time, and the cause of this visit to Nice.

[2] At this time contesting Middlesex. He was beaten by Mainwaring.

5. I am in hopes that Jekyll will be appointed Solicitor-General to the Prince of Wales, in consequence of Gibbs's being Chief Justice of Chester.

There was one leader, at all events, who now, in the very nadir of his unpopularity, had reason to rejoice in the return of so staunch a political ally as Francis to the debates in the House of Commons. 'Except Whitehead, and *now*, *perhaps*, Francis,' writes Charles Fox (December 17, 1802: Lord Russell's 'Memorials'), 'not a friend whatever opens his lips in the house to support me.'

About this time (if we can trust the anecdotes preserved by his family), Francis was so frequent a visitor at the Pavilion that a set of rooms there were called his, and were shown as such to persons visiting the Pavilion. 'Sir Philip, during the time of their intimacy, used to say that he never allowed the Prince to be too familar with him; that he never allowed him to forget his own dignity; that was the way *he* kept him in order. Yet they were upon terms so easy that the Prince used commonly to address all the members of the family by their own names: Elizabeth, Mary, "Don Philip" (the son); and the eldest grandchild, a beautiful little girl six years old, and the frequent playmate of Miss Seymour, Mrs. Fitzherbert's ward, used to sit upon the Prince's knee to eat sugar-plums. Francis himself received from the Prince the addition of "grandpapa," by which he often addressed him.'[1] Undoubtedly he cherished ambitious

[1] 'There could not (says Lady Francis, speaking of course from her husband's recollections) be a greater contrast than between the two courts of St. James and Carlton House: the one, dull as dulness itself; the other, all wit and humour. The manners of the King would have almost choked a man who attempted a joke before he could get it out. Tommy Onslow once risked a joke of the mildest kind, and was disgraced. He had lost ten shillings to her Majesty at cassino; when he handed her half a guinea, saying, "There, please your Majesty, and sixpence for drink."'

hopes, in consequence of that intimacy, in the event of the Whig party ever attaining power in his time. I would have made a great monarch of him,' he said to his wife; 'but personal vanity stood in the way, and, still more, want of moral integrity.' Into the Regency question Francis entered, in the cause of the Prince, with something of his early ardour. His essay on that subject (printed in 1811, but probably composed earlier) is much quoted by Taylor in his 'Junius Identified,' as containing passages comparable to the famous Letters.

Among his manuscripts of this period, Francis had preserved copies of the correspondence which took place between the Prince and the King in July 1803, when the former applied to be allowed to join the army, and 'take the responsibility of a military command.' The proposal had, of course, a political motive, and was intended to place the maker in a favourable position before the eyes of the country. Mr. Jesse says that the Prince's letters were 'at the time supposed to have been written by Sheridan, now known to have been composed partly by Sir R. Wilson, and partly by Lord Hutchinson.' On what authority Mr. Jesse makes this statement, I do not know. In Francis's family it was believed that he wrote the letters; his preservation of them among his manuscripts, as already observed, renders this probable, and the style is certainly like his. It is to be noticed also that on August 3, of the same year, Francis took the occasion of a motion of Colonel Crawford's relative to the defence of the country, to ask questions of the ministry respecting this correspondence. The Chancellor of the Exchequer paid a compliment to the Prince, but said that 'nothing short of the command of the King should compel him to say one word more on the subject.'

Under the date June 25, 1803, I find a paper in

Francis's handwriting, preserved by him, with the following introduction :—

'These enquiries, and the answers given to some of them, apply to a single supposition only, and to a particular case stated, viz. the landing of a considerable army on the coast of Essex with a view to get possession of London by a rapid march at the shortest possible distance. They have no relation to the general possibility of invasion in any other quarter, and particularly of Ireland. The writer begins with submitting to an opinion now prevalent, though very lately adopted, of the personal character of Buonaparte, viz. that he is a man of rigid veracity, and utterly incapable of breaking his word with anybody; and that, having deliberately promised or threatened to invade England and march to London, he cannot fail to make the attempt, because his honour is engaged in it! The writer also admits without dispute the truth and reason of another opinion (which also prevails with many thinking people) that an invading enemy possessed of common sense would take particular pains to draw the whole attention and preparation of this nation exactly to the quarter in which he meant to attack us. The truth of these suppositions being granted, and admitting that an invasion from Holland, Flanders, and Dunkirk, will certainly be attempted, they who think that a landing of the enemy with a force sufficient to answer any rational purpose of such an enterprise is likely to be effected have many questions to consider. All considerations on the subject ought to be weighed, not with a view to make difficulties, or to abate preparation in those quarters where it may be most wanted, but that we may advisedly judge of the case, and look it steadily in the face. Undervaluing a distant danger is apt to create false courage and hazardous security. Over-rating it leads to false appre-

hensions; of which neither are fit for use. The former usually fails on trial, the latter will not wait to be tried.'

The enquiries appear to have been addressed to a distinguished officer, General Breton.

QUESTIONS.	ANSWERS.
1. At the least, with what effective force can the attempt be made, that is, such as supposing the enemy on shore would give them a rational prospect of success?	1. The answer to your first question I shall give in part by an observation of the late Prince Ferdinand, who said 'that an army (effective in numbers and discipline) of 40,000 men was large enough for any possible purpose where it was not necessary to detach or garrison from it, or where it was to be opposed by only one army, no matter how large.'
2. Would they bring cavalry, and how many; and can they bring any without horse transports?	2. To bring cavalry would be impossible without transports fitted on purpose.
3. Could they bring artillery? With what number of draught horses and what sort of cannon?	3. They would most probably only attempt to bring their battalion guns: 1st, because they know we have no fortresses that require heavy battering cannon; 2ndly, because mixing horses with infantry would be both difficult and dangerous; and, lastly, because what is called a park of artillery does not seem applicable to a coup-de-main, and it is most likely they can look no farther than the destruction or capitulation of the capital.
4. Could they land 12-pounders in any considerable surf; and, if they could, would their horses be in a condition to drag them up the beach, particularly of shingles? How many guns	4. If they land where I suppose they would, they could as well land a 24- as a 6-pounder; depend on it, they will never be mad enough to attempt a landing on a shingle beach—such

QUESTIONS.	ANSWERS.
would be wanted, and how many horses for each gun?	a shore is too unfavourable. I cannot conceive what number of horses would be necessary to drag heavy guns up a shingle beach.
5. Supposing the effective force intended for embarkation to amount to 40,000 men, what quantity of tonnage or how many vessels would the whole operation require?	5. It must be a large transport that can carry 200 men, with all necessary military equipment, water, and provisions, for provisions ought to be provided for the men for some time after landing. I hold a regular attack by an army of great force, all regularly provided and appointed, perfectly impossible. The ports are not capable of containing the number of vessels; the time of embarkation would be so long, the vessels of war necessary to protect them so numerous, and other difficulties so insurmountable, that I hold the thing impracticable. The numbers sent forth at one time cannot, in my opinion, exceed 20,000, slenderly appointed, to be transported, without cavalry or heavy cannon, in boats chiefly Dutch and Flemish.
6. What time would it take to embark 40,000 men with no more stores, ammunition, water, and provisions, than would be indispensably necessary, on the lowest computation, and barely to be guarded against accidents which might keep them out at sea?	6. Three days for Englishmen, four or five for Frenchmen.
7. What time would it take to land the whole on our coast?	7. The answer to this cannot be given at once, as it depends on such a variety of circumstances. The transportation of 20,000 men (say in 400 boats of

QUESTIONS.

ANSWERS.

a large description) cannot, in the quickest possible manner, be compared with a passage in a packet. It can never be attempted in blowing weather, as, when they start with a fair wind, they find of course a lee-shore on landing, with a tremendous surf on the shores of Essex, Suffolk, Norfolk, &c.; such a surf as would settle with the whole army without further trouble, besides the danger of running each other down, shift of wind, &c.

8. Must not the men be on board some time before they expect to sail, in order to be ready to take advantage of opportunities, such as our fleet's being blown into port, a favourable gale, &c.?

8. The men, to the amount of 20,000, must be embarked in at least three divisions, as no port on the French or Flemish coast would allow more to clear the harbour in one tide; but, as it seems very dangerous for one third of so small a body as 20,000 men to sail for England alone, they must wait for the other divisions eighteen or twenty-four hours at anchor at the harbour's mouth, open to the attack of our vessels of war and numberless other dangers. It must be remembered that into all these harbours the flood sets like a sluice, so that only a simple boat can warp out at a time during the flood, and most of them are empty at two hours and a half ebb. As to floating a large boat, all this is impracticable in blowing weather; if attempted, it must be in the long days, short and fine nights, with calm weather. Such vessels, filled with landsmen, will never risk meeting

QUESTIONS.	ANSWERS.
	English vessels of war in blowing weather. The more I reflect on the undertaking the less I dread it.
9. If the principal embarkation is made from the Texel, what time would it take to cross the sea (above sixty leagues) to the coast of Essex; that is, for a fleet of three or four hundred vessels of one sort or other, without supposing a contrary wind, or a calm, or bad weather? N.B.—I once made my passage from Harwich to Helvoet (thirty leagues) in a very good packet, well manned, and I returned from the same place. The first took thirty hours, the second fifty-two, without accident or bad weather, except a little in the return. The passage from Dieppe to Brighton (about sixty miles) often takes thirty, sometimes fifty hours for a single ship.	9. Not less, all things considered, than four days, and probably eight.
10. Do you judge that the enemy will wait for the whole or the greatest part of their fleet, and so land in great divisions, or will they throw the men on shore as fast as they can?	10. Certainly in very large divisions.
11. On what part of the coast of Essex do you think an attempt to land most likely to succeed?	11. To this question I shall give a decided answer, and my reasons. I think they will endeavour to land on Foulness Island, on the coast of Essex: 1st, Because the first object must be to land where they can take post, even with a small body of men, and maintain themselves. 2ndly, They can there run the boats on

QUESTIONS.

ANSWERS.

shore, and land the men, artillery, and stores dry-shod on a hard sand. 3rdly, It is the nearest practicable passage, and, as the Flemish banks on their side and the sands at the Thames' mouth on ours lie wide into the Channel in that part, consequently they would be assailable by our shipping the least possible distance in crossing at that part. 4thly, It is the nearest possible spot to London—fifty miles—a fine road and one very difficult to attack them on their march, particularly as our cavalry could be of no use. There is a high ridge, with a deep slope on each side, leads all the way to Barking. 5thly, One flank, that next the Thames, would be safe in the march. It is a rich country, full of grain and provisions of all sorts. 6thly, If they took post in Foulness, they might wait till three divisions were assembled and recovered from sickness; and from it, at *low water*, they could march into Essex, over a hard sand, almost dry-shod. The only objection I know to this plan is the total want of fresh water in the island.

12. Do you think they will wait for long nights, towards the end of September, or avail themselves of long days and short nights in August, and for what reasons?

N.B.—I have been a great deal at sea in both hemispheres, and seen a good deal of bad weather, but the most violent gale of wind

12. Certainly, under the circumstances of the case, they ought to make the attempt within these six weeks. Their only protection can be gunboats; these, in a calm (as they row them), are serious opponents even to a line-of-battle ship (as they found last war at Gibraltar), as the men-of-war, in a calm, are un-

QUESTIONS.

I ever was in, and with an extraordinary disturbance of the sea—running mountains—was about the middle of August, between Ramsgate and Dunkirk. It lasted six hours, and left an enormous swell after the wind subsided. In an incomparable yacht, perfectly equipped, we were on the point of being driven on a lee-shore off Dunkirk, where we should have perished instantly.

13. What effect would a gale of wind, or any bad weather, have on such a fleet filled with landsmen?

14. What effect would a calm succeeding a storm have on the sea, the fleet, and the landsmen; and, supposing the wind favourable, but to blow fresh, on a lee-shore with a great surf—could they land in those circumstances?

ANSWERS.

governable. Summer gales are often violent, but always short. In the Channel the tide soon runs the sea down again, if ever so high.

13. Every possible bad and dangerous one.

14. Making them very sick; but be the best thing they could hope for in that situation.

I trust and doubt not our government are well provided with gunboats, as *in a calm* they are the only means they would have of offence against gunboats; and, supposing such a fleet rowing over, assisted by a gentle breeze, our gun vessels would have in attacking a singular advantage. The enemy would probably collect their army and boat transports in the centre and surround them with their gunboats. In that case our gunboats would not attack theirs on the outside, but break in amongst the fleet, and attack their gunboats on the within side; this would put the transports of the enemy between the fire of their own gunboats and ours, and they would thus be enfiladed. To board our

QUESTIONS.	ANSWERS.
	frigates, provided, as they ought to be, with netting, &c. would be very difficult, if not impossible.
15. All the preceding questions apply to the difficulty of the operation in itself, and the mere accidents of winds or calms, upon a supposition that our fleet, and all our cruisers and gunboats, are locked up and utterly useless. But suppose the contrary should happen, and that our ships should, more or less, be able to attack them, what would the enemy's power and means of defence be to protect their transports? Could it be done effectually by gunboats, or could they board our ships?	
16. If the embarkation, or any material part of it, be attempted from ports to the westward of Flushing—viz. Ostend, Nieuport, and Dunkirk—the passage would be shorter; but would the difficulties of the navigation, &c. be increased or diminished?	
I am well enough acquainted with the ports of Calais, Boulogne, and Dieppe, having been windbound in every one of them many days, to be able to affirm that no material expedition from thence could be effected but with such delays as would defeat any measure that required despatch. Only one ship can lead out at once, and that only with an ebbing tide, besides the difficulty of coming out at all, except with particular winds.	
17. Our seamen in their long-	17. French seamen are neither

QUESTIONS.	ANSWERS.
boats very often succeed in the most hazardous enterprises; supposing French seamen to equal ours in skill and resolution, would their boats, crowded with landsmen, be equally manageable for the purpose of attacking our ships?	so skilful nor so orderly as ours. The landsmen, beyond a moderate number, would be more likely to disturb and embarrass the seamen than do them any service.

I perfectly agree with you that there is not a more dangerous error than to despise your enemy. On the other hand, a wise man weighs his danger without over-rating it.

'These difficulties taken together, if not physically insurmountable, are apparently such as a reasonable or even a rash enemy would not readily encounter. Admitting, however, that, by some means or other, they are all overcome, and that 40,000 Frenchmen with their muskets and some part of their ammunition may reach the neighbourhood of London, I ask any English general officer how he thinks they will *then* act and proceed; or rather what he would do if he was at the head of them in parallel circumstances?

'Would he enter London at the risk of seeing his whole army disband to plunder, and the men made drunk and murdered?

'Would he burn London? And, if he did, would it be possible for a single Frenchman to escape, surrounded as they would be by the whole nation, determined upon vengeance?

'Would he be content with burning the ships and docks in the Thames, and levying great contributions? This he might do, but how is it likely that such an army loaded with booty could return to the coast in the face of England armed; and if they did, by what possible means could they get back to France?'

Ques.—P. FRANCIS.
Ans.—W. BRETON.

A series of letters addressed by Francis (including one by his son on his dictation) to the Thanets, in 1803 and 1804, adds something to the record of his life at this period. I am not, however, certain to whom the first, which has no direction, was addressed.

Brighton, October 14, 1803.

Suffice it to say that the dog may weep, but he shall bleed too, the vital drops that animate his purse. Your reputation at Drummond's is safe. I wish I could say as much of your property. If I ever saw that letter from F. to P. may my lady take me. It is true, he repeated the contents, and those I have forgot. A letter, of a most secret nature, from Surrey, informs me that the alternate and eternal party at Addington's or at Tierney's consists of those two and of Erskine, Sheridan, Dallas, and Adam, to the everlasting exclusion, confusion, &c. of Hiley and Bragge. . . . Tyrwhit Jones is sometimes admitted, and then they are complete.

Of feasting there was no end till yesterday, when P. went to town, to return next week.

No grievances, much less any retrospect. Miladi and I are sworn friends for life; and now I defy all your vain Ligurian arts. I am quite sure that we never can be divided, unless we are cut in two. I fear that reverend divine will forget the only cunning he possesses. Not a fowl have I seen, but that poor little provision which I had the good fortune to bring with me. These two children have eaten nothing else since my arrival. All the play, in which you ever acted or suffered, is mere pippin squeezing compared to what is perpetually going forward here at Raggets. Every day we hear of ten or twenty thousand won and lost. The actors are Messieurs Aubrey, Johnstone, Burrows, Taylor, Trevis, Gage, &c. . . . Captain Capel offered one day to bet a hundred, which for some time was not accepted, and at last out of mere civility, and to accommodate the gentleman. I am now the only man in the world who doubts about invasion. So not to be foolhardy, where so many women are in question, I have written to a friend to secure me a retired house about thirty miles north of London; and I advise you to pick up as many guineas as you can find. Master Shallow, I owe you two pounds.—Yes, Sir John, and I wish you would let me have it with me.—That may not be, Master Shallow.

As to Miladi, that finale was a *coup de grâce*. . . . In short, I am

much more hers than my own; but not quite so much hers as of a beautiful damsel here, to whom I have made a promise of marriage.

To Lady Thanet.

Brighton, January 22, 1804.

Honoured Madam,—The historical fact is that I arrived here on Friday, and, before I was two hours old in the place, found myself perfectly settled, completely arrounded, and entirely at my ease. Since that I have done very little but eat and drink and game. Now if these particulars are not so interesting as you might reasonably expect from the company I keep, you must give me credit for uncommon discretion. I am actually bursting with a hundred secrets; and yet I have the fortitude to keep every one of them for your private ear, when we are marching on the common, and not a native within sight of us. One thing only I shall venture to impart to you in the severest confidence; viz. that his Royal Highness, *que Dios guarde muchos años*, is on the edge of giving a ball on Wednesday; and as I am as useful as well as an ornamental person at such festivities, I shall accordingly stay, and do my very best. The object of this enterprise is to celebrate the Queen's birthday. All the ladies in the world, or in Sussex, are invited, and they will all come, if they possibly can, without distinction of age or sex. When I shall return to Sheen, you know better than I do, and care not at all. Will you put fist to paper on Tuesday, and tell me whether the threatened invasion of Hothfield took place, and how the enemy have conducted themselves, and what is finally become of that traitor whom I left in your custody? I hear from London to-day that you are on the point of being restored to Mr. Pitt's good government once more. So this ministry, like their own peace, is nothing but a measure of experiment. How many more experiments can we bear without dying in the operation? Tell his Lordship that Humphrey Howorth and I are joint owners of a lottery ticket, which I alone paid for. Never mind how you conclude a letter. You cannot be too abrupt. Please to direct to me at the Pavilion. Matthew Day has lent me a horse as fat as himself, which has not been out of the stable since August, and does not know his right hand, or foot, from his left, for want of practice. I shall work him to-morrow after the harriers. . . . This morning I just gave him a breathing on the hills, which made him transpire copiously. . . . If I break his wind, I have agreed that Lord Thanet shall pay for him.

To the Same.

April 19, 1804.

My own dear Lady,—I am the slave of the lamp; and, as long as you continue to unite uncommon firmness with your invariable sweetness of temper, I desire nothing better than to be incessantly, unremittingly, and in effect constantly employed in your service, which, to say the best of it, is not perfect freedom. The incapacity of Drummer and the necessity of detaining the Haridan are affairs in which your own peace of mind is a good deal more materially concerned than mine. My friends have nothing to do with it. They shall go, dead or alive, on Sunday, provided that the stage travels on that dominical day. I shall send for them incontinently, and tutor them up to the very extremity of your instructions; which if I should forget or unfortunately misconceive, it will not be your Ladyship's fault, God knows. Mr. Pitt is suddenly touched with a gouty affection, or a qualm of conscience; and the grand conflict's deferred till Monday. I thought the Doctor's countenance, after the last division, had an azure cast. Everything else looks well; and I hope ere long to dispose of his Lordship's proxy to advantage.

The Bishop of London is actually sitting at my left hand, talking about the weather and the Dutch fleet, and a multitude of foreign fowls, from Brooks's menagerie, who are sent into our square for their health, and left there screaming and starving all day and night, and the bishop assures me that this violation of decorum is connived at by the Duke of Norfolk, who pockets sixpence a week for each of these cursed bipeds, who, not having a feather left, look very like Christians in adversity. Poor dear Elizabeth suffers sadly; but, hope travels on. A loaf on Monday or Tuesday *si cela vous fait plaisir.*

Mr. Stinton assures me that he brews like an angel; so I hope to taste some rational small-beer at Hothfield, before I die there.

The Bishop of London and I are to have a meeting on special affairs on the 27th instant, to which the Duke of Norfolk and the Earl of Rosselyn are invited, in order to see whether any means can be devised to prevent the future beating of carpets in this Tetragon. This base practice is patronised by George Byng, who says he does not choose to trust his carpets out of his sight. *En attendant,* we have the full and undivided benefit of all the dust in all the carpets within two miles of us. With sitting up to vote against Addington, I have got the lumbago, at his Lordship's service. In future I must vote horizontally and pointblank if I can.

Mr. Stinton *has taken* two places in the Ashford stage, for

Sunday morning at five o'clock. Call you not this despatch? How are you to distinguish one from the other? *I* cannot. The safest way will be to send for Stinton first, and lecture him copiously before he feeds. An empty stomach indicates a recipient mind.

April 20, 1804.

Io Bacche, Io Pæan, Io Triumphe,—pends-toi, brave Grillon.

Two bishops, Prettyman and Beadon, voted yesterday against the doctor, also the Earl of Cholmondeley; and your single vote in the hands of the Duke of Bedford carried it, in the first division. That's *my* doing. Who else? Now I suppose my lady will confess at last, with tears in her eyes, that I'm as good a timist as herself. The Duke of Devon, Lord Albemarle, Lord Maynard, and many others, were not in the first division. They sent for the Archbishop from Lambeth, the Dukes of York, Cumberland, and Cambridge, and Lord St. Vincent, who all voted like heroes, without knowing what the question was. I met Dundas of Richmond this day at one, coming from Buckingham House. I suspect that some of the wise, who voted yesterday, know more of the *dessous des cartes* than you or I do, but no man, without knowledge, can have a stronger opinion than I have on that *head*. The two servants embark in the Ashford stage at five on Sunday morning. I humbly recommend it to her Ladyship to order her cart to be at the Woolpack to meet them, as there will be a cargo of books and baggage, besides the live stock. Fox was in high feather yesterday, which cost me two guineas.

Reports and opinions are on foot everywhere that Addington cannot stand; some say that he has told the King so; and then for Pitt! or a broad administration.[1]

To Lady Thanet.

April 26, 1804.

Chère et très-honorée,—I will execute your commands as expeditiously and punctually as I can; but I pray you to recollect that all human powers are limited, which is more than I can say of your opinion of mine. As to finding the successor of a grocer, who formerly lived in St. Paul's Churchyard, and served Lord Thanet's family some time in the last century, you might as well expect me to tell you the name of Priam's nurse; or which way the wind blew twenty years ago.

Your mind is so dazzled with the *éclat* of the said Stinton's accomplishments that you have totally forgot the merits of his

[1] Addington accordingly resigned; and Pitt was sent for.

satellite, and what impression they have made on his Lordship. . . . On this subject you may easily dilate, without neglecting the primary planet, who, I suppose, is now revolving round that centre of attraction, Madame Drummer, or watching the transit of Penley.

Not a word of the parson!

Not a word of my letter, which I desired *and desire again may be returned to me by next post*, or I write no more.

If the Doctor does not now perceive that his own case is as desperate as that of his patients, all I can say is, he knows nothing of topography.

As to *my* arguing with his Lordship, you know I might as well sing psalms to a blind horse. . . . Did I not leave Fox drinking at Brookes's this morning at four, and Richard Brindsley into the bargain? All day, *he* had played least in sight; not so when the supper came.

Il n'y a que vous, madame, qui avez toujours raison, as you very justly observed. This day I vainly hoped I should not have seen that infernal House of Commons, but I reckoned without my host, or rather without Tom Sheridan, upon whom I cannot bring myself to visit the sins of his sire; so I must go and sit out a call of the house, though you know I am engaged to George Johnstone, who gives, or I hope will give, a famous dinner to Fox, Bobby, and me, this very day. We have loaves enough now, dear lady, till this day se'nnight.

Everybody in the world said last night that a pension of 1,200*l.* to G. T—y and of 600*l.* to his lady was completed in due form yesterday. I do not know the fact, but I believe it. This and other things have the air of winding up a bottom. As to the world to come, all I know is that 'It cannot use us worse than this has done.' *I* at least do not fall within *that* class of fools, though I may into some other, of whom it was beautifully said by the finest writer of the present age or any other that 'their expectations were maintained against experience, and their confidence nourished by disappointment.'

Pray keep all my letters in a box, or a drawer, or a bag.

Philip Francis (the younger) to Lord Thanet.

St. James Square, May 8, 1804.

Dear Lord Thanet,—My father, being very much hurried, and having many persons to see and things to do, commissions me to write you a full account of all I know or have heard from himself or others, as to what has taken place since Pitt's interview with the King yesterday. Not to lose time in a work of some length, I begin without further preamble. Soon after his return from Buckingham

House, Pitt sent a message to Mr. Fox, to tell him 'that, notwithstanding all the efforts he (Pitt) had made in the course of their conversation to induce his Majesty to admit Mr. Fox into his cabinet, he was sorry to say he had found the objections to Mr. Fox in the royal mind insuperable.' I do not pretend to give you the words, but only the effect of the message. About the same time he sent to, or called, on Lord Grenville to notify to him the exclusion of Mr. Fox, and to propose, notwithstanding that Lord Grenville and his friends should take a share in the new administration he was about to form. To which proposal Lord Grenville, without hesitation, refused to accede. In the evening there was a meeting at Lord Grenville's, at which Mr. Fox, at his Lordship's earnest desire, was present, as also Lords Spencer, Fitzwilliam, and Carlisle, Windham, and others. Lord Grenville, having explained Mr. Pitt's proposal to him, and the manner in which he had felt himself called upon to treat it, Mr. Fox declared that a personal exception to him should be no impediment in the way of the country's profiting by the aid of their talents, if they felt that their services under such an union with Mr. Pitt and his friends were likely to be effectual towards liberating it from its present difficulties; and, waiving his own desire to be considered, expressed his readiness to give his support to any combined administration that should wisely and honestly pursue that object. After some deliberation, an unanimous resolution was come to by all the parties present to have nothing to do with Mr. Pitt and his proposal; that Mr. Fox's great talents were essential to the salvation of the country in its present difficult and dangerous situation; and that neither they nor any one of them would take a share in any administration Mr. Pitt might form in which Mr. Fox was not included. There was another meeting afterwards at Fox's of the principal members of the old opposition, in which it was resolved that Mr. Fox should not be allowed to sacrifice himself for his friends, of which he declared his readiness, and that they would none of them accept of office without him. All this being communicated to the Prince, he was pleased to express his entire and perfect approbation of these resolutions, and he desires further that it may be known, and understood, and published to all the world in his name and authority that, in this personal rejection of Mr. Fox, he considers himself as the party injured; that he is not at all the dupe of Mr. Pitt's excuses and explanations; that he sees clearly that Mr. Fox is rejected as *his* friend, and that it was meant to wound him through his side.

What Philip has written is the substance. I had my information

and instructions directly from the Prince. How Pitt and Dundas are to make an effective administration out of the fragments that are left is a question that cannot be determined by conjecture. We are going to have great meetings and declarations. In the meantime, there is no government. Farewell!

P. F.

To Lady Thanet.

March 21, 1804.

I wish I could contribute to raise your spirits. Dejection of mind is the worst of all the maladies; but unless you are positively sick, I see no reasonable motive you have to be melancholy. After all, is not it better to be dull in the country than tormented in town? Are you tired of a calm, and will nothing serve you but a hurricane? *Fi donc, belle dame!* What signifies what is past? The present is without pain, and the future promises. Let me only live to see my own Elizabeth out of danger, and I will carry such an overflow of spirits to Hothfield as shall make you and all your family mad for joy. With that exception the events of this life are indifferent to me.

Until I read the word in your own handwriting, I thought it was the cultivation of *grapes* to which his Lordship was going to devote himself. I have argued about grasses, and turnips, and botany with everybody who knows anything, and with many who know nothing of those sciences. . . . Fox advises him to read Rousseau on botany. Grey says the drill is on its way from Northumberland; if not, Lord Robert undertakes to get one made here. The Duke of Bedford was very sententious about grazing, but I suppose it is for want of memory, I cannot recollect what he said, so I must try him again. . . . His Lordship shall have the Paris edition of Olivet's 'Tully' when I can get it, since nothing less will serve his turn; but it is very scarce, and requires waiting. We three are to be great classics in the course of next winter; mark that, and brush up your Latin.

Philip desires to be precipitated at your feet; in compliment to your taste, he renounces time, and will be satisfied with place. The Sieur Vaughan, in imitation of his betters, or from envy at his Lordship, would needs go halves with me, and I have never won a rubber since; so he is quite distracted with grief, but does not mind going to jail, provided *I* go with him. His sorrows and my own are too much at a time. Now, dear lady, take the trouble not to send him this letter.

June 14, 1804.

My own dear Lady,—I beg of you to make it a rule not to think hardly of me when I happen not to write to Hothfield so regularly

as I used to do. These notes will show you that I have an abundance of occupation in the House of Commons, besides my attendance on the Slave Trade (Committee?), which I never neglected till yesterday: and then, I see, the house was counted out by Mr. Dent. A shabby proceeding, but I trust it will be ineffectual. We are come to this state of mind in Parliament that vigour and activity are always in readiness to do mischief, and that the best dispositions to do good require a whip of scorpions to make them active.

Mr. Pitt, as we believe, is determined to go on with or without a majority; and, if all fails, to resort to a dissolution. That idea is current abroad; but I, for one, do not think it well founded. His personal estimation in the City and country is, I believe, greatly reduced; and, if so, it is not likely that his strength, in a new Parliament, would be much improved. Then, he has all the principal people in the House of Commons to contend with, and the King's inclination against him, supposing His Majesty's health to be so far re-established as you trust it is, to enable him to judge for himself, and to act on his judgment. But, as you and I know, the probable never happens, and, therefore, as you most judiciously observed, probability should be left out of human calculations.

So I find from Mr. Coke that Lord Thanet relinquishes the pleasure of sheep-shearing, at Wooburn and Holkham, till the experience of another year shall have qualified him to enjoy it. I am not so sure that I should have borne him company, according to my wishes, as I am that I shall not go without him. The dearest being to whom my heart is devoted is not in a state that would permit me to leave her, much less to enjoy any satisfaction at a distance from her. Every hour that I am able to dispose of is spent in Sloane Street, though I seldom see her; but it helps to alleviate the toils and griefs of two of the best beings that ever existed, who wait on her incessantly, night and day. *My* house was once gay and happy . . . it is not so now, nor will it ever if my daughter dies.

I long to visit you; and if she mends materially, I shall take the first opportunity. Otherwise I should only carry a heavy heart along with me.

The last letter refers to the broken health and approaching dissolution of the writer's most beloved daughter. During the interval of his parliamentary inactivity, Francis's home had been visited by calamities which occupied a large share of his thoughts and cares, and

tried to the utmost the endurance of a singularly sensitive temperament. For the more resolutely he guarded himself by a sarcastic philosophy against contact with the outer world the more keenly did he feel the sharpness of those shafts which penetrated within his defence.

Francis's family of children—a very united and happy one, as far as our scanty memorials show—comprised one son, Philip, born in 1768. He studied the law; married, in 1805, Miss Johnson, of Putney (rather to the disappointment of his father's ambition for an alliance of rank, according to the family chronicles) and was the father of a numerous family, of whom one surviving son is now settled in Australia, another in England. The two Philips seem to have lived, like the Philips of a former generation, on affectionate terms with each other. Francis introduced his son to his own circle at Hothfield, the Pavilion, and elsewhere, and endeavoured (unsuccessfully) to obtain him a seat in parliament.

But the father's heart, as is generally the case with men of a character like that of Francis, clung with the closest attachment to his daughters, his 'younger sisters,' as he playfully called them. They were handsome and accomplished, and some of them (as is clear from their letters), with no small share of their father's abilities. Sarah, the eldest, born in 1763, died unmarried, late, I believe, in her father's lifetime; she seems to have suffered much from ill-health. Mary, the fourth, married, as has been said, Mr. Godshall Johnson, of Putney, in 1792 (whose daughter by a former wife afterwards married Philip), had children, and became early a widow. Catherine, the youngest, and who remained longest at the head of her father's house, married Mr. Cholmondeley. Both these survived Sir Philip. But the second and third, Elizabeth and Harriet—both, but especially the former, the

father's dearly loved favourites—became victims, in middle life, of that delicacy of constitution which was the unfortunate inheritance of their family. We have seen that Francis had first visited Nice, on account of the health of his children, before the Revolution. The peace of Amiens having opened the Continent once more to English visitors, he sent his son and the two invalid daughters to pass the winter of 1802[1] in the same spot. He accompanied them as far as Paris. 'Their stay there was prolonged,' says one of the family, 'to allow of their seeing whatever promised amusement in that gay city.' A letter from one of the young ladies on the occasion thus describes the First Consul, as they saw him at a grand review:—'He is a little man, very pale, with grey eyes, and a most sweet countenance. His mouth is beautiful. His likeness to the Malmesbury family struck me greatly.'

Philip Francis the younger to Sarah.

Paris, August 14, 1802.

. . . On Saturday we dined with Mr. and Mrs. Saladin. My father was also asked, but engaged at Gamba's. We had an excellent dinner and very fine wines . . . . Among the company were the Swiss minister, Anthony St. Leger, and a nephew of General Menou. They were very polished and kind to us, particularly to myself, *qu'ils ont comblé d'honnêtetés*, to use a French phrase. Yesterday was Buonaparte's birthday, of course a day of public fête and rejoicing. We went to court with the rest of the world to congratulate him . . . Bob Adair, St. Leger, and some other English, were presented. The Prince's uniform[2] having attracted the notice of the General, he did me the honour this time of addressing me. He renewed his acquaintance with my father, and was very civil to him. . . .

[1] I believe so; but dated 1801 in some family memoranda in my possession. And it is in December 1801—on a former brief visit doubtless—that Mr. Impey, in his life of Sir Elijah fixes his meeting with Francis and Madame Talleyrand at the singular party mentioned in a former chapter.

[1] I suppose Mr. Francis junior held some situation in the household of the Prince of Wales.

. . . Everything here is done upon the strictest court etiquette, and a government recommendation for such objects at least is the best recommendation you can have. As usual, that is, as the English always are, we were too late, though in time according to the prefect's notice. The circle had by accident assembled earlier than the appointed hour—the presentations to Madame Buonaparte were over—and when we came in, the company were just quitting the long card-room, which here is the assembly and presentation room, to go and see the fireworks from another part of the palace. We followed with the throng, and the ladies placed themselves at the windows of a number of smaller rooms in a suite, looking upon the Seine, from the bridge of which they were playing off fireworks. The men stood behind them, and the crowd thickened gradually, till these small rooms became so full as to be hot and uncomfortable. This inconvenience was remedied by a worse—a draught of all the worst air of Paris through open windows on all sides of you. This, to me, with a sore-throat, was no recommendation of Madame Buonaparte's drawing-room; but I was very well entertained. In the first place, the view from the Tuileries, the whole of which and of the Louvre was itself brilliantly illuminated, was the most beautiful thing that can be conceived. The Champs Élysées and gardens of the Tuileries, in a blaze of pyramidical light. It was a general illumination of all Paris. The Place de Vendôme exceeded in splendour anything I saw or heard of at our illumination for the peace. Of the illuminations they, however, can give you a better account than myself, as they walked about to see them with H. Eyre. —Mr. Saladin took me about, and pointed out to me all the famous generals and pretty women. Once more I am sorry to say that even at court the quantity of beauty was very small. There might be five or six decently pretty women amongst the whole. One very much superior to the rest, a Madame Lavallette; Madame Buonaparte's niece, indeed a very sweet creature, both in face and person. They were all well dressed, without hoops, as our women would be for a dressed ball or assembly; great profusion of fine jewels; very courtly and well behaved, and though a good deal displayed, not indecently. Madame Buonaparte appears to be about forty, I think well-looking, and of incomparable manner. The women were very few in number compared with the men, I think not above seventy in all. Buonaparte walked about, without any attendance, quite at his ease, talking to whom he liked, so that I saw a great deal of him. He was last night particularly gracious to the ladies, to whom he seldom speaks. It struck St. Leger, as it did me, that Lady Catherine is his likeness. After the fireworks were over, the company returned into the card-

room (the long gallery hung with gobelin tapestry, lighted with many lustres; about twenty card-tables, all at length, very handsome). The ladies sat in a line, with Madame Buonaparte at the end; the gentlemen stood opposite. Just here I believe we might have been presented, but my father was not to be found. Madame Buonaparte went out for five minutes, and, when she returned, sat immediately down to cards.

This lasted an hour and a half, during which time we waited in hopes of having an opportunity of making our bow. But it was impossible. The instant the partie was over, Madame Buonaparte got up, and, led out by the Prefect du Palais (Lord Morton's office, whom he resembles strongly), retired.

Philip Francis junior and his sisters proceeded to Nice, where Harriet died early in the spring. She 'was the first English person buried in the Protestant burying ground now set apart there for that purpose. . . . It was found necessary that the funeral should take place at night, and by torchlight; but, in spite of this precaution, the Niçards obtained information of the hour at which the melancholy spectacle was to be witnessed, and a crowd of them arrived at the spot beforehand, and, climbing upon the walls which enclosed it, watched the ceremony with a mixture of curiosity and compassion.'

Elizabeth Francis, the survivor, though herself in feeble health, insisted on returning home with her brother 'through weather of the most intense severity, and across roads almost impassable,' accompanying the carriage for many miles on horseback. 'There were not wanting those from whose sisterly kindness she could ask and receive the promise that the last spot they visited before taking leave of Nice should be that solitary grave round which, even while she was hurrying away from it, her heart still clung.' These attached friends were the Misses Berry, as will be seen by reference to the journal of the elder of these ladies.

Early in this melancholy spring, of 1803, letters from

Nice ceased to reach Francis in London: owing, apparently, to some postal miscarriage. He only heard, casually, of his daughter's death. His impatient spirit could brook the delay no longer, and he went as far as Boulogne to meet the returning party, but without success. When the party from Nice reached London, Francis was boiling over with indignation at the supposed neglect of his son. Philip the younger—whose temper seems to have partaken of the heat of his father's—brought in the collection of his own letters, which he had picked up at the Poste Restante on his way through Paris, and flung them on the table—'There, sir, I bring you your daughter Elizabeth, and there are all my letters!'

The health of Elizabeth, her father's favourite, as has been said, among all, soon gave similar cause for anxiety. One letter has been already introduced, from Francis to his kind friend, Lady Thanet, giving vent to his miserable anticipations.[1] I now add another. Elizabeth Francis died a few weeks after its date, on July 14, 1804, at the age of forty.

June 28, 1804.

I hope, my dear Lady Thanet, you do not suspect me of neglecting or forgetting you. Hélas! the affliction that has hung over me so long will soon be completed; hope is gone. . . I need not say more to interest you for those who survive it. . . I attend the House of Commons, and take part in many things in which I have no concern, merely to occupy my mind, or to distract my thoughts, and to be as little as possible alone. I must live for others, and long enough (I desire no more), to see *you* happy, as I trust and wish you may be. Sooner or later, adversity, that does not exclude hope,

[1] According to a memorandum of Lady Francis, 'the Prince of Wales distinguished Sir Philip's daughter Elizabeth by the most flattering and almost fraternal attentions, and used to say she was the most elegant and intellectual young lady in London. This daughter had beautified the home at East Sheen, expending a legacy of some thousand pounds, left her by Mrs. Chandler; on her death the place lost all attraction for her father, and he sold it to Lord Chief Justice Macdonald.'

pays the sufferer. Lord Thanet and you have many years of happiness to come; but we must not expect more of human life than it was intended to furnish. Farewell!

Lastly, in order to complete, at the expense of some anticipation, the melancholy family record of this part of Francis's existence, his wife, the 'dearest Honesty' of his early years, died on April 5, 1806. She had been for a very long period of her life a confirmed invalid; subject, I believe, to epileptic seizures. And her death furnished, no doubt, materials for indulgence by society in its ordinary scandalous vein against the old cynic. The following passage from Medwin's 'Conversations with Lord Byron' is quoted by Lady Francis (his second wife) with due indignation:—

'It seems that his conjugal felicity was not great, for when his wife died, he came into the room where they were sitting up with the corpse, and said, 'Solder her up! solder her up!' He saw his daughter crying, and scolded her, saying, she ought to have died thirty years ago. He married, shortly after, a young woman.'

This story the family thought it worth their while to contradict in the newspapers. As to its authority, it seems enough to say that Sir Philip married seven years afterwards, and then with a lady who could only by courtesy be called young: while Captain Medwin (the poet himself, who was personally acquainted with the hero of the story, could hardly have been so ignorant) knew so little about the matter that he describes Francis as a judge in India. Even if Francis had so utterly lost his affection for the fondly loved wife of his youth, there was a touch of chivalry in his nature which would have rendered such coarseness impossible.

Lord Byron was thought by Francis—with whose readiness to take umbrage we are, however, acquainted—

to have disliked him; and his widow, in her memoranda, gives the following version of the reason why. But all that Lord Byron himself says respecting Francis (in his journals) is that he 'remembers meeting him at dinner at Lord Grey's.'

Francis, she says, accounted for Lord Byron's ill-feeling towards him in the following way:—'The first time I met Lord Byron was at Earl Grey's. I had heard much of his abilities, but had not then read his poetry. His countenance was beautiful, but haughty; and it struck me that his carriage and dress had something of peculiarity which looked like pretension. I thought he was not properly dressed for the Countess's drawing-room. I was told afterwards that I looked at his feet as if I expected to find them cloven. No one could have been more innocent of intended offence than I was. At dinner I observed that he was silent, and seemed rather disconcerted. This was the more noticeable from the party being small. On our return to the drawing-room, Lady Grey took the opportunity of telling me that Lord Byron had a club-foot, and was very sensitive on this subject.'

The two following extracts from Windham's Diary may serve to identify the London company in which Francis lived about this period of his life.

'*Jan.* 14, 1805.—Dinner at Francis's: Lord Moira, Fox, Calcraft, Philip Francis, Elliot, Sheridan, who came, not being originally of the party.'

'*June* 19, 1807.—Dined with Sir Philip Francis: present Dukes of Bedford, Devonshire; Lord Fitzwilliam, Lord W. Russell, Lord R. Spencer, Lord Cowper. Pleasant dinner.'

To return for a short space to the political life of Francis, now drawing near its close.

On April 5, 1805, he delivered what is called (and

rightly) in the 'Parliamentary Debates' a 'masterly and luminous' speech on the affairs of India. He took the occasion of the then pending disputes with the Mahrattas to inveigh, with all the force and precision which had characterised his opinions on the same subject thirty years before, against the system of conquest and annexation, which successive governors-general seemed first to deprecate and then pursue. He concluded by moving that this House adheres to the principle established by its unanimous resolution of the 28th of May, 1782, and recognised and adopted by the legislature in subsequent Acts of Parliament, namely, 'that to pursue schemes of conquest and extension of dominion in India are measures repugnant to the wish, the honour, and the policy, of this nation.' His speech produced complimentary expressions on the part of the government, but his motion was defeated by the usual large majority.

The following relates to the political experiments which were supposed to be contemplated towards the end of Pitt's life.

To the Thanets.

Clifton, August 22, 1805.

Yes, my facetious Lord and most astonished Lady, I am in earnest, and do really mean to be at Brighton on the first of October, wind and weather permitting. How I am to be disposed of in the interval is more than you or I can tell. The society expected at Hothfield is supremely tempting; and if you should turn out as inviting as you are witty and beautiful, who knows but I may help you to receive your guests, and supply them with conversation? If you can decypher the inclosed, I should take it very kind of you, and so would the baronet, and both his supporters, if you would answer it yourself. All I can collect from these hieroglyphics is that I shall dine with the mayor of Bristol to-morrow on turtle and venison, whereof I intend to eat freely, particularly the dove, in which the aldermen of that ancient city are known to excel. Domestic arrangements, which I abhor, will force me to town much sooner than I intended; so I request that your next charming letter, to be written on Tuesday

or Wednesday next, may be directed to the Square. Yesterday we went to King's Weston, a beautiful park, very elevated, and grand views. To-day I mean to observe a strict fast, to prepare and do penance for to-morrow. A letter from Cheltenham contains the following passage:—

'Great political arrangements are said to be laid at the meeting at Stow; but as yet I have not heard anything of them, nor do I believe anything will be done. The rumours here are that Pitt, keeping himself, Lords Chatham, Hawksbury, Castlereagh, Camden, and Sir William Grant, as Chancellor, in the Cabinet, has offered six other seats to Fox, Lords Grenville, Moira, and Spencer, Grey, and Windham. Lord Albemarle is here, and Fox promised he would positively write him a line if anything happened; and he has not yet written.'—19th August.

Beso las manos á V^{a} S^{a}.

I find among the Francis papers of this period the following copy of a letter of Windham, unpublished as far as I am aware, on the subject of the Catholic question.

Pall Mall, July 6, 1805.

My dear Hippisley,—Though I agree with you that it would be very desirable to have a sort of abridged statement of the views which guided me on the Catholic question yet I know not how such a thing is now to be done, or, if done, what use could be now made of it. Had I spoken indeed at the time I ought, and have printed afterwards what I had said, I might both have given a true statement of my sentiments and have obviated such as were otherwise; but anything now said would only have the appearance of *cooking up* a statement with a view to a present purpose. The short argument is that in this as in other cases you must choose between opposite dangers, and that the danger to be apprehended from leaving the Catholics of Ireland in their present state is greater than any that could be supposed to arise in whatever length of time out of the increase of their present privileges. If the Church is necessary to the State (as it is) the State must be acknowledged to be equally necessary to the Church; and what is to become of the Church of England, should England itself be lost? or how shall England be maintained if the French should get a permanent footing in Ireland? The condition of Ireland is, for a greater part of its population, that of a semi-barbarism, which not only keeps that country in a depressed state, deprived for the greater part of those advantages which

nature seems to have intended for it, but renders it, in the present circumstances of the world, a source of continued and imminent danger to us. This depressed and disordered state seems to have been altogether produced by the system of laws and government adopted originally, perhaps necessarily, but since continued unnecessarily. With respect to the Catholics, without converting them, the only operation of these laws has been to brutalise and barbarise them, rendering them at the same time our enemies. Of these laws, the greater part have, during the present reign, been repealed, and, upon the same principle, as also with a view to convey to the Catholics the real and practical benefit of what has already been done for them, it will be right in my opinion to repeal the remainder; the danger of such a repeal, even at any period the most distant, I cannot persuade myself to be any at all. If the Church of England is ever to be overturned, or undermined, it will not be by the Catholics, but by sects of a far different description, or by persons of no religion whatever.

This is the shortest statement which I can give in respect to argument on the merits of the question. But the more immediate consideration, in the present view, is that which relates to the merits of the person.

Can anyone suppose, looking even at the mere names of those who supported what are called the Catholic claims, that to support those claims, and to be indifferent to, or careless about, the interest of the Church, are one and the same thing? Was the government that proposed and carried the union (having a view to those very claims) of a description to warrant such a notion? Above all others, was Mr. Burke of this description? Mr. Burke, who has rendered more service to the Church and the Monarchy than all the politicians of our time put together, and who yet was at times, and to the last moment, the most strenuous advocate for the repeal of the Catholic laws? With respect even to myself, can it seem otherwise than quite whimsical to me to hear myself doubted in that respect, or to think that, after being turned out of Norwich as an enemy to the Dissenters, I shall now be in danger of being rejected at Oxford as not sufficiently friendly to the Church? Surely those who can adopt such notions are not persons whom I could reclaim by anything that I could say.

As to the supposed inconsistency in the university of not electing a man who differs from them on a particular point, and even upon that, not as to the end, but the means, it must depend undoubtedly on the importance which they attach to the point, and on the probability of its recurring in the same shape in future; but it will

certainly be pushing their adherence to their opinions a great way if, on account of such a separate and special difference, they should reject a man whom otherwise they thought, upon the experience of now a good number of years, and of many great and trying occasions, to be a fit depositary of their interests.

This seems to be the substance of what could be said in any discussion upon the subject. They are topics undoubtedly which may be urged by friends; but their efficacy may well be doubted by anyone to whom they do not occur of themselves. I can as little hope that I have suggested to you anything but what you yourself will already have said many times over. It is your own desire that must be my excuse for having tired you and myself by writing so much as I have.

Everything I hear promises very favourably, bating only the advantage that has been gained by an earlier start.

With a thousand thanks for all your kind zeal,

Yours, &c.
(Signed) W. W.

In the debates of this period Francis still spoke frequently; but the subject of India, so long uppermost in his thoughts, was one on which he rarely touched, and which indeed he announced his intention of avoiding. Perhaps he despaired of attracting the sympathies of the house on the subject; perhaps, also, cherishing as he still did, in reliance on the Prince of Wales's favour, the hope of returning there as governor-general, and having learnt something of caution in his long life, he avoided engaging himself in controversies which might compromise him in his ambitious views. On one occasion he made a reference—and a just one—to his own exertions in Indian administration. This was in the debate of February 3, 1806, on the erection of a monument to the memory of Lord Cornwallis. 'On this principle, Lord Cornwallis gave to the natives of Bengal a security in their landed property. I appeal to the noble lord (Castlereagh), I appeal to the honourable Director (Charles Grant), whether this is not the very plan which I proposed

in 1776, and which Lord Cornwallis has done me the honour to execute?'

On the debate on the affairs of India, March 10, 1806, he was very explicit as to his own intentions.

'I appeal to the honour and to the justice of the House, and of every man who hears me. What do all these acknowledgments of exalted merit in Lord Cornwallis, and all this approbation of his conduct, amount to but an admission, nay, much more than an admission, positive parliamentary assertion, that, from first to last, everything I have said and done about India was right? . . . I hope the house will hear me with indulgence, and the rather that it will probably be the last time that I shall ever address you on any interest of mine connected with the subject of India. I state it then as a narrative merely, and not to revive any former argument or difference with any man, that I passed six years in Bengal in perpetual contest and misery, and finally with the imminent hazard of my life. . . . Then a wretched passage of ten months to England, and from that time, a continued labour and perseverance of two-and-twenty years in the same unprofitable course, unsupported and alone, without thanks and reward, and now without hope. By endeavouring through that long portion of my life to maintain, as I thought, right against wrong, I have incurred many enmities and secured no friendship. I have sacrificed my happiness and my repose, and forfeited every prospect of personal advantage. Have you still a doubt on this point? Look at the state of desolation in which I am left. . . . My deliberate intention is to withdraw myself generally from the discussions of political questions purely and properly Indian, and specially not to take an active part, much less a lead, in the impeachment, prosecution, or censure, of any Indian

delinquency whatever. . . . I will never be concerned in impeaching anybody. The impeachment of Mr. Hastings has cured me of that folly. I was tried, and he was acquitted.'

In order to appreciate the peculiar meaning which underlies these extracts from the debates, it is necessary to return a little more closely to the subject of those schemes and expectations, still indulged in by Francis, to which a brief allusion has already been made.

The death of Pitt, in November 1805, opened once more to that section of the Whig party which had sided with Fox the prospect of the cessation of their long exclusion from place and power. Francis had certainly shown himself faithful, even to extremity, to the cause of the section in question. When almost all other men of note wavered—among those, at all events, who were of the same standing with himself—he had remained throughout staunch to his party and to his own strong convictions; and Fox, as we have seen, counted on him at one time as almost his sole supporter. The death of Cornwallis had left the ancient object of his ambition, the governor-generalship of India, once more vacant. Increasing years had in no degree cooled the fire of ambition in Francis, nor diminished the force of his self-appreciation. He had, in addition to his claims on the party, his established friendship with the Prince of Wales to rely on as a ground of hope. He threw himself with all the impetuosity of his nature into the pursuit of this object. Already, as early as March 1806, he quarrelled with Fox because he could not obtain the promise of it. In the debate of the 31st of that month, bitter words of recrimination passed between the two old associates, Fox denying the charge of 'desertion' of which Francis complained; and from that time such cordiality as had previously subsisted

between them—never, probably, very strong—was at an end.

Francis however, did not easily relinquish his object, and was accused (by his enemies) of resorting to intrigue and party disloyalty to secure it. According to Lord Colchester (Diary, ii. 74), Wellesley Pole told his lordship (June 30, 1806) that 'Mr. Francis had sent a message through Lady Devonshire to Lord Wellesley that, if Wellesley would not oppose his going out as governor-general to India, he, Mr. Francis, would extinguish Mr. Paull; to which Lord Wellesley returned for answer that he would have nothing to do with the business.'

This is apparently the same story with that told by Lord Brougham in his 'Statesmen of the time of George III.' that 'a proposition made to Lord Wellesley by him, through a common friend, with the view of obtaining his influence with Lord Grenville, supposed erroneously to be the cause of his rejection as governor-general, was at once and peremptorily rejected by that noble person, at a moment when Sir P. Francis was in the adjoining room, ready to conclude the projected treaty.' I can trace no other foundation for it.

According to Lady Francis, who speaks no doubt, though probably with some inaccuracies of recollection, the language of her husband:—

'In an interview which he had with Mr. Fox at his house in St. James's Square, and which he gives at full in his journal, the Secretary pleading promises and previous engagement of every situation that Mr. Francis thought himself entitled to aspire to, and intimating that he had never given any direct promise to Mr. Francis, he desired to know whether he was to conclude that Mr. Fox meant that services done by the desire of the receiver, that being always ready at his call, and having supported

him in times of difficulty and danger with the aid of his abilities, time, and fortune, were no claims, for want of a regular agreement, for having neglected to make a Smithfield bargain. Mr. Fox started from his chair at these words, and exclaimed with all the ardour of a generous spirit, "Oh no, no; his claims are doubly binding who trusts to the rectitude of another." Yet this same great man, in the House of Commons, not long after answered Mr. Francis's allusions to the neglect he had met with, in a manner that showed the conversation had not made a long impression on his mind. I am unwilling to enlarge upon the foibles of such a man as Mr. Fox; but in this case it would be less disgraceful to plead want of resolution than want of those nobler feelings to which Mr. Francis applied. The most amiable qualities of Mr. Fox's mind often betrayed the great ones. He was surrounded by those who won their way to his affections through her who possessed his confidence and all the avenues to his heart. An attention to Mrs. Fox was a surer claim to his gratitude than years of public service. Though a minister, he could not forget that he was a husband. Sycophants, whose situation in life could make these attentions flattering, soon discovered and took advantage of this weakness. Those who can reconcile a superior mind, conscious of error, to itself and its failings, are sure to benefit themselves in proportion as they deaden the painful and honourable sensibility of their victim. When the pain of a diseased part suddenly terminates without the disorder being removed, corruption is not far off; yet the patient thanks the friendly hand that relieves him from the salutary pain. We must consider the rivalships and tracasseries that surround the dispensers of honour and fortune, and how little Sir Philip's character was understood or done justice to. His integrity and penetration were

not likely to recommend him to those who for their own purposes could flatter a great mind into actions that degraded it. It is probable that his pretensions and character were so much misrepresented to Mr. Fox, and so lightly estimated and treated by those who had his ear, that he was unconscious of the injustice he did either to the individual or society, by such a mind being "left in fallow without manure," as he says of himself; "but he did not abandon his principles with his hopes," and to the hour of his death was to be "found where he was left" by the administration of 1806, holding the same language, and presenting an example of consistency as inimitable as unimitated. Left indeed he was; for the new cabinet, by departing in practice from the theories which had gained the confidence of the people when in opposition, gave occasion of triumph to the enemy. The conduct of the Whigs during their short administration did more towards making the country submit to measures of which we are now reaping the bitter fruit than all the abilities of Mr. Pitt or all the power and influence of the court. What did the Whigs do when they were in power? How did Mr. Fox adhere to his principles? Did he not double the income-tax, exempt foreign property to please the court, &c. &c.? Were questions and observations sooner made than answered? In vain Sir Philip protested privately, and opposed publicly; in vain he said to Mr. Fox:—"Sir, you are not aware of the consequences of departing from the principles which gave you the confidence of the people. You will never have the confidence of the court; by preserving your popularity, you may support yourself in spite of it, or, if you fall, it will be with honour; you are falling into a snare that your enemies have prepared for you: they rejoice, and will support you in those measures by which you will have all

the odium, and when you have lost the public voice, which has forced you upon the court, you and your party will be turned out without difficulty, and they will reap all the advantage." This was called the language of discontent, and was not listened to, but the event proved that it was prophetic. Lord Grenville, and not Mr. Fox, procured him the red ribbon, which was at that time a considerable distinction. Why his Lordship, who was not much connected with him, interested himself about this affair is best known to himself; but it is well known that some years since, at a dinner where Lord Grenville was in company with Mr. Francis and many other gentlemen, the conversation turning upon Junius, after many conjectures, Mr. Francis not being then suspected, Lord Grenville said aloud, so that all the party heard him, "*I* know who Junius was," or words to that effect. A general silence ensued; the authority being too good to be doubted. Sir Philip said in an under voice to his neighbour, "As Lord Grenville knows, there is an end of all question on the subject; he will tell the world one of these days." Whether Lord Grenville heard this or no is uncertain, but he added after a pause, "*I will never tell.*" Thus we have still living a nobleman whose integrity is above all suspicion, who can inform us certainly on this long agitated question. It is remarkable that Sir Philip once said, upon Junius being supposed to be connected with the Grenvilles, "Then why should it be ascribed to me?"'

To the reader who has traced the conduct and character of Francis through these pages, it will be but too plain how utterly impossible it would have been for Fox and Grenville to send him again to India, where six-and-twenty years of change since his stay there had created a new world, into which his fixed ideas and intemperate disposition could only have brought confusion. As Lord

Brougham says, they might as easily have brought the Himalayas to Leadenhall Street. To him, and a few attached friends, the question, no doubt, presented itself under a different aspect. But what were the immediate causes of his failure, whether the cabinet's honest opinion of his deficiencies, or personal objection on the part of the tenacious King to an enemy of Hastings, or the unpopularity in the same quarter which the friendship of the Prince of Wales was likely to secure him, he nowhere discloses, and probably did not know. That Junius had anything to do with the matter, or was at this particular time present to the minds of any statesman, there seems (notwithstanding these unauthenticated stories about Lord Grenville) no reason for believing. Sir Gilbert Elliot (Lord Minto) obtained the governor-generalship. Francis is said to have been offered, and declined, the government of the Cape, and also a much more precarious honour, that of Buenos Ayres if we had succeeded in taking it. But (as Lady Francis has told us) the final reward of his fiercely agitated life was neither more nor less than a Civil Knight Companionship of the Order of the Bath.

It should be added here—in justice to one whose 'evil deeds are written in brass'—that the conduct of the Prince of Wales towards the cynical but not ungenial humourist, whose company he so valued, under this deep and final disappointment of his life, was marked at once with real friendship and delicate sensibility. If the Prince was one of the most selfish of men, his severest judges cannot deny that in cases where selfishness did not interfere, he often showed himself one of the best-natured. 'Nothing' (to quote from a memorandum of Sir Philip's daughter, Mrs. Johnson) 'could have been kinder than the conduct of the Prince towards his old friend, under the first pressure of his indignant feelings after the refusal of India.

"Francis," said the Prince, "if you will accept the Cape, I'll send you on farther when I come into power." And in the same year, 1806 (it was also, as has been before stated, that of the death of his first wife), we find Sir Philip 'domesticated' (as Wraxall expresses it) at the Pavilion, and the Prince taking every opportunity of showing him attention, both directly and through his family. Mrs. Johnson, in a family memorandum, records her own emotions at being asked to dinner for the first time to meet her father at the Pavilion, and having the Prince's own carriage sent for her :—

'Of the Prince's genuine good humour,' she proceeds, 'an instance may also be mentioned here. It is well known that to an excessive love of music he added much real taste as an amateur, and some power as a performer; but his execution was not particularly good; and Mr. Francis, Sir Philip's son, with whom he frequently sang, was sometimes comically struck by the loudness of his voice, and his peculiar manner. On one of the above-mentioned evenings at the Pavilion, H. R. H. after dinner, having proposed music, and being actually engaged in performing with Mr. Francis and some other person the pretty hunting trio of Azioli, of which the burden is, *Ritorneremo a Clori, al tramontar del dì*, Mr. Francis suddenly found the full face of the Prince, somewhat heated by the eagerness of his performance, in immediate contact with his own; and this circumstance, combined with that of the loud bass tones in which H. R. H. was singing the words, *Ritorneremo a Clori*, striking him in some ludicrous point of view, he became absolutely unable to resist the effect on his nerves, and burst out laughing. The Prince evidently perceived that his own singing had produced the unseasonable laughter, but, instead of showing displeasure at a rudeness which,

however involuntary, would have been resented by many far less "illustrious" persons, he only called the offender to order with the words, "Come, come, Philip!" his countenance betraying at the same time a strong inclination to join in the laugh himself; and the trio proceeded to a conclusion. Sir Philip' (adds his daughter) 'by his original humour, and great powers of conversation, was often the life of the Pavilion, though his temperate habits made the excesses occasionally committed at the Prince's table distasteful to him; and his royal host, perceiving him ready to drop asleep when the revels were long protracted, would say, "We must carry grandpapa away to bed."'[1]

Francis, now Sir Philip, was re-elected for Appleby in December 1806. But his name no longer occupies its usual conspicuous place in the index to the 'Parliamentary Debates.' On March 25, 1807, he asked a few questions 'on the affairs of India,' including the mutiny of Vellore; and this is the last occasion, so far as I have observed, on which his name appears. There was a new election in June 1807, consequent on the change of ministry in April, at which he was not returned; and his parliamentary career here closes. It will be seen that he estimated at 15,000*l.* the expenditure in which his elections had involved him.

[1] The writer of this memorandum, while acknowledging the general correctness of Sir Nathaniel Wraxall's portrait of Sir Philip, denies altogether that part of it which represents him as saturnine, and 'a man without a smile.'

CHAPTER V.

LATER YEARS.

Relations with the Prince of Wales—Reform—Peninsular War—Second Marriage—His conduct after the appearance of 'Junius Identified'—Personal Character—Anecdotes and Table Talk—Last Illness—Death.

We have now traced Sir Philip through his career in Parliament: which, together with his earlier period of official employment, constitutes his public life. But he continued for some years longer to take an active interest in political events, and to play a conspicuous part in society, especially that of his chief political allies.

Notwithstanding his occasional flights of indecorous independence, the intimacy between himself and the company of Carlton House and the Pavilion subsisted for a considerable time after 1806. When the Second Regency was expected (1811), Francis composed those 'Thoughts on the Regency Question' which are cited in Taylor's 'Junius Identified' by way of comparison of style; and in which the Prince's rights are insisted on. But with the Prince's gradual withdrawal from his old Whig connections, his familiarity with Francis began to decline. The following extracts from letters to the Dowager Marchioness of Downshire[1] explain both his position and his views respecting it. They are without

[1] Baroness Sandys of Omberley in her own right. This lady was on terms of friendship with the Prince of Wales, whom she received as a guest at Omberley in 1806.

date; but from the allusions, I conclude them to have been written a little before the commencement of the Regency.

St. James's Square.

Dear Madam,—Your Ladyship's most generous letter arrived yesterday in time to destroy all appetite for food grosser than nectar and ambrosia . . . You will think my pen in a strange rambling mood this morning; therefore by your leave we will return to Brighton, and your hospitable roof. So his R. H. dines with you three or four times a week, and Sundays into the bargain? For once in my life I wish I were Prince of Wales; and he is very communicative, and candid (not orange, I hope, for the sake of my unfortunate *natale solum*), but chatty and sincere; and talks politics, and literature, Walter Scott and Tommy Moore, Voltaire and Sam Johnson, Napoleon and Nelson, Perceval, Castlereagh, and the musical glasses? In short, of everything in the universe, and many other things besides curious subjects! And you believe he is honest, and, moreover, has a heart of English mould, expansive enough to contain, and stout enough to retain, those principles that I have been trying to implant in his heart long before *you* were born, and very soon after *he* was . . . Your wishes deceive you, as mine have done me. You have often witnessed the apparent docility and conviction with which he listened when I laid before him at his own seeking the principles that English monarchs should bring to the throne or—they may learn them somewhere else. He was out of conceit with the ministry of that day, as he is now with this; they had spited him, and he relished a doctrine which contemned them; he is in the same predicament now, but I converted *you* and *myself*. *Tant mieux—pas tant mieux*, for *I* have no influence over him. *Tant pis—pas tant pis*, for *you* may have. *Tant mieux—pas tant mieux*, for that might accustom him to other petticoat government. *Tant pis—pas tant pis*, for he has a clever wife and daughter. *Tant mieux—pas tant mieux*, for he hates them both! There's a parody[1] at your service, I need not tell you it is only *sub rosa*, to dimple your fair cheeks into a smile and steal a ray from those cerulean eyes that remind people so much of heaven! I am in a great fright lest you should resent my personalities to yourself and your royal friend. On the first count, remember I am too old to be your father, and have long viewed beauty merely *en connoisseur*; the brightest eyes may dazzle, but cannot inflame me. For the second, I have the same

[1] The original was by the Chevalier Boufflers.

excuse. Alas! I am too old to hope. It is excusable, nay, more, it is meritorious in you to believe that the King will keep the promise of the Prince, though all history is against you. From the golden age, when Jove supplanted old Saturn, to the last coronation in this age of iron, all heirs-apparent have exerted and disappointed the hopes of the people. Our friend will first forget our principles, and then our persons, and the sooner for having contracted debts to us, not only of honour, but promise to pay. Has not your political interest, your time, your table, your fortune, all but your own fair self, been at his disposal for some years, and have I not attended his call whenever he was in any extra difficulty, and wished to astonish his usual counsellors by his wisdom? Have I not left my bed early, and late taken rest, and eaten the bread of carefulness, and waited on him long after the *mezza notte*? And has not my pen, my experience, knowledge, and judgment, such as they are, been at his service, and when did I ever claim my own if it could gain him credit? Your Ladyship and Macmahon only knew of the letters[1] at the time, or that I have many other claims on him; but so much the none. Merit is a saucy creditor, who presents his bill; the sinner falls at your feet, and loves much, because he is forgiven much. How much grander we feel when conferring a free grace than when paying an old debt! Neither Charles II. nor Louis XVIII. could endure the face of one of the class cruelly called 'meritorious.' For my part, I believe it would answer better to say, 'Pray forgive me my services,' than 'Pray reward them.' Is it past doubt that he hates C. and raves at P.? . . . Yet it is something that he still seeks you, and has not yet given me up, which I am sure he will do when he deserts those principles which he knows are to me

Dear as the ruddy drops which visit this sad heart.

I have his command to visit him this autumn, and shall then find out whether the change that E(rskine?) and I talked of has really taken place. I expect there will be one ere long in his situation, but not, I trust, in his political views, till power and flattery have their usual effect on him. No thanks to E(rskine?) and S(heridan?) if he be not as all his fathers were. But do not mind a word they say. M(oira?) is not much better. Trust S. as you would a jack-a-lanthern, E. as a quicksand, and M. a mirage in the desert. These three friends have been his worst enemies. They have counteracted all the good I might have done, and out of mere

[1] Probably those asking for command in the army (*ante*, chap. iv.).

spite and envy, lest I should obtain some influence. Honest Jack can tell you how they sneer at any Utopian and exploded politics. Our Prince has one peculiar weakness: he is led by fashion, the hero of the newspapers is his hero of the day. . . . S. never forgave me for a truism that escaped me. We were giving names in lieu of titles to each other one evening at the Pavilion. The Prince said the Man of Ross was greater than Lord Ross; Fox was the man of the people, &c. The Prince did your humble servant the honour of calling him the 'Wise Man of the East.' S. looked vipers at me, and enquired whether *sage homme* meant *à peu près comme sage femme*? All laughed, and I said that, being so honoured by the Prince, I had no wish to change my title or (bowing to Mr. S.) I might be celebrated as the man in debt *to* Mr. S.; but as that would be incredible, I would try to acquit myself by giving him the choice of two names, the man who extends England's credit or the man of the papers. (N.B. that very morning a puff had appeared which the P. said was *un peu fort.*) H. R. H. and C. laughed till they saw S. was cut to the quick, when the Prince, with a pitying air and tone, said, 'Don't mind him, old fellow! His penalty shall be to find a name for *me*, and woe betide him if I'm not content with it!' None had yet ventured on one for *him*, and all called out, 'Name, name.' I said with strong emphasis, '*The* Man,' and paused. 'Go on,' said S. 'I've done,' said I. 'I'm content,' said the Prince, bowing gracefully round. I ought to have prefaced that the conversation began with the Prince complaining of 'Pitt's *impudence*' in limiting *his* power of making peers (among the Regency restriction), when he made so many himself, 'that I took care he should hear (added his R. H.) that I said the great men in France threw titles off because Pitt had made them so cheap and contemptible! I know my father objected to several both for the Garter and the peerage. J. P., he said, who ever thought of J. P. being a Knight of the Garter, or De G. or G. or C. being peers!' One of us, I think it was Curran, said, 'If I had not the honour to be *here*, I should say your R. H.'s circle could not be elevated by the peerage; it is the first in Europe, because it is *peerless*.' This sally had *un grand succès*, and the Prince said, 'What think you of Lord Shakespeare, Marquis Milton, and Duke Dryden?' This led to the conversation I have tried to give you an idea of, but only spoilt and flattened on paper. True wit only will bear carriage and decanting; this kind of snipsnap requires voice, look, gesture, rapid retort, or expressive pause. You know how the Prince excels in mimic art, and likes to practise what is sure to be applauded; but he would have had higher aims had he not been sacrificed to low jealousy by

a narrow-minded father, and led into ignoble triumphs by interested companions. Yet 'His delights were dolphin-like; they showed his back above the element they lived in.' There was always a hope, and I would have led the most forlorn, but S. undermined beneath my feet.

From another letter:—

. . . Mr. Fox made up to me, and exerted all his eloquence and all his *agréments* to win me, making a frank and candid exposure of his views and opinions, which, suiting with my own, particularly in our apprehensions of future danger to the country from the arrogant undoubling inexperience of Mr. Pitt, as did by a tongue which 'dropped manna and could make the worse appear the better reason,' and backed by a sovereign like George III., on whose regal character we perfectly agreed, I told him with frankness like his own that, so long as his public life was ruled by those principles he had laid down for his guidance, I would be his faithful adherent, nor ever desert him till he deserted himself. Mr. Fox seemed well pleased at that time with my services. I will defy any man to say that I ever failed him when his ranks were reduced to almost the skeleton of what he once commanded. I stood to his colours, for he fought under them bravely; when my dearest friend left him, and conjured me to accompany him, I never hesitated. My elections cost me 15,000*l.*, and during the whole time I was in the House, I never gave a vote from considerations of personal interest, but devoted myself to Mr. Fox, because I believed he understood and was advocating the true interests of this country. It is true that he often condescended to assure me that he considered me the fittest man in England for the government of India, and lamented it was not in his power to send me there, with many other flattering protestations; but it was at a time when there was little chance of his ever being called on to realise them; his rival was younger than himself, and at that time more temperate, and I was well assured that, while he lived, Mr. Fox had little chance of being called to power by George III. When his private affairs had fallen into hopeless disorder, so that it appeared he must either sell himself or be sold up, his friends determined to secure him an independence which would relieve his mind from the pressure and annoyance of pecuniary embarrassments, and secure a continuation of his services to the country. Among those who came forward on this occasion, no one was more ready and active than myself, and I took my part and would have done more had more been wanted; but the object we had in view was soon completed, and we bought an annuity on

his life of 3,000*l.* per annum. I might enumerate many other services of a political nature that I rendered him; I might truly say that, whenever my duty to my country allowed it, I was more at his command than my own. I did not join the secession, it is true, because I thought it criminal to despair of the public weal, but I was still under his direction, and at his beck; I shared in his unpopularity, when the calumnies of the court party pointed out all who opposed a ruinous war, or the paying treacherous allies for fighting their own battles, as the enemies of their country, the traitors who would betray England into becoming a province of France. This was all my reward for my fidelity to my country and Mr. Fox, while he was in opposition; but at length the day came when the failure of Mr. Pitt's plans, his death, and the disastrous state in which he had left the country, opened men's eyes, and they found that Mr. Fox and his party had been wise statesmen and true prophets; they were willing to try how far that wisdom and that foresight would stand the test of office. The voice of the country called them to the helm, but there was a deeper and darker motive which lurked behind the throne that induced the King to admit the Whigs, whom he detested with Mr. Fox at their head, to a temporary and delusive power; he hoped to make them disgrace themselves, and lose the popularity lately acquired by the fatal consequences of those favourite measures of his which they had honestly opposed. I need not tell you that they have fallen into the snare; that, in hope of conciliating the King, they have betrayed the nation. Vain hope! Kings never forgive the sins of friends of the people. They are wormwood to them. Take my word for it, when they have done a few more jobs for him, the best of princes will seize the first pretext of sending every Whig packing after his reputation. Thanks to Mr. Fox, I shall be spared the affront.

A few private letters, and extracts from contemporary publications, are the only materials left to carry on his life for a few subsequent years. The next is addressed to Canning, on behalf of a nephew of his schoolmaster, Mr. Thicknesse, to whom he never forgot his early obligations.

Tunbridge, October 20, 1807.

Dear Sir,—I trust you will believe me when I assure you that nothing less than an interest and a claim which I cannot resist would induce me to take the liberty of soliciting your favour and protection to a very deserving officer, who has no friends. Captain

Thicknesse, whose letter to me I have the honour to enclose to you, was appointed by Lord Harwich to his present humble command at my request. About a year ago he had an opportunity, which indeed he eagerly sought, of distinguishing himself in an action on the coast of France, for the events of which he was formally tried and acquitted, with all the honour and applause that a court-martial could express, and presented with a sword by the committee at Lloyd's. Not having the honour of knowing Lord Mulgrave, I cannot address him on the subject as perhaps I ought to do. All that I desire and request is that this gallant officer, for whose conduct I would answer at all hazards, may not be passed by at the next promotion, and that Lord Mulgrave will have the goodness to bear him in mind, if an opportunity should offer, of employing him; and this, I think, he might be inclined to do if he would order the sentence of the court-martial to be laid before him. A word from you, in support of the merit of this gentleman and that of his case, cannot fail of success. Sincere and barren gratitude is all that I have to offer you in return.

Now I cannot refrain from telling you that I have just read the King's proclamation about British seamen with perfect satisfaction. It seems to me to be founded in true policy, sound prudence, and a right sense of national dignity. These are the principles that ensure firmness, when firmness shall be wanted.

With every wish for your honour, and with the sincerest personal esteem,

I am, dear sir,
Your most obedient and faithful servant,
P. FRANCIS.

Right Hon. George Canning, &c. &c.

To Lady Thanet.

Berkeley Castle, 9 in the morning, Nov. 11, 1807.

Dear Madam,—Your anxiety to know something of this place is very laudable and fit to be gratified. So in strict confidence, I can assure you that all the ancient ladies you have seen at the Wells and their grandmothers, if they had any, are mere modern babies and infants compared to the antiquities of both sexes with whom I made an acquaintance yesterday. You must know it rained all day, and I should have been drowned but that the room I live in (last occupied by King Stephen) is two hundred feet above the level of the Severn, and the walls twelve feet thick. The crows, who dwelt under me, were all washed away.

My bed is of solid oak, proportioned to the walls. The tester is

of ebony, carved and gilt in the Saxon fashion. The whole apartment had been neglected since the time of King Harold, but was repaired and beautified for the reception of William Rufus, since which it was occupied for a few days by King Stephen, and by no other person until I came and took possession of it on Monday last. All the windows are painted with the arms of the family, some saints, and many dragons; with which, indeed, the ceilings are pretty well covered; to say nothing of swords and helmets that were taken from the Danes by Alfred the Great. All this, however, is nothing compared with what I saw in a certain chamber that must be nameless; I thought I heard the groans of an agonising king. I lifted up a black veil, spotted with blood; but I dropped it instantly, and dare not tell you what I saw. My guide dropped his candle too, and ran away. Confess that it requires a very good conscience to be able to sleep in such company. I do not think it possible to make my escape without seeing an apparition.

You may, if you think fit, communicate these particulars to Mrs. Turner, who, I presume, is no enemy to old times and ancient fashions; but not to such giddy persons as your two cousins. There are many ways of taking leave. The shortest is the best; and so, dear madam, I remain most abruptly yours,

P. F.

The following glimpse at his domestic interior about this time is given in Miss Berry's Journal:—

'*Thursday, March* 31, 1808.—Dined at Sir P. Francis' with Lord and Lady Keith, Miss Elphinstone, Mr. Elliot, Mr. Trevor, &c. In the evening Miss Tate and Catherine Francis sung two or three songs beautifully.'

The next is to the 'veteran' reformer, Major Cartwright, well known in his day for his staunch Radicalism and personal eccentricities.

To Major Cartwright, at Enfield.

St. James's Square, February 10, 1809.

Sir,—On receiving the favour of your letter of the 7th instant, I felt some inclination to have entered into the subject of it, and to have stated to you many reasons for not accepting your invitation. On further consideration, I have thought it most advisable to follow my own course, and leave it to others to do as they think fit. In the year 1794, the people of this country were fairly tried. The

result of that trial convinced *me* at least that they would then, and at all times, have preferred the disease to the remedy, if a remedy were attainable. They who say that the House of Commons does not represent the nation, in my opinion, are mistaken. If it be true, as undoubtedly you think it, that there are 'those, and amongst the wisest and the best, who yet hope and trust this measure may save the state,' I give them credit for their virtues; but he who has not the same hopes cannot reasonably act on the same principles. The untutored Indian, when he found his boat adrift, lay down in it quietly, and submitted to his fate.

I have the honour to be, &c.

PHILIP FRANCIS.

The next is without address, but apparently to Lord Thanet.

February 18, 1809.

I owe you a quotation from the classics, and this I think will pay you with interest and delight. Marshal Villars, in a letter to his august master, dated August 12, 1690, does executive justice to the talents of Germany and the genius of Austria in the following terms:—'Les Allemands ont à leur tête quatre généraux qui ne sont guère déterminés. Le plus jeune est aveugle et a plus de quatre-vingts ans; je connois les deux autres. En vérité, quand l'armée seroit la meilleure qui ait jamais été, il n'est pas possible que quatre radoteurs comme ceux-là n'y mettent de la confusion.' I begin to suspect furiously that this is the very source from which some of your favourite opinions on this subject have been derived. As for those immense objects detailed in one of your last, in which the solid contents are equal at least to the superficial measurement, supposing that such masses could be weighed or measured, you live too much out of the world to know that these things are coming into fashion. There was a time when youth and beauty could attract without waiting for size or maturity. *Nous avons changé tout cela.* We have no admiration now but for grand dimensions and specific gravity. *Tous les hémisphères que je vois menacent ruine; ce sont autant d'empires en état de décadence—mole ruunt suâ.* So now, I think that subject is exhausted, and I shall call another cause. In or out of society, one hears of nothing but the proceedings in the House of Commons, and, indeed, one has nothing else to read. At first a stately silence prevailed in all the well-disciplined circles; now and then interrupted by exclamations of horror at the profligacy of a kept mistress, when she was caught tripping, as if the character and the qualities were incompatible;

and as if such transactions were very likely to be discovered by those who were not privy to them, or betrayed by anybody but parties and accomplices. Unfortunately the number of . . . persons who are so qualified, viz. to discover and betray, happens not to be very inconsiderable. Then comes a general prudential shaking of empty heads, at last the plot begins to unravel, the facts speak, and the dumb begin to talk; the prevarication of Sanden, the note extorted from him, and Mr. Perceval's candour in withholding from the House the information he had received from Colonel Hamilton, for more than a week, from the 4th to the 16th of February, to which it is impossible to attach a suspicion of collusion, as in the interim he *had no conference* with the Duke of York, as if the delay furnished no means or opportunity to Sanden to be bought off, to destroy his papers, or to run away. This reticence of Perceval I suppose is quite unaccountable; but not half so much so as the kindness and charity of many others, in not asking him a single question on the subject. Now, tell me fairly and honestly, what you think of *this* part of the business. If you can convince me, as I am sure you will if you can, that his conduct has been right and regular, and no way liable to suspicion, you will find me ready to retract my errors. *Enfin*, I observe such a general change of language as convinces me that wiser heads than mine begin to suspect that the Duke of York cannot continue at the head of the army. I pray you to be cautious in talking of this affair, even when you mention it to your cattle. As for my lady, I have got her on the anvil. What do you think of the history of the injured beauty locked up in a castle? What distracts the saints is to see such profligacy among princes! As for the conquest of Spain, or the final fate of Europe, or the ruin of England, you may give yourself no trouble. These things will take care of themselves. I see no sign of dissatisfaction anywhere, much less of apprehension. They said the patient was well, because he felt no pain; if that be true, as I hope it is, Lord Ch—y is in no danger. A man may walk with a wooden leg, but if a nation mortifies, to what part will you first apply the knife? The vessel appears to me to settle, and we are going down in it as contentedly as so many blind puppies, and that, too, with our eyes wide open. I told you long ago, but you would not believe me, 'That there is nothing so quiet and easy as the descent of a falling body through an unresisting medium.' All my wisdom is lost upon you since writing these judicious remarks. I find that Mr. Whitbread and Lord Henry Petty have loaded Mr. Perceval with compliments for the very conduct, which I thought deserved the censure of the House. Their authority, of course, extinguishes mine, but arguments

are not answered by authorities. The confidence of a foe is a sort of bribe, which I can in no case accept. *Timeo Danaos.* I should have disclaimed and protested against it. I should have said, 'Carry your information to the House of Commons. Your pretended confidence in me is extrajudicial. I will hear nothing out of court. You shall not tamper with the jury.'

In my conscience, I do not suspect these two of anything but folly. But appearances may be equivocal. Cicero, seeing his friend and his enemy very kind and civil to one another, began to suspect that neither of them was in earnest. *Nimium familiariter exercere inimicitias videntur.* Now I hear that Perceval's conduct will be canvassed on Monday. Of course he will appeal to the applause already given him. Folkstone, you see, is coming into fashion again. See what it is to go straightforward; *rectum est index sui et obliqui.* I see but very few whose actions will bear measuring by that rule. Be so good as not to publish this letter immediately in the *Canterbury Advertiser.*

Sir B. Blomfield to Francis.

Carlton House, August 7, 1809.

My dear Sir,—The Prince intends ('God willing') to be at Brighton on Thurday, the 10th, on which day his Royal Highness commands me to say you will be expected to dinner.

The achievement of Walcheren (except Flushing) has reached you; it seems that Lord Chatham, with the advanced corps, landed so far back as Sunday week, and after carrying a small fort consisting of six field pieces, *en barbette*, as we call it, early on the Monday, a deputation was sent from Middleburg to his Lordship, which on that day became his head-quarters, and before night Flushing was completely invested; Sir Eyre Coote's corps being midway between the two places. I believe some little or rather a show of resistance was given at landing. Brigadier-General Murray is said to be wounded, and also Colonel Pack. 2,000 men were in Flushing, so I calculate its surrender must ere this have taken place.

Always your obliged,

B. Blomfield.

The next is only worth preserving as a specimen of Francis's strict adherence to the orthodox Whig doctrine of the day, which regarded our successes in the Peninsula as a series of mistakes, and Wellington as a brave bungler. There are others in the same tone, which I have not

thought it necessary to add: *transeant cum cæteris erroribus.* It is enough to remind the reader that the events to which it refers are those of Busaco and Torres Vedras!

To the Marquis of Downshire, at Hillsborough.

Tunbridge Wells, December 5, 1810.

Most noble Friend and dear Marquis,—Catherine and I arrived here yesterday, in order to see some of my posterity before I visit my ancestors. Having just read the London news of last night, I acknowledge and confess it makes me sick to hear of the exorbitant praises heaped on a great general for the following achievements:—

1. He beat the enemy with *immense slaughter and enormous loss,*[1] and then ran away from him, without drawing bit, 120 miles, in order to shelter himself in an impregnable position, where, it seems, it was *always* his intention to give battle.

2. He ordered Coimbra to be evacuated, drove the inhabitants before him, and from that to Lisbon laid the country waste, and ruined it to the utmost of his power, and this he calls *defending* Portugal.

3. As soon as Massena overtakes him, his intelligence from spies and deserters is so good that he solemnly affirms 'that he (Massena) commands nothing but *the ground he stands on*, and that even there he cannot stay above three or four days; and that, if he stays longer, he must be starved outright, because he has literally nothing to eat; but the moment he raises the siege, and attempts to move off, you shall see wonders!' Lord W—n, with a well-fed army, and only double the number of his enemy (who by that time must be famished, if not stone dead), will bravely march out of his lines, and demolish or take prisoners all that are left of the said French.

4. Nevertheless Massena *has* made good his retreat, and taken a position in which he *cannot* be attacked,[2] &c.

Now I say that, if all the premises were true, the retreat of the ten thousand, in point of generalship, would have been a pitiful operation compared with this of Massena and his army. Our noble commander puts me in mind of Hector of Troy, who, after a flight of twelve or fifteen miles, takes heart at last, and pounces on Achilles, just as *an eagle does upon a hare*; a most apt comparison, God knows, and quite in the style and words of Homer himself, as you may see if you will look into the Iliad.

[1] At Busaco.

[2] At Santarem.

Having vented my spleen a little on this subject, I proceed to my ingenious friend at Lambeg, whom I really envy; but not quite so much for his genius as his guineas. If he will spare me the latter, he may keep the former, for his own use. I never said a word about the state of gold coin at Belfast, for a reason which ought to prevail more than it does with some of the natives in the vicinity of Lisburn, viz. because I knew nothing of the matter. What I did say, and what I adhere to, is that there were no visible guineas in England; and now you may tell him that, if he will send his guineas to London, and provided they are of full weight, I will engage to put him in a way to sell every one hundred of them for 121*l.* 11*s.* 6*d.* in bank paper, unless some material alteration has taken place in the price of bullion (of which I am not informed) since Goldsmith and others gave their evidence before the committee (vidè p. 57 of the Report). His Majesty, I have no doubt, will be well enough on the 13th inst. to assure us of his perfect recovery within a reasonable time. As to your hurrying from Ireland, to the prejudice of any business you have to do there, you must be as much wiser as you are younger than I am, if you can discover a sufficient reason for doing so.

To-morrow I proceed bodily to Hothfield, but shall not stay long enough there to receive any further advices from you but in London.

On Monday I took leave of her Ladyship with many tears, and all my own shedding. Pray tell every fair dame you meet how much I am charmed with her youth, beauty, and accomplishments.

It was not exactly the season for fat deans, prebends, and canons, to muster in force at the residence. But we had company enough, and positively prohibited any invitation to the natives. If you return by the North, and will fix the specific day, in all the current month I feel myself capable of meeting you at ——. Who can say more?

P. F.

Lord Hutchinson to Francis.

(Private.) London, August 14, 1811.

My dear Francis,—I am quite ashamed of you; what, at your time of life, you are in the dark, and confounded with the things you hear and see! Do you know so little of a certain young gentleman of forty-nine years old, with whom you have been acquainted for near half his life? Can it have escaped you that the proclamation[1] is the act, and even the composition, of the English government,

[1] The proclamation of the Irish Government denouncing the 'Meeting of the Catholics,' July 30.

which he must have seen and approved of before it went over to Ireland? The Protestants know it, and have rallied again round the standard of intolerance: the Catholics suspect it, and are in despair. Moira is in town; he is seen with reluctance, but not listened to. I have offered myself to the royal presence, but have been rejected. I am neither mortified nor surprised. I have no private views; and why should I care more for the public than another? The Prince of Wales was deeply committed to the Catholics, before I ever had the honour of seeing his face. Since our acquaintance, he has committed himself over and over again. I always endeavoured to dissuade, but in vain. I had early discovered a close connection between promise and retractation. I trembled at the idea of trifling with the expectations of millions of naked and fearless men, who are too bold, too indifferent to life, to be daunted, and too numerous to be butchered. For the first time perhaps in their history, the Irish Catholics had become loyal and attached to the person of the man who was to be their future sovereign. They not only did not love James II. but they despised him, and to this day execrate his memory: their affection for the Prince might have been the bond of union between them and the empire. He will now become much more unpopular than the King, his father, who never at least violated his plighted faith. From the first day of his reign to the last, he hated his Irish subjects, and avowed it. If he wanted the justice of a king, he at least displayed the firmness of a man. I hope—but when I express the hope, I tremble for its completion—that the next reign may not be as intolerant as the last. I will venture, however, one prediction, that, after our friend has violated his engagements, and lost the affections of the Catholics, everything which they desire will be granted them, and that will be yielded to clamour and turbulence which was refused to truth, justice, and reason. It will then come too late. They will have forgotten their love to their king, and will only remember their ancient hereditary deep-rooted animosity to England. For my part, I cannot see the sense of this unmeaning contest with the Catholics. To dispute with men, how they are to do an act which there is no doubt they can do either in one way or another, appears to me to be the height of absurdity. Alas, alas! it is no proof of the strength and wisdom of the administration, but of the vacillation and tergiversation of a greater personage. I much fear that intolerance in Ireland will take its course, and will never be stopped but by resistance. The paper system will be driven till the real value of the bank-note of a pound will sink to a shilling, and we shall fight in the Peninsula as long as we have a soldier left. Such is the

prospect before us, and a noble one it is. Nothing, I think, is likely to change it but a great public misfortune, and then apprehension will do the work of reason. But the change will then come too late, and he will have justly lost the public confidence. For myself, I never entertained sanguine hopes from the moment he retained the present ministers. I am sure that the persons to whom they owe their continuance in office always knew that they would retain sufficient influence to keep them there. I should suppose that it will infallibly be the case, unless some very untoward event should take place; and then they must get out of the scrape as well as they can, for he certainly will abandon them. Lord Downshire has been with me, and is rather gloomy. I beg my best respects to her Ladyship. His Royal Highness goes to Bognor on Saturday; but I fancy it is only a false rumour to cover his march into Warwickshire.

The second Lord Holland to Francis.

Holland House, November 1, 1811.

Dear Francis,—I was not less miserable than you about your papers, and they have made me pass two miserable mornings, besides much occasional anxiety—but I have found them—Εὕρηκα. I have them safe this morning, but will deliver them to *you*. *Hurra, hurra!*

V. HOLLAND.

[Turn over.]

In my delight at finding them I forgot to express the more solid and permanent delight I received from reading them. One of them —the Memoir of Burke[1]—is one of the most interesting things I ever read, full of sense, truth, candour, and manliness; and the other of a more temporary nature, full of sense and wisdom.

From Thomas Moore's correspondence:—'The pantiles were put into an uproar last Tuesday by the arrival of the Princess of Wales on a visit to the Berrys. She brought Lady C. Campbell and Mrs. and Miss Rawdon with her, but not a man did she bring, or could she get here for love or money, except Sir Philip Francis and old Berry, who, aged, liked the fun of gallanting her about, and enjoyed himself more than the fair daughters did.' —Lady Donegal to Moore, August 28, 1812.

According to Lady Francis, when the Prince became

[1] This memoir (as has been said) cannot be discovered.

Regent, he 'desired Sir Philip to give in writing his wishes and claims. A copy of the document still exists' (taken from one in the handwriting of Colonel Mac-Mahon), 'in which he reminds the Regent of his promise, and Mr. Fox's acquiescence.' The following is the copy, in Lady Francis's handwriting, to which her Ladyship refers. I give it as I find it; but it appears to me rather like a summary, by Sir Philip, of what he had intended to lay before the Prince, than a formal document.

Memorial written by the Prince Regent's desire.

Carlton House, March 10, 1812.

I was appointed by act of Parliament in 1773 to a place in the supreme government of Bengal, when there had been no example of so high an executive station given in that form. My conduct in the execution of that trust received the constant approbation of all the constituted authorities at home, by whom it was examined: viz. of Government, of various committees of the House of Commons, and especially of the Court of Directors. I sat in Parliament for many years at a very heavy expense, and acted on the same principles. On the death of Lord Cornwallis, my right or claim to succeed him, though supported by his Royal Highness, was superseded by the Coalition in 1806.

That his Royal Highness had always designated me, and particularly to Mr. Fox, as the person whom he meant to appoint to the office of governor-general, and that he had signified the same expressly to Lord Moira, who heartily concurred in it: that, on my declining the government of the Cape, offered to me with the Order of the Bath and the rank of Privy Councillor, I submitted to his Royal Highness a plan of accommodation, which he was pleased to say was very moderate. The only objection made to it, as far as I know, was by Mr. Fox, who said there was no place vacant; to which I said that I accepted the honour, and was ready to wait their convenience for the place. And on this footing the contract with me was agreed to, but never executed. That I now made 'no claim to place or profit, and desired only a mark of honour from his Royal Highness's own hand.'

Endorsed (Lady Francis adds) by Sir Philip, 'Left a copy of this paper with the Prince Regent by his desire.'

'This,' adds her Ladyship by way of note, 'is evidently the story that has been so misstated to Lord Brougham. We are sorry to observe a proof that Lord Moira acted a very double part to Sir Philip about India.'

To Mr. Perry (of the 'Chronicle').

(Private.) Brighton, October 19, 1813.

Dear Sir,—In the midst of incessant bodily pain, I think myself lucky when I find anything that furnishes me with a little relief or diversion. I did so, and more than I thought possible, in reading a letter in your paper of Friday last on the subject of comedy. I may say, as Longinus said of Moses, the author of it is no common man, and truly, whether it be yourself or anybody else, I should like to know his name. There are a few words and passages, nevertheless, which I should like to have corrected, because I would not have anything left open to cavil in so perfect a piece. First, '*common-places*,' in the plural, is not English; the word in the singular number, I think, is commonly used as an adjective or an epithet. The observation that follows is excellent, viz. 'That I am always apt to distrust these modest pretensions to plain understanding.' An air of humility is very often only a shelter for ignorance, and sometimes a weapon of arrogance. We are overrun with affectation in writing. Even common sense is affected. A plain country gentleman is now the established description of an ass. He says, *We cannot expect to reconcile opposite things.* Certainly not, while they are opposite, but we have seen *coalitions.* It is only *contradictions* which cannot be reconciled. He mistakes the fact about the *Médecin malgré lui.* It is not a *long play*, but a mere farce of two acts, or three at most. I saw it at Paris about thirty years ago, when *Le Médecin* was acted by *Molé*, and laughed from the beginning to the end of it. As to the *Comédie pathétique*, or *Sentimentale*, or *Larmoyante*, I consign them one and all to the devil without mercy. Not that there may not be a pathetic scene in a comedy as there may be in common life, of which comedy is or ought to be the representation. Rousseau has annihilated the 'Misanthrope' of Molière in his admirable letter to D'Alembert, as Mrs. Montague has the 'Cinna' of Corneille. The 'Tartuffe,' as a dramatic composition, is a masterpiece; but I think there is not mirth and gaiety enough in it for a comedy. Since the first revival of *Every Man in His Humour*, I know of no English comedy so well acted or so well received as that was, I mean with incessant laughter. *Le Mariage de Figaro*, though a very inferior piece, was received in the same way at Paris, and acted fifty

nights consecutively, because, with some drollery in the contrivance and dialogue, it was incomparably acted. In short, I have no better idea of a weeping comedy than of the blue sound of a trumpet. Why not Harlequin in tears, and Columbine in convulsions? Remember that Voltaire and D'Alembert repeatedly affirm that the French theatre is *à la glace*. Their tragic heroes one and all are *héros de théâtre*, not in nature. They strut, too, like Lewis XIV., who, instead of shoes, wore buskins all his life.

I shall now turn to another subject of much more importance, on which I have long had it in my thoughts to say a few words to you, but have hitherto been prevented by severe and unremitting illness. Some experience and long reflection have formed my opinion upon it, and entitle me to be heard, especially as it is impossible that *I* can have any concern in the question or interest in the decision. I entreat you to consider well, and deliberate long, before you give encouragement to the scheme lately adopted of sending missionaries to India to convert the Hindoos. Let them try the Mahometans if they dare. Remember Vellore. The possible mischiefs which *may* arise out of it ought to be obvious enough to make the fiercest fanatic shudder, and even the most truly pious and best intentioned men to hesitate and tremble before they act. I am not able at this time to go far into the subject. But, if I live, I will do it; and the rather because I do not now value the terrors of this world, nor care one farthing what anybody says or thinks of me. For the present listen to the poor Brahmin, when the New Testament was explained to him—'Your religion may be very good for *you* and *your* climate, and your Lawgiver seems to have been a wise man; for he says, *Judge of the tree by the fruits*. To us that fruit has been bitter; but you must make a desert of India before you can plant the tree in our land.' Our missionaries, I dare say, will not begin with persecution, *for lowliness is young religion's ladder*.

But then great crimes are committed in India. Widows are burnt, children are drowned, and horrible excesses are permitted at *Juggernaut*. These are offences against God and nature and all religions, and the Hindoo more than any other. The first and last are promoted by the priesthood, for ends of their own. The second is the result of famine and despair. In the most fertile country in the world, and where the natives, who eat nothing but rice, are most easily satisfied in point of food, you hear of thousands perpetually perishing by famine. I could tell you why, and will hereafter. Do you believe that any mother, in any country, would murder her child if she had the means of giving it nourishment? But why are these crimes (I mean those which the priesthood encourage)

suffered to go unpunished? Why are they not prevented? Where is your civil government? What has it been hitherto, and why is it renewed in the person of that imaginary person, the India Company? Have they no power but to tax, to desolate, and destroy? Are they left-handed the moment that any good is demanded of them? Are they paralytic on that side? Do you think that, if Mr. Fox had found it to coincide with his politics or his partialities, to have permitted me to return to India in 1806, in the office that was full as much my right as it was his to be Secretary of State, I would not have put a stop to such enormities? All this is written in a great hurry, and intended for nothing but hints to put you on your guard.

Nevertheless, if you *will* send missionaries, and make converts, begin with yourselves. Make Christians of your own people, if you can. Though God knows I am but a sinner, still I believe I am now a better Christian than most of the saints, at least according to the Gospel.

So here I shall conclude with one general observation, which, while you are raving about Christianity, I think it worth your attention. There is not at this day a prince or power in Europe or America, except the Turks, that is not in a state of war and happily employed in cutting one another's throats; and they are all good Christians, full of charity to their neighbours, and passionately fond of propagating their religion and converting heathens. The Church of England, of itself, is wise and quiescent. Our bishops, in general, are learned and prudent men. But they are frightened by the sectaries, and forced to go with the tide.

Yours very truly, that is, with a just sense of your abilities and perseverance,

P. FRANCIS.

Brighton, November 7, 1813.

Dear Lord Bristol,—When I talked of the possibility of my visiting Ickworth in the course of this month, assuredly I meant it. For who is not in earnest in wishing to live in good company, or where is the merit of intending to enjoy some share of happiness before death? But I must relinquish this ambition as I have done every other. To exist out of pain, if that be attainable, is all that I aim at, or have any reason to expect in this world. . . . In every other respect, my health is as good, and my head I think as clear, as it used to be. As to the present state of human affairs, the little judgment I have left must be contracted into sentences, which I shall leave it to your enlightened mind to develop, and to your friend at Saxham as a useful employment for the cud. He swallows

whole whatever he likes, but never ruminates. Secretion and digestion make no part of his intellectual system. But then he can argue with a vengeance; confute, change sides, and still refute. Canst thou administer to a mind diseased? pray try. *Experimentum in animâ malesanâ* can do him no harm. In short, it is adversity that demands resolution, but it is in prosperity that wisdom is most wanted. A very dazzling object must be looked at through green spectacles. Drive the French out of Germany, Holland, Flanders, and Spain; and shut them up, if you can, within their boundary as it was limited by the treaty of 1763. As to Spain, if Spain were a rational person, I should say to her, *Make Wellington your king.* A Spaniard never can be the choice of that people. They all hate or distrust one another; and their nobility does not furnish a man fit for the station, or eminent enough to exclude competition. Of Ferdinand VII. you have nothing at your disposal but his name, which is good for nothing else. No use can be made of such a miserable boy. The House of Bourbon is burnt into the socket. Feed that lamp, however, until it expires of itself. They are dead in law, and never can revive.

I hope Lady Bristol will sometimes take the trouble to remember me, when I have forgotten my own self, as ere long I shall do. Will you also express to the Duke of Gloucester my serious regret, but in your own terms, at my not being able to have the honour of meeting his Royal Highness at Ickworth this season? And so farewell! *Vive et vale*, which, as you are a country gentleman, may be translated into plain English for the benefit of the reader, Live as long as you can—but not in pain.

P. Francis.

In the end of 1814 Sir Philip Francis married his second wife, Miss Emma Watkins, daughter of a clergyman in Yorkshire. Her father was born at Cintra, in Portugal, not many years before Francis's visit to that country. Shortly before this union, Francis's daughter Catherine, who for some years had been her father's principal domestic companion, had married Mr. Cholmondeley; and this change in his establishment probably furnished the immediate reason for the step. For he and the lady had already been acquainted with each other, and on a footing of friendship, for a long time. Lady Francis (as she frankly

tells us in her reminiscences) was born exactly ten years after the last Junius letter appeared; according to which piece of chronology she must have been thirty-two at the date of her marriage with the widower of seventy-five. Her father was connected with the Archbishop of York (Drummond), from whom he obtained preferment. The Archbishop was a brother of Francis's early patron, Lord Kinnoul. She first met her future husband, she says, at Lady Boyne's, at Tunbridge Wells, in 1806. They had corresponded some years before the marriage; and Francis, with an old man's playful affection, had invented for communication with his young and lively friend a kind of 'little language,' like that in which Swift discoursed from London with his Stella. Lady Francis preserved many of these letters, generally full of now forgotten gossip, amusingly distorted and exaggerated. Francis was throughout life what the Greeks termed *ἀνθρωπόλογος*, meaning thereby, not merely a lover of personal anecdotes, but one whose chief topics of interest were derived from his observation of the characters and conduct of living men. This peculiarity is as evident in the early compositions of Junius as in the light correspondence of Sir Philip's last days. The editor will only venture on printing one or two, as specimens, in order to complete, even in unimportant particulars, the portraiture of character which he is endeavouring to delineate. They are without date, but written, apparently, in the first period of the Peninsular war.

St. James's Square, Saturday.

Infanta carissima,—Mille remercîments pour la jolie lettre du 27. Savez-vous que vous êtes non-seulement la personne du monde la plus aimable, mais la plus incrédule? Je me tue à vous dire que vous êtes belle, gracieuse, et spirituelle, bien au-delà de toutes vos rivales du sexe féminin; que vous gagnez à être vue et connue, et que, à tout prendre, vous êtes un personage unique; tout cela ne sert de rien, vous n'en croyez pas un mot. Mais en revanche, vous croyez bonne-

ment tout ce qui est incroyable; que la politique, par example, ou l'ambition était capable de l'emporter sur vous! Allez-vous promener, mademoiselle, avec vos belles croyances. Your faith will not make you whole. So I dined and slept last night at Holland House; and those noble persons are going out of hand to Gallicia, in order to see the scene of action, and pass the winter in Spain! Also as you are a politician of the first water, I may tell you in confidence that the Duke of York is going to take the command of the army in Portugal. So I suspect at least; because Lord Hutchinson is sent for from Ireland, which can have no motive but to attend the Duke. Also Horne Tooke, that you make such a route about, is unquestionably dying, if not dead, and I have no more news; and if you had told me you were all going to stay two days longer at Matlock, why, you know very well that others would have stayed too, only to keep you company. Of all things I hate to be left in a place where I have been happy, and I thought you capable of that barbarous deed if I had not secured the first post horses; but you need not have stayed two whole days neither, except to show the world that you did not care a pin for one, not you. Marry cumup! You would not demean yourself in that guise after all the hearts you had broken, &c. As we were known to be of one firm, I hope you paid all debts we might leave, for the credit of the house. The poetical effusion of the said C. C. shall be forwarded to Miss Catherine by this post, who is at Waverley Abbey, near Farnham; from whence she assured me she would write a fine letter to our amiable . . . to thank her for all her benevolence, courtesy, and kindness, &c. If not yet arrived, be sure she is waiting for a frank. C'est un bien petit tribut de reconnoissance pour tant de bonté.

I am not sure whether I am going to Margate to meet Lord P. or Brighton with a greater personage in the course of next week; but I am quite sure I will not stay in this deserted village. Encore un jour et me voilà mort de tristesse, d'ennui, et de regret. By Tuesday's post my destination shall be cleared up to those whom it may concern. There are two b's in robber, but not in robin; but perhaps you meant *Robbing Hood*. Why, baby, or babby, do you spell in this manner on purpose to put your grandsire out of patience with you? Don't pretend to say you spell by the ear, as I do, for I won't believe a word of it. May I perish if I can find another word to throw at an angel. What shall I say for you to Madame C.? Answer me that; but not till you hear again . . .

The next is apparently from Hothfield. If so, it is scarcely necessary to add that the character of Lady

Thanet must evidently be taken as a piece of pleasantry.[1] One of Francis's oddities was his constant application of the epithet 'dragon,' particularly to the fair sex, and often by way of compliment. One of the family anecdotes respecting him recounts how, on his arrival from India, he startled the demure schoolmistress with whom two of his daughters were then placed, by abruptly addressing them as 'young dragons.'

Château, dimanche.

Carissima Bambina,—Vos deux jolies lettres ont fait les délices de tous ceux qui les ont lues; le nombre n'en est pas grand, vos lectures se bornent à deux yeux seulement qui en général ne sont pas trop clairvoyants, au moins pour vos défauts, si vous en avez. Je vous baise les pieds aussi bien que les belles mains pour vous marquer ma reconnaissance. Tout le monde me dit que sans doute quelqu'une en cachette m'a tourné la tête, et je commence a croire que peut-être ils ont raison. Ce n'est pas la première fois qu'un joli jeune homme, comme moi par exemple, s'est laissé prendre par une fière drogue de soixante-et-huit ans comme vous, mademoiselle! Qui est-ce qui l'aurait cru? Voilà un miracle de votre façon. Après ce que vous venez de faire, je crois qu'il ne tient qu'à vous de ressusciter les morts et puis de les rendre immortels. The life I lead even here is quite to my mind, though I have but two people to lead it with; à Dieu il plait avec le temps on y en aurait une de plus. The Earl is the very best company, as long as his mind and temper are under his own government. My lady is a perfect dragon born and bred, and I might as well attempt to break her neck as to break her heart, which she accuses me of wishing to do; however, I think I have got her down at last—*Veni vidi vici*; and if I let her get up again, all my victories over her would be thrown away. You must know she pretends to be very careful of the letters, and keeps the key of the post bag herself. As soon as she gets it, she locks herself up, and opens *all* the letters, particularly *mine*, to know what I say of her. For her comfort, however, she meets with nothing but abuse, with which she reproaches me when she forgets how she came by the knowledge of it. Though she reads incessantly, she retains nothing, having no more brains than a sparrow, with gall enough for an ostrich. I write all this *con amore*, because I know

[1] Lady Thanet was allied by close friendship to Francis. She died only two months after him (February, 1815).

not a word of it will be lost upon her. Now I must give you our history for want of a better. This morning has brought back summer, but since Tuesday, when I arrived in a hurricane (my lady says I brought it in a bag, like Ulysses, and would have added—

> That day a child might understand
> The De'il had business on his hand,

Only, poor thing, she is not apt with the classics, and comparisons are odious, and she would not care to offend a person who might do her a good turn some time or other), we have had such a deluge as nobody ever saw since the days of Noah; insomuch that Lord —— began to cut down trees to build an ark for his own use, as I declared frankly I would not save my life in the same vessel with that aimable et douce crache-feu qu'il appelle son tendron, sa mignonne, etc., en la souhaitant à tous les diables ensemble. So I rise at eight, walk an hour, if it be possible, en rêvant aux promenades et aux doux et spirituels entretiens matineux do M. Then to a delicious breakfast, where he and I enjoy ourselves without molestation from the common enemy, three newspapers every morning; read or write till two, ride till four, dine at five, tea at eight, then four games at picquet and to bed before twelve. The historical fact is that the climate of this place agrees with me marvellously; our innocent hours and customs go for something after the hurley burley of the season. My lord's library is a captivating place, not only as containing all the wisdom and folly that ever saw the light, but as a pretty secure refuge in *stormy* weather, and if I had but one companion to my mind ——. My love and duty to Mrs. ——, whom I sincerely love and honour as much as you do, and invent something amiable for me to —— and —— and —— and —— are there any more of them? Do pray write to me directly, to your own most faithful friend, and tell me all the fine projects with which your ingenious head is teeming at this moment. I pray you to write instantly, constantly, immediately, incessantly, and every other adverb that ends in ly, but not in nly. Would you advise me to visit Penelope? Parlez donc, petite, et dites-moi avec la dernière exactitude comme vous passez les jours dans les hautes latitudes. Je ne vous ferai grâce d'une seule sensation, quand même elle ne serait qu'au bout des doigts.

I shall go to town on Saturday for a day or two, and most probably write again from thence. En attendant, il vous est libre, et permis, de remplir ce qui reste de cette feuille, et de la renvoyer pour la *signature.*

The news of the marriage was thus affectionately acknowledged by his daughter Catherine and her husband:—

Tunbridge Wells, December 11, 1814.

My dear Sir,—Believe me I cannot hear of the event which your letter communicates without feeling the most earnest and most affectionate interest in it. Your happiness must, as long as I live, make an essential part of mine. We—you will readily understand that, when I say we, I mean Mr. Cholmondeley and myself—are anxious to come to London as soon as you will like to see us, that we may both in person offer our congratulations to yourself, and to her whom you gaily call my stepmother, but who, I trust, will always find in me a dutiful daughter-in-law. I will not apologise for the shortness of this letter to you, who were never fond of long ones, and who want no assurance of my being your truly

affectionate daughter,
CATHERINE CHOLMONDELEY.

May you, my dear sir, be very long as happy as you have made me. G. J. C.

In Lady Francis her husband found not only a very attached companion, but one of the most uncompromising of all possible admirers. She devoted herself, for many years after his death, to the task of collecting his papers and recounting his life. But she never succeeded in accomplishing these objects. Nor (independently of impediments, not necessary to dwell on here, which arose out of family circumstances) was it possible that she could accomplish them. It has been already suggested in the preface that, while her knowledge of Francis's real life was confined to such details as he thought proper to entrust her with, her own deficiency in 'concentrativeness,' her want of arrangement, her ignorance of such a world as he had really lived in, and a credulity arising out of that imperfect knowledge, render her voluminous 'Reminiscences' very imperfectly trustworthy; and that further acquaintance with them serves only to dissipate the anticipations which were at

first formed when portions of them were communicated to the public. The most remarkable, or at least the most generally interesting, of these, related to the 'Junius' secret, and its partial communication to herself. They are to be found in a well-known letter, addressed by her on March 23, 1846, to Edward Dubois, an intimate of Francis in his later years, and who had occasionally acted as his friendly amanuensis.[1] This

[1] This gentleman was engaged for many years in writing for the London press, and was one of Perry's distinguished staff on the *Chronicle*. He was an especial friend, and *protégé*, of Tom Hill, who is best known to the present generation through the notices of him by Theodore Hook. 'Dubois' articles' (says a MS. notice of him among Mr. Parkes's papers, 'were of various kinds, but they chiefly consisted of epigrams, impromptus, and satirical poetry, each piece (or at least most of them) being distinguished by a Greek quotation, at its head. He seemed most at home in satire, and much of it was intermingled with his conversation; he might be said indeed to have a sarcastic cast of countenance, though by no means an ill-natured one; he was in truth good-tempered and amiable in private life.'

Dubois was bred to the bar, and obtained the office of deputy clerk of the Middlesex County Court, or 'Court of Conscience.' Many stories are related of his wit and oddity, and tendency to mystification. He once lost, through some change of ownership, his post as editor of a magazine. 'His articles' says the same notice, 'had contributed much to its success, and not feeling at all satisfied with the conduct which led to the depriving him of its management, he resorted to a whimsical mode of revenge. He wrote, anonymously, a very grave and serious article about the customs and practices of the ancient Jews, stating, amongst other things, that they *ploughed by moonlight*. The editor who succeeded him not suspecting any hoax, and thinking the article one of curious research, without any hesitation inserted it. Dubois then pounced upon him in one of the daily journals, and proving (as of course he could easily do) that the article was altogether a fabrication, he contended, that it was so absurd upon the face of it that the editor, in giving it insertion, showed his utter disqualification for the office which he had assumed. This was rather a cruel joke. The editor (his name not known or forgotten) felt very sore, as might of course be expected; he defended himself in one of the public journals as well as he could, but did not know (at least for a time) the real author of the hoax, as Dubois still wore an anonymous mask.'

Dubois was undoubtedly much connected with Sir P. Francis in the last period of the latter's life. Some of the letters printed in this chapter are in his handwriting. According to his own account (see note to Vol. I. Ch. VIII.), he was to have accompanied Sir Philip in 1807, if his contingent appointment to the governorship of Buenos Ayres had taken effect. He inserted

letter was communicated to Lord Campbell by Mr. Dubois, and published by his Lordship, in his 'Lives of the Chancellors,' vol. vi. p. 344. It will also be found in Bohn's 'Junius,' vol. i. p. lxxii. Assuming that my readers are acquainted with this document, I will proceed,

in the *Monthly Mirror*, which he conducted in 1810 and 1811, articles concerning, and some apparently contributed by, Francis. And he wrote for the *Morning Chronicle* the biographical notice which appeared on the death of the latter (Dec. 28, 1818). He seems further to have contemplated for some years (in connection with Lady Francis) a more detailed biography. I find the following additional particulars respecting him in the MS. above referred to:—'Dubois was also connected with various publications, especially one directed against a Tour in Ireland (by Sir John Carr). He was also, there is no doubt, the author of the work written for the purpose of proving that Sir Philip Francis, G.C.B., was the author of "Junius." He was known to be upon terms of intimacy with Sir Philip, and this was the reason that he publicly denied being the author of the work in question, because Sir Philip did not wish it to be supposed that the publication was at all directed or influenced by himself. But it is perfectly well known that Dubois was employed by Sir Philip, and had access to all the papers and documents of the latter for the express purpose of putting forth the publication alluded to. Sir Philip Francis had cogent reasons for not wishing to be directly known, in his lifetime; as the author of "Junius;" but he contrived, through the agency of Dubois, that the fact should be proved by every testimony short of direct evidence; and it was only when the agency of Dubois traced the publication to Sir Philip Francis himself that Dubois denied it, and said the author was Taylor the bookseller, who published it, and who undertook to father it altogether. Dubois, however, was certainly the author of the publication, the materials for which he collected from Sir Philip's own stores, and as certainly Sir Philip Francis was the author of "Junius."'

I mention this anecdote, however, only to express my own disbelief in it. 'Junius Identified' appeared, as is well known, without name of author, as published by 'Taylor and Hessey,' and is only attributed by public fame to Mr. John Taylor. But that gentleman corresponded much with Mr. Parkes in later years, as he did also with some literary newspapers; and his interest in the subject, and knowledge of it, leave me little doubt that he was the real author of the work in question. Dubois was a 'mystifier' by profession.

I may nevertheless add for my own part that, with all my admiration of the singular ability displayed in 'Junius Identified,' it has always conveyed to me the impression, not that the author convinced himself by the process of inductive argument which he recommends to others, but that, having an inkling of the truth from some independent quarter, he was thence led to construct his chain of proof in support of it. Mr. Taylor died in 1864, at the age of eighty-one.

without comment of my own, to lay before them a variety of extracts from Lady Francis's papers on this particular subject, and at the same time (as much intermingled with it) on various incidents and peculiarities of her husband's latest years.

It may only be advisable, by way of introduction, to remind the reader of the warning already given against too unhesitating confidence in anecdotes which he will sometimes find improbable and even inconsistent.

In point of fact, it may be said that after the disappearance from the stage of the principal actors of the 'Junius' period, there was a lull in public curiosity as to the authorship of the letters. For several years it was discussed with comparative infrequency. But in another generation, the immediate interest of the secret having ceased, what may be termed the secondary, or antiquarian, interest began; and we all know what hold this stimulating riddle has had on the popular imagination. But John Taylor, the publisher—first by his pamphlet of 1812, in which he sought to prove the joint authorship of Dr. Francis and his son, next by his complete and very remarkable work, 'Junius Identified,' which appeared two years later, and in which it is attributed on strong evidence to Sir Philip alone—contributed very greatly to rouse that interest. All eyes were fixed on Sir Philip, watching his demeanour; and all kinds of anecdotes were circulated respecting his half avowals or angry denials. It was just at this period that his marriage with Miss Watkins took place; and it may be that her impressions respecting the severity with which the burden of the secret weighed on her husband through life are mainly derived from her observation of him during only two or three critical years. It is not very easy to ascertain what she wishes to be believed as to the degree of her

own acquaintance with the secret. It has been often repeated how he made her a wedding present of 'Junius,' with the recommendation to keep it private and study it attentively. Such pregnant hints as this he undoubtedly now and then gave her. But it certainly does not appear that he ever made direct confession, even to herself.

The scattered extracts which follow are from her various memoranda; some apparently intended for publication; others of a miscellaneous kind:—

'So much has been said upon the long-contested subject of "Junius," that nothing seems wanting to the external proof, and all that now was required to settle the contest for ever was for a man of Sir Philip's known honour to confess it, or to betray himself in such a way that it should be equivalent to confession; as it was scarcely possible, when the subject was brought so forward as the book (Junius Identified) had done about two years before his death, that he should, in the confidence of intimacy, never have made any declaration either one way or the other. His conduct under the circumstances in which the publication of that book placed him shall therefore be the subject of my enquiry . . . Had he ever had sufficient reliance on the discretion of any one person who was near his heart to think the secret would be as safe in his bosom as his own, I do not see why he should not have given himself the pleasure of unburdening his mind . . . But, it may be said, why should Sir Philip wish the secret to be preserved after his death? The reasons for it were many, and in his opinion infinitely overvalued the pleasure of thinking it would be known when he was no more. He said that so long as the author could not be certainly ascertained the work would preserve a greater interest, would be studied and re-studied to assist the investigation of the secret, and that

the principles would sink deep in the minds of the public, whilst they were searching it to gratify curiosity or to support opinion. He knew the circumstances attending its publication had added greatly to its popularity and circulation. It was, as it were, public property. Every man of literature felt an interest in it, from having some system of his own in which his penetration might be shown in discovering the mysterious writer. He said if it was once decidedly fixed, that interest would cease, and the work would be laid on the shelf with other writers of equal merit . . . He considered the secret the life of the work, the vivifying principle. He had other powerful motives. Too many people of high rank had fallen under the two-edged sword of "Junius" to whom or to their descendants Mr. Francis felt in after times deeply indebted, and sometimes he was aware that he had been unjust, and had taken too severe a revenge for trifling or fancied injuries. To so quick a sense of moral justice as he had, this sensation was intolerable, and I have seen an agony and irritability attend the idea of its being fixed upon him that must have had its source from wounded conscience, and the dread of the world's being able to accuse him of that most horrible of all vices, ingratitude. He also thought it possible that the offences of the father might, in a certain quarter, be visited upon the children. He was certainly extremely alarmed when he heard of the work called "Junius Identified," and refused for many months to read it, lest he should find something that might necessitate him to make some declaration, and he detested the falsehood he might be drawn into, though to reconcile himself with himself he used often to say that no man was obliged to criminate himself in a court of justice . . . When at length he was convinced that the work contained nothing that would irritate his mind

or drive him out of the plan he had adopted upon deep consideration, he was persuaded to read it; but being at that time in the house of a friend in the north, he did not venture to expose the emotions which the perusal might occasion to any observer, and shut himself up in his own room for that purpose. But it was evident upon his return to the family that he had been greatly agitated; past scenes, of which a long course of years had deadened the remembrance, had probably been recalled to his mind, and all the feelings and anxieties of the time long laid to rest had started up like spirits from their silent graves and passed before him: his cheeks burned, and his eye betrayed what was passing within him . . . He was undoubtedly relieved by finding that the proofs were not more undeniably conclusive, and he said soon afterwards to a confidential friend that he could have put the writer upon a track which would have fixed it, and that he was very glad to find that he had missed it. But whether this was a false light, or whether he alluded to himself or another, it was at least owning that he knew who was "Junius." The person to whom he spoke never chose to press him upon the subject, knowing that he would not allow himself to be questioned . . . He had indeed such a horror of being questioned that one day, in a party, when the conversation had been upon this subject, a gentleman who was going to make some enquiry of a different nature, and prefaced it with "Sir Philip, give me leave to ask one question," was interrupted by the startling words, in his most peremptory manner, "At your peril, sir!" At his return to town, finding many of his political acquaintances either hinted at, or rallied him upon, his secrecy, he withdrew his name from Brookes's Club, of which he had been a member so many years; and though he was much entreated to change his

purpose, as he had always met with the greatest consideration and kindness there, particularly since his age and long standing had made him a kind of father of the club, he was inflexible. Nothing but a strong and secret motive would have induced him to do it, as it was very convenient, being so near his house, and a constant resource when he wished for society. He knew that he could not continue his name without being tempted to go, and as at that time he never met with an acquaintance who did not mention the book to him, he felt that it was a necessary sacrifice . . .

'Few people who lived so much in the world were so little really known as Sir Philip. Neither his wit or wisdom, his understanding or temper, were done justice to. The confirmed habit of his life, begun in secretaryships to high official characters, where an injudicious word would have been treason, which fitted him for the marvellous self-command required by a "Junius," was evident to those who watched him narrowly. In every word that fell from him in society, he seemed, as at chess, to see ten moves before him, and to be on his guard not to lay his game open by any of them. He was ever on his guard against himself. In company he never would allow himself to be questioned, and sometimes gave such answers as the querist was little inclined to provoke again. This restraint was a great disadvantage to his conversational powers and social qualities, of which the greatest charm consists in a careless *abandon*, when the mind is so enriched by study and so fertile by nature as his. To see him in his true character, you must see him with the few in whose faith and discretion he confided; who, he knew, would neither take advantage of an inadvertent admission, ask him an ensnaring question, look deeper into his mind than he chose to

be looked into, nor betray him whatever discoveries they made. Francis, with such, was a different man from Francis in society. There he dared only flash a moment, and shut up the cloud again in thicker darkness. Sheridan, Burke, Fox, Erskine, and the other wits of that brilliant day, had no such incubus to weigh down their free spirits. Their bosoms' lords sat lightly on their thrones during the splendid *réunions* of Devonshire and Carlton Houses. This prevented Sir Philip from being popular in the world, or beloved except by the few who saw him without his armour, like Achilles in his tent, who never appears to such advantage.

'No man loves another who perceives that not only his heart is closed to him, but his mind also; that he has no confidence in him; and this was the fate of Sir Philip Francis, with the exception of two or three people whose penetration made them discover the secret and understand his situation. The principal of these was Edmund Burke. He saw so much of Francis that it was impossible, with his skill in language and in character, that he could fail; but his great and delicate soul never embarrassed his friend by an intimation on the subject. Sir Philip found out Mr. Burke's belief by his avoiding it during their almost interminable conversations under the groves at East Sheen on every publication of any interest, and by the way in which he turned off any conversation that might bring Francis into a dilemma. Once, at Mr. Burke's table, a gentleman who was rather noted for cross-questioning and boundless curiosity, on "Junius" being mentioned, turned suddenly to Mr. Francis, and said, "You, sir, were in the War Office about that time; do you think that anyone in your department, as many assert, was the writer?" Before Mr. Francis had time to reply (as it required some consideration, if Burke believed him

"Junius," and was right in his belief, to avoid the degradation of falsehood in his eyes), that noble-minded person spared him, with apparent carelessness, but real dexterity; he seemed to recover from a reverie, and started a subject which he knew was his guest's hobby. The bait took, he followed the lead, and "Junius" was mentioned no more at that sitting. Another person, at another time, in Burke's presence said, "Francis, do you believe Lord Chatham wrote any of Junius's letters, or knew the author?" To which he answered, "I can't tell." At that moment he met Burke's eyes, who raised his hand to his chin, rubbing his mouth to hide an involuntary smile, but his eyes above said as plainly as eyes could say, "I know you can't." It should be remembered that at this time, and till the "Junius Identified" came out, Francis had so skilfully managed the affair as to be not even suspected. He might talk on it, play with it, like any other. Had he avoided it obviously, or shown irritability on the subject, it would have bred suspicion. His cue was to observe what the many said and did, and say and do likewise. But when the charge came out, his situation was entirely changed. He must either stop all questions, and the avenues to them, or give a straightforward, undoubted denial, or admit its truth. I have explained why he *could not* do the latter. I need not give reasons why Junius would, if possible, avoid the second. Thus the first must have been his choice, and we find it was. His answer to Mr. Rogers, at Lord Holland's, was from necessity, not choice. He made it with regret, for he had only lately made his acquaintance, and was much pleased with his manners and conversation. Junius could not allow himself to be questioned after the book came out, and we find that the answer he made to Mr.

Rogers prevented its ever being attempted again.[1] Sir Philip related all his anecdotes relative to "Junius" without either contradicting or avowing the identity; he knew my opinion, and left me to draw my own inferences. He never mentioned Burke without some expression of love and admiration, and the tears were in his eyes when he told me the above as proofs of his consideration for his friend's feelings as well as his convictions on the subject of "Junius." The pursuit at one time was so unremitting, and the danger of discovery so great, that it was necessary to use every art in practice to secure his safety; he had not only to hide his secret but to appear incapable of hiding it. *Volto sciolto, petto stretto*, was never out of his thoughts, and not unfrequently on his tongue, when with the few he could trust. After the "Junius Identified" appeared, I was with him one day when he was reading something on the subject. He suddenly burst into a shout of laughter. As he had bid me take no notice whenever he exclaimed, or anathematised, or laughed, or stamped, or muttered curses, not loud but deep, as he read (and I have witnessed all when reading the debates), I took no notice, but observed the place he was reading. When I had an opportunity, I looked for the passage that had so irresistibly overcome his gravity; it was the relation of Dr. Parr's opinion of himself in connection with "Junius." "No, sir, Francis did not write those letters; he is too brave to fear the disclosure, and too vain to keep it to himself. Francis could not keep a secret; it would be

[1] According to the common version of this story—told, among others, by the poet Moore in his Journal—Rogers was simple enough to allow himself to be persuaded by Lord Holland, or some other mischievous friend, to go and ask Francis point-blank whether he wrote 'Junius.' The poet returned with a discomfited look. They questioned him as to his success. 'I do not know whether he is Junius,' was the reply, 'but I am sure he is Brutus.' Rogers is said to have always denied this tale.

impossible for him to keep a secret!" It was this decisive sentence of a dictator in literature which tickled him so much, and I found out from his conversation that day that it had been a great enjoyment to him, during his long incognito, to hear these mistakes of the infallible. Dr. Parr had fallen into the snare that "Junius" set for those who presumed to penetrate into the cloud he wrapped himself in. Had Dr. Parr possessed much knowledge of character, he would have been very sure that "Junius" was not a man *pour s'afficher* as a profound secret-keeper; if he were, his secrecy would never have been the wonder of the world. Dr. Parr had seen very little of Sir Philip; they had only met at a few Whig dinners, but there was an originality and peculiarity about him that would make a penetrating man hesitate before he decided on his powers and qualities of mind. Had Dr. Parr possessed more than meets the eye, he might have suspected that such was the case with Sir Philip. A coasting voyage does not make a man acquainted with all the interior of a great country. The Doctor would have done better, with so superficial a knowledge as he had on the subject, to answer as Sir Philip did when asked if he thought Edmund Burke was the author—"I agree with Momus that it would be an improvement if every man had a window in his bosom; but as he has not, I am sorry that I can neither satisfy your curiosity nor my own on this point."'

To the following paper of memoranda, which I find together with those of Lady Francis, I am unable to assign an author. It was evidently not her ladyship, but a man, and some one who had an early and close acquaintance with the subject of it:—

'The influences which surround us in these days of diffused knowledge and restless activity tend no doubt to

produce similarity, if not equality, between man and man. With a few striking and notorious exceptions, we see few men markedly distinguished by tone, phrase, and bearing, from the generality of the class to which they belong. There is a conventional standard in these matters, which all English gentlemen now approach, though from different sides. It was happy for the subject of this memoir that he lived in a time when originality was pardonable, and the manners expressed the man. Probably he never could have subdued his vehemence of gesture, and toned down his energetic phrase, to suit the decorous indifference, the guarded generalities, of modern conversation; certainly he could not have done so without losing much of what marked him even in an age of remarkable men. He spoke as he thought, without fear and without disguise, and his movements indicated the emotions that stirred him. Lord Brougham's personal sketch of him, in his "Statesmen of the Reign of George III." admirably portrays his singularities of demeanour. But his Lordship's limits forbade more than a slight though masterly sketch. Let us try, while there are yet living those who can judge of the fidelity of the portraiture, to convey a fuller impression of the personal characteristics of one who was like nobody but himself. We have already said that Sir Philip Francis was strikingly handsome. Several portraits taken at various periods of his life, one of which has furnished the frontispiece to this volume,[1] remain to attest the fine form of his head and the classical chiselling of the features. A phrenologist would have especially admired the type of the ear, which was small, delicately moulded, and set far back. His figure was tall, erect, and well proportioned, but with no remarkable muscular development. His whole mien and carriage were calcu-

[1] I suppose, of an intended biography.

lated to attract notice in any circle and under any circumstances; yet it might be said that both face and figure were but half seen in repose. When his feelings were deeply stirred, every feature, every gesture, spoke. Even late in life his colour would rise, his lip quiver, his eyes seem to flash fire. Pacing rapidly forward as if to pursue a thought, he would suddenly turn short round, draw himself up to his full height, and "with a sweeping of the arm," evolve some epigrammatic sentence or well-rounded quotation. Even his own family, habituated as they were to these sudden interruptions of the measured tread with which he loved to pace up and down the utmost length that a small suite of rooms would allow him, were sometimes startled by the vehemence of the outbreak; and strangers were absolutely electrified. A near relative of Lady Francis has frequently related to the writer the circumstances under which she first heard one of these forcible soliloquies. A passage from "Junius" had been cited in support of some political view. He caught it up, illustrated it, capped it by a fresh quotation from the same source, and finally summed up his energetic approval in these words, delivered *ore rotundo*:—

'"And thus it always is with the asserter of great principles:—

> Howe'er by Folly or by Faction cross'd,
> He finds the gen'rous labour was not lost,
> Enjoys the honours destined to his name,
> And lives *instanter* in his future fame.

"I had never before," said his hearer (of whose presence, by the bye, he seemed utterly regardless while thus declaiming), "suspected his connection with 'Junius;' I never afterwards doubted it." It would not unfrequently happen that the eye was but little aided by the ear in tracing the course of his feelings. Indignation would at times seem

almost to master his utterance. For betrayed confidence or violated friendship he had burning words of reprehension on paper; but his spoken comment scarcely got beyond a single word, muttered, as if to himself, with clenched hand and knitted brow, "Base, base! He, too, the hound!" In truth, the superfluous strength of phrase which he would employ on ordinary occasions, with a view to burlesque, diminished his resources for invective, and without the aid of tone and gesture he must often have been misunderstood. What Coleridge terms "words of unmeant bitterness" were with him frequent endearments. "What!" he would exclaim, when told by his eldest daughter that the little ones had been rather noisy, "what! do they rebel? Those green dragons, those sucking furies—do they rebel?" On receiving a visit from his grandchildren, his first sentence was generally addressed to the servant, "Bring chocolate; young ravens must be fed!"[1] No matter what their sex, his young relatives were never "pets," or "darlings," or "loves;" he kept aloof from the dove-and-duckling school of phrase, and his approval of an amiable and intelligent little girl reached its climax when he called her "an honest fellow." Much of this was mere whim in earlier life, and unconsciously became a set habit. But it was doubtless also connected with his intense hatred for any indirectness of expression, which he regarded as a sign of moral weakness. Not only would he (as related by Lord Brougham) stand out for a plain "yes," when answered with a tedious "unquestionably," but even the monosyllable must not

[1] The writer well remembers the serio-comic emphasis of this order, though heard long before his promotion to a jacket. He would frequently in childhood resort to Sir Philip for comfort when he imagined himself ill-treated by the nursery authorities, and always felt a vague satisfaction at the sonorous threat (backed by the flourish of a ponderous stick), 'Bring them to me, and I'll *contund* them all!'

be drawled. "Ya-a-s—what's that? Say 'yes' like a man." So no man was less tolerant of a tedious or blundering story. An intimate acquaintance, in speaking of a lady then about to be married, made this singular *lapsus linguæ*: "Now you see, Sir Philip, Coke of Holkham is her aunt."—"What sir?"—"Coke of Holkham, you know, is her aunt." The repeated blunder irritated more than it amused him. "Do I understand you to affirm, sir, that Coke of Holkham is her aunt?"—"To be sure I do." "Then, sir, I wish you a good morning." And without a word of explanation, he hurried away from the bewildered narrator. I have already observed that his eccentricities of language and tone increased with his years. On one occasion, in spite of his habitual deference to the fair sex, he was even betrayed by it into a shocking rudeness. Handing Lady —— down to supper in the Bath Assembly Rooms, he was unluckily struck by the size of her hand, and his daughter, some yards behind, was horrified by hearing him, in what he intended for a whispered "aside" to a friend, distinctly utter the words, "Gods! what a fist!" To complete the absurdity, he had been during the evening making himself studiously agreeable to the lady in question. I have been told that she afterwards pardoned the unconscious offence, an instance of magnanimity barely credible.

'In point of dress, Sir Philip was of the old school, and objected much to anything like a "free-and-easy" style of costume. Boots and trousers in a drawing-room were an abomination to him. His own dress (late in his life) was often fairly open to criticism. It was very difficult to make him believe that a coat which had seen long service ought to be cashiered, and he would uphold the merits of such a garment in a manner which was alternately the amusement and the despair of his family. Occasionally

he would make an elaborate toilette "pour les beaux yeux" of some lady whom he specially admired, but a relapse soon followed. This was one instance of a penuriousness in trifles, either real or affected, which seemed to grow upon him. He had indeed sometimes found amusement in little acts of eccentric parsimony long before anything like a habit could be traced. For instance, having on one occasion gone to visit his two youngest daughters at a school kept by two worthy, but, in his opinion, not very profound, ladies, he seemed bent on a general mystification. After running on for a long time in a strain of energetic nonsense which perfectly confounded the governesses, he took out sixpence, and, presenting it to his daughters, desired them "to divide that between them like honest fellows!" In a like spirit, he would often stoop suddenly down, and exclaiming, "Here's a fine pin!" present the implement with an air of mock exultation to some lady of the party. But no doubt in his later years he grew earnest in some petty savings. Though neither begging-letters nor advertisements by post had then attained their full development, he had a great horror of paying twopence for a printed circular, and would sometimes give stringent orders to exclude any suspicious document. On one occasion the rejected letter announced to him that he had obtained a slice of a new loan to the amount of 10,000*l.* His friend, Mr. Angerstein,[1] drove up to the door in the course of the same afternoon, bringing back the golden tidings which had been returned on his hands with the civil truism that "he supposed there had been some mistake." Sir Philip's confidential servant, Yarrow,[2]

[1] A member of a great Russian house, best known as the connoisseur whose collection formed the nucleus of the National Gallery.

[2] The final parting between this faithful servant and his master was a singular instance of romance in real life. One night, on Sir Philip's return from the House, Yarrow, now old, and rarely quitting the porter's chair in

refused, however, to be made the scapegoat, declaring that, after the warning he had received on the subject, it would have been "as much as his place was worth" to take it from the postman. I had frequently, said his daughter in describing the scene, seen my father blush, but when we brought this home to him, he absolutely crimsoned: "But indeed, sir," said I, "it was worth twopence." "Pshaw!" he answered angrily, "it was merely my detestation of those vile circulars." However, he sat down, and dashed off a note of apology in his best style. But in general he rather affected than disclaimed a systematic economy. On one occasion, in a large company, he enunciated, as the most valuable result of a life's experience, the following pithy sentence: "Never give, never lend, never pay anything to anybody on any account."

'It must not be supposed that he shrank from giving. On the contrary, after access to various records of his expenditure from his youth up, I can affirm that to his family and friends he was singularly open-handed, and was readily moved by a tale of distress from any quarter. But he would give in his own way. Late in life he used to look in the newspaper for reports of fires in the metropolis, and drive to the spot with a well-stocked purse, which he was sure to bring home empty. "Don't talk to me," he would say on any expostulation; "these poor people have lost everything." His taste for this sort of giving grew with his years, and in fact his real kindness

the hall, encountered his master with a face of portentous length. He must quit him that night! This resolution—quite a sudden one—was prompted by what may be termed 'conjugal aversion.' Thirty years before that time his wife and he had deliberately parted company in India: 'and now,' said poor Yarrow, 'she has found me out, and proposes that we should live together. She is coming to me again to-morrow afternoon, and I'm determined she shan't find me.' Nothing could shake his purpose, and at cockcrow next day he departed—he would not even say whither.

of heart became more conspicuous as his oddities of manner grew incorrigible. He learnt to judge of actions mildly, and, to use his own language, "was just learning how to live in the world when it was time for him to leave it." He sometimes alarmed his friends (and few men had more), often startled them; but even the most nervous loved more than they dreaded him.

'Nothing, however, grows so insipid by lapse of time as personal anecdote. The allusions become indistinct, the words lose the original seasoning of tone and gesture, the facts lose their interest, and even their authenticity is apt to be called in question when proof has become impossible. With a multitude of recorded traits at my disposal for the illustration of the powerful and peculiar character with which I am dealing, I cannot content myself either as to the selection or the mode of narrating. To conclude with a well-chosen example is more desirable than easy. The following, however, is at least highly characteristic, and was communicated a few years since by the only witness of the scene, on whom it had evidently made a deep impression. "Late one night," said the narrator (a medical man in Kent, who recalled the facts in extreme old age), "I was summoned to Hothfield, to see a gentleman there who was suddenly taken ill. I arrived long after midnight, when Lord Thanet and his other guests were in bed, and was shown into Sir Philip Francis's sleeping-room. To my astonishment, I found my patient in full dress, and though evidently in severe pain, striding rapidly up and down the room. Scarcely waiting for me to feel his pulse or enquire as to his symptoms, he broke out thus, 'Well, Mr. ——, what do you think of it? I know I am very ill; if you think I'm going to die, tell me so at once. I can't die here, it's impossible; so if you can't do anything for me, say so at once, I'll order horses directly,

post up to town, settle my papers, see Dr. Warren, and die like a gentleman!' "'

The following was communicated to Mr. Parkes by the Dean of Bristol:—

'About the time that "Junius Identified" was published, a party was assembled at Youngsbury, in Essex, which included the Kings, man and wife; Mrs. King had been a Miss Giles. The book had been sent down to Youngsbury, and was the subject of conversation. Mrs. King heard some of the party speaking of the facsimiles of Junius's handwriting, inserted in the book. Having looked at them, she said. "I know that handwriting well." "Whose, then, is it?" asked some one. "Philip Francis's."—"How do you know?"—"When I was young, and first going into society at Bath, I received letters and poetry from an anonymous admirer written in a feigned hand; these were afterwards traced to Philip Francis."—"Have you preserved those papers?"—"Yes, and not only preserved them, but I have got them here."—"Well, then, get them, and let us look at them." Having been looked at, the whole party assented that the hands were identical. This was told me by the Duke of Bedford.'

With reference to this anecdote; there are among the Francis papers several little copies of '*vers de société*,' written by Sir Philip, chiefly for ladies, some with, and some without, the names of the persons addressed. I have not thought it necessary to afford space for the insertion of compositions only intended for the purpose of the hour, and neither better nor worse than numbers of similar performances by men of great, but not poetical, ability. But I may observe that none of those which I have seen is in the famous 'feigned hand' to which allusion is here made.

Before quitting, finally, as far as these pages are

concerned, the subject of Junius, I will add an extract from a letter addressed by Mr. Browning, from Paris, to his son, the eminent poet, by whom it was obligingly communicated to Mr. Parkes (*his* father—the grandfather of the poet—was a contemporary of Junius and of Calcraft, and well versed in the literary and newspaper literature of that time); and, further, a letter from the sixth Duke of Bedford to Sir David Brewster, which contains a curious anecdote. It was the impression of Lady Francis that her husband, a great adherent of the Russells in his later days, always laboured under a consciousness of having done the family some wrong in early life.

Paris, January 1864.

Dear Robert,—Of every hundred of Mr. Taylor's readers, ninety-nine lay the book down fully persuaded that Junius was silenced by government with an enormous bribe . . . When Mr. Parkes' book comes out, that opinion will be classed among one of our vulgar errors, and I for one shall feel happy in having that important question settled, which I have hitherto looked upon as a disgraceful compounding of felony. My father was in London during the period of Junius. I have heard him say that, when a Junius was out, so eager was everyone to know the contents that in every coffee-house, &c. when Woodfall's paper came in, some gentleman, standing upon a chair or a table, read it aloud to the company, so impatient were all to hear it. I have always considered Calcraft to have been 'the exulting demon of this storm,' and feel conviction that he was perfectly acquainted with every particular respecting it. For although, from his want of a liberal education, he could not possibly be the writer, yet he possessed all that keen observation and shrewd cunning so frequently observable in that rank of life from which he originally rose. The most popular account we have of him is to be found in Miss Bellamy's 'Memoirs,' which may be picked up everywhere.

Duke of Bedford to Sir David Brewster.

January 14, 1837.

My dear Sir David,—I have had the honour to receive your letter of the 7th, and I much fear that I can give no satisfactory reply to your queries respecting the late Sir Philip Francis.

Both my late brother and myself lived on terms of great intimacy with Sir Philip for some years; but except in the course of casual conversation, I am not aware that the subject of the Junius letters was ever touched on by either of us. When the publication you allude to came out in 1816, both Lord Grey and I thought there was strong internal evidence, from that publication, of Sir Philip being Junius.

When the late Lord Ossory died, everyone imagined that I was to succeed him as lord-lieutenant of the county of Bedford. However, his Majesty's then ministers, from motives purely political, thought fit to give the lord-lieutenancy to Lord de Grey, who was a stranger in the county.

Sir Philip then wrote to me to ask to see me at my house in London. He came to me, and asked me many questions respecting this lord-lieutenancy, which you are aware was held by my grandfather, John Duke of Bedford. I answered all his questions, and he left me in his abrupt manner, saying, 'Well, sir, you will hear of me after I am dead.' It is well known that he had written the memoirs of his own life, which have never yet been brought before the public. This is all the information I can give you, which, I fear, is sufficiently meagre. Believe me to be, with perfect truth and regard,

Your very faithful servant,

BEDFORD.

This may be the most convenient place for adding a few miscellaneous fragmentary notes, from the Francis papers, containing Sir Philip's opinions and sayings on a variety of subjects, reported by his lady, and to be received with that slight amount of caution for which reasons have already been given.

The morning before his death, Francis had the *Morning Chronicle*, his favourite paper, read to him. It contained some French intelligence upon which he remarked—'The Bourbons will never hold out. Some great change is not far off. Our wise rulers half ruined this country to restore the Bourbons to the throne of France; but what is

to keep them there? Another such a victory will undo us. But mark the end of these men. It cannot and will not come to good.'

When speaking of Whitbread, after his death (by his own hand, in a fit of insanity), Francis said of him, 'There was only one thing in Whitbread's manners I did not like or understand, for he was an honest man and a man of business. He had an habitual laugh, a laugh without merriment. It was a trick he had got; he laughed whenever he spoke. In general I neither like a person to smile without a cause nor laugh from habit. They who do so have something false about them. Like the feline race, they wrap their claws in velvet; their complacence is often assumed to hide their hatred of the person addressed. With poor Whitbread it was different. He was labouring to conceal the state of his mind; he wished to be gay, to believe he was happy. I could see he was concealing something, but I had no idea what. The catastrophe has proved what his secret misery was.'

If a young lady fancied herself a genius, I would tell her the history of Madame de Staël. I have seen that accomplished lady in company with the tears streaming down her face because she was *la bête noire*, *la bête d'aversion*, everywhere. People avoided her as they would the plague; all except those who came to look at her as if she were a boa constrictor, or an orang-outang, whose antics they watched, to make a story of them for the next company. She was, I believe, the most unhappy creature on earth. The first time I saw her was at Miss Berry's soirée. When I entered the room, she was

standing at bay, as I thought, in the midst of a circle, prepared for the attack which some of her worshippers seemed about to make. The rest of the company acted audience 'all eye, all ear,' but no voice. At length one of the most daring hazarded a question, determined to share immortality with her or perish in the glorious attempt. Bonaparte had just been sent to Elba, and had been the subject of conversation, and the querist asked Madame whether she considered Bonaparte a great man. Breathless silence awaited the response of the oracle, which was this, 'Bonaparte is not a man, but a system.' Murmurs of applause ran round the room, mixed with audible whispers, 'How profound!' 'How true!' 'How fine!' 'How original!' Mr. James Smith, one of the authors of the 'Rejected Addresses,' was there. He was not a man to be cajoled by mere sounds or the magic of a name, and *sotto voce* he demanded of his neighbour, who had been one of the applauders, 'Do you know what she means?'—'O yes!' was the answer. 'What is it?' said Smith. 'Why, that Bonaparte is not a-a-a man but a-a-a system.'—'Well, and what does she mean by that?' pursued the inexorable Smith. 'Why, I don't exactly know, but I suppose she did mean something.' Smith put the same questions to numerous other hearers and applauders with similar results.

Francis told an anecdote of the Duke of Bedford:—'I was staying at Woburn without any party being there; and I noticed that the park was full of strollers from the neighbourhood, and they came even close up to the windows. I said to his Grace, "I wonder that you, who love retirement, do not shut up your grounds—at least

on particular days, or limit it to respectable people. It is never private, which, I am sure, must annoy you." The Duke's answer was, "I find myself, without any merit or exertion of my own, in a situation where I have the power of doing many kind or unkind actions to my fellow-creatures. I consider myself a steward to do the best I can with the means placed in my hands, no doubt, for the benefit of others. A rich man can use very little of his riches on himself, and he should use them so as to promote as much general good as possible. If I were to shut up this place, many people who enjoy it as much as I do would be shut out of much innocent and healthy amusement. All those people we now see may come as freely as you or I, and probably have much more pleasure in it. If I were to close my gates, from a selfishness of feeling, I, who have a thousand gratifications in my power, should deprive these poor people perhaps of their only one or their greatest."'

The most dangerous of men is an active fool. There is not stuff enough in a fool to make an honest man. It is possible to cure a fool of *a* folly, but you cannot cure him of being a fool.

'Once, on going to his room,' Lady Francis says, 'where I thought him alone, I heard him speaking in anger, and, pausing a moment to find who was with him, and to decide whether it was proper to intrude, when, to my surprise, I heard him say with much vehemence, "You lie, you scoundrel;" and, mentioning the names of a certain Tory placeman, he went on, "You lie, sir, you lie, and you know it." Hearing the newspaper thrown

down, and, as I thought, stamped on, I was satisfied he was alone. I examined the newspapers of the day, and found that a member had quoted Junius in the House, and the Tory placeman mentioned by Sir Philip had impugned the authority of Junius, whom he called a masked assassin.'

The history of savages is like that of children, without the innocence and promise that attend childhood. Savages are never vulgar. Vulgarity is bred in cities and towns, which are the drains and sewers of society, having all sorts of low and corrupt communications. No solitary is vulgar; neither is a child, until it associates with those who are so. The cow-boy who sits on a rock, carving his hazel stick, or making gardens of wild flowers, and listens to blackbirds, is elegant compared to the rich cit born and bred to his trade. The Red Indian may be cruel, mny be inconstant and fickle as a child, but he is a warrior and a gentleman. We call savages ignorant because they are deficient in our acquirements; but, in fact, the wild tribes of North America and many other places give their youth an education in many points of manners and *la petite morale* which polished nations would do well to imitate. Savages are accustomed to bear unavoidable evils without murmuring, which naturally gives dignity and strength of mind. In England and France, half the conversation consists of selfish lamentations on subjects better discussed with a doctor. We might improve from the savages in an art which we fancy we possess in perfection—the use of speech, which appears to me to be the abuse of it, for we all talk at once, and nobody listens. Who can listen when twenty soliloquies are going on at once? The French are even worse than ourselves. They talk in chorus even at the opera,

which they pretend to admire, and no music is so gratifying as the sound of their own "sweet voices." I have heard the whole pit join in their favourite songs, with ears and voices equally defective. The savage, on the contrary, never interrupts, never speaks until there is silence. If young, he will not presume to give his opinion in the presence of his elders or superiors unless called on to do so, and he then speaks with modesty and conciseness, apologising for his inexperience. Which is the more gentlemanly behaviour of the two, that of the man of the city or the man of the woods?

English education is very defective in forming the manners. The higher classes have the best, because early in life they are accustomed to live with those who require to be treated with deference and respect. Vulgar-minded people, and those accustomed to low associations early in life, never attain that deferential and respectful manner which gives superiority its due without degrading the giver. They cannot be lively without being pert and familiar, nor grave without being sullen and neglectful; and they are never happy in good company, unless they can show that they '*don't mind them.*' It is not safe to jest with these people. So long as they keep to matters of fact, they may be tolerable, but the moment they pretend to wit or raillery, the *roture* comes out, and they are very apt to be *mauvais plaisants.*

Conversation has much improved amongst the higher classes of late years, not only in manner, but in matter; but even now people of rank, who have had every advantage that education can confer, speak ungrammatically, or mis-

pronounce their words. When they wish to speak more politely than their neighbours, they often merely succeed in speaking more affectedly.

Sir Philip's eager attention to political questions continued unabated to the end of life. The last, probably, of his publications is the 'Petition of the Freeholders of the County of Middlesex, to the House of Commons, preceded by the speech with which it was introduced;' by Sir Philip Francis, 1817: in which he took up the cause of the numerous political convicts who were then detained under the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act. Out of this subject arose, also, his last personal quarrel, which, by a curious fatality, was of a kind to revive (although mistakenly) the memories of his early sins as an anonymous writer. In the debates on this subject, Canning, in the indulgence of those Bohemian propensities which were constantly too much for him, had outstepped the bounds, not only of ministerial preciseness, but of right feeling and judgment, by indulging in sarcastic remarks on the bodily infirmities of one of those political victims, as their own side considered them. 'Party,' says Lady Francis, 'ran very high, and I remember Sir Philip and myself dined, the day Canning's speech appeared in the papers, in company with some placemen, who were exulting at the success of it, and the set down which he had given to the "friend of humanity." Sir Philip gave a sneer or two in a way peculiarly his own . . . These might probably be repeated to Mr. Canning, and when in a short time after a most severe personal attack on him appeared in a pamphlet without a name, but evidently aiming at the style of Junius, he was so irritated . . . that he actually sent Mr. Dennis O'Brian, a gentleman

well known to both parties, to ask Sir Philip if he had written the pamphlet, and to intimate that, if he had, he should expect an apology or satisfaction.' It is difficult, notwithstanding the lady's authority, to imagine such a proceeding on the part of Canning towards a man of Sir Philip's age. Of course, there was no delay in removing so idle a misunderstanding. The attack itself is printed as the 'Suppressed Letter to the Right Hon. George Canning,' 1818, and went through several editions. Mr. Parkes and Lady Francis attributed it to Mr. Hobhouse, the present Lord Broughton. Francis was in truth partial to Canning, from whom he had received kindnesses, in the matter of Captain Thicknesse among others; and, possibly, he foresaw also in him the future Liberal leader.

The last years of Francis were spent in much suffering under a very painful disorder: inflammation of the prostrate gland. But, notwithstanding this visitation, he remained singularly free from the ordinary infirmities of old age. His bodily strength seemed but little abated, the power of his understanding almost as fresh as ever, his interest in the affairs of the world around him as great. Lady Francis has left the following memoranda respecting this final portion of his long career:—

'Though his house in St. James's Street was a very handsome one, he saw very little of it but when he had company, except the three rooms on the ground floor, peculiarly his; and from them he banished all troublesome finery. Artificial wants destroy that independence which was the governing passion of his soul. Perfect liberty and independence were as necessary to him as air and light: and the idea of death was more welcome to him than the thought of ever being in the power of anyone. He dreaded to be subjected to the infirmities of age; and he never was. His spirit and habits were manly to

the last, and he would not allow any increase to his indulgences. The only thing he was personally anxious about in his apartment was to have plenty of the purest water. It was his first enquiry at every place, and he would not have lived at the most beautiful place where this was wanting. Though perfectly negligent of dress, and wearing his clothes till he became attached to them from custom, and they truly deserved the name of habits, he never failed, till within a few days before his death, of being washed from head to foot every day with the coldest water, and was perpetually rinsing his mouth with the same. Whether, like Alexander, the heat of his nature had scorched out all tendency to humour, it is certain there never was a purer habit of body to the last moment of his existence. As he lay on his death bed, his breath was as sweet as a child's. He never had the least visible transpiration; and as if the incorruptibility of his mind had extended to his body, eight days after his death, when he was finally deposited in his last mansion, no visible change had taken place. He had the happiness of his last prayers being listened to, and of never becoming a painful object to those who loved him. He said his father had dragged on existence for some years, sensible only of his own decay. But Sir Philip preserved not only his vigorous and brilliant faculties but the means of expressing them to the last. He may be said never to have become old. His eyes, ears, voice, and articulation, never bore the least stamp of age. He was as quick in conception and retort the week before his death as ever. It was probably owing to his temperance and moderation in his indulgences, and hardy habits, that, notwithstanding the painful disorder which afflicted him, he preserved such extraordinary faculties of mind and body.'

It was the belief of Lady Francis that his personal feel-

ings had softened, and that he regretted sincerely the rancorous violence in which he had indulged so largely. It may be feared that this was only the delusion of an affectionate heart. The reader, at all events, can judge for himself, from the tone of his last manuscript writings, contained in the Appendix to this volume: his 'Character of Fox,' and 'Characteristics of the Kings of England.' She flattered herself, likewise, that his religious opinions had undergone a change, and that he had become more and more inclined in his later years to embrace the tenets of revelation. And Mr. Parkes—whose opinion is well worth attending to on character which he had so thoroughly studied—has left a memorandum, which I have subjoined to this chapter, in which a similar view is to a certain extent taken. I must leave the subject to the considerate judgment of those who may take an interest in it. Undoubtedly Philip Francis grew up under the most absolutely unfavourable circumstances, not only for his reception of this or that dogma, but for the cultivation of the religious element of his mind, which ingenuity could conceive. His father was a clergyman, a loose liver, and a freethinker: one whose life under the cloth, and in the enjoyment of church preferment, was a mere recognised hypocrisy. But this father had abilities, and learning, sufficient to influence strongly the thoughts and excite the admiration, of a clever and impressible son. And, moreover, his exceeding affection for that son, and desire to associate himself as closely as possible with his mental training, increased only too largely his power over the pupil. Francis's early impressions on religious subjects were therefore altogether of the school of Gibbon: who was, in truth, his fellow-pupil, under his father. His early works are full of the ordinary language of contempt for priestcraft and priests. As he grew older, this phase

of thought to a certain extent changed: his sarcastic and acute spirit seems to have been revolted alike by the vulgar commonplaces of those who, in his day, argued against revelation, and by the decorous trivialities of those who supported it. At all events, he fully persuaded himself that the religion of the Church of England was the true faith of an Englishman, such as he conceived the character, and especially of a gentleman. And it may well be true, as Lady Francis thought, that the internal evidence of Christianity, the beauty and simplicity of its doctrines, made some way in a heart thoroughly seared against all the glitter and glow of false enthusiasm, and wearied with the hollowness of mere negative reasoning. But beyond this it is vain to speculate, from such materials as he has left us.

The last scene of all shall be described (with much omission) in the language of a letter of Lady Francis, written only a few days after his death, which took place on December 23, 1818.

January 8, 1819.

Dear Sir,— . . . I received his last breath; I was alone with him in his last moments. On Saturday night, I sat up alone with him, and in the middle of the night read the newspapers and some letters to him, sitting upon his bed. On Sunday night, not being at all aware of his danger, as we were assured from his medical attendant that he would recover this attack, and being much fatigued, I left him for some hours, but returned to his bedside on Monday morning at seven o'clock, which I never quitted again for a minute till he was no more; and never was a death so worthy of such a life: his spirits composed, tranquil, and even cheerful; his mind apparently as strong as ever, and his perception as quick. Though he evidently feared disturbing himself by talking, he expressed his gratitude for all my little attentions and cares during that sad and solemn, yet, upon reflection, consolatory, night, in the most touching manner. I was not aware at the time, though I now am, that he knew how short his time was. He showed the greatest anxiety that I should not leave him a moment, no doubt anticipating my future regrets had I done so, which I often assured him I would not; but he never expressed

the least fear or anxiety on any other subject. Towards the morning he was lulled into a sweet trance, from which he revived, and spoke to me, and took some refreshment. About ten in the morning, he fell by degrees into a deep sleep; his breath was free, his cough gone, his pulse good. It had lasted four hours, and I was flattering myself with the hopes of his waking much restored; Mrs. Cholmondeley had just left me, when on a sudden the breathing I had been listening to so contentedly, being easier, stopped. I thought he had awoke, and undrew the curtain, hung over him, and met his last breath; not a sigh, not a motion, not a change of countenance. Heart, pulses, and breath stopped at once without an effort. How blessed! how merciful!

His will, which was examined by Mr. Parkes, bears date April 8, 1818. 'It is written on one small folio sheet, and is apparently his own terse and clear composition. It variously devises and bequeaths his real and personal estate, chiefly to his son, grandson, and daughters,' with prior life interest to his wife, but limited as to part to her widowhood. 'All his books and papers he bequeaths to his son, but they are to remain at the house in St. James's Square.' This curious and somewhat complicated arrangement led afterwards, as mentioned in the Preface, to some family disputes. The disposal of his own body is ordered in one of his own fierce sentences. 'Of all human follies, posthumous vanity seems to me the silliest. I therefore positively order that I may be buried as privately as possible, and at the least possible expense.' This direction was complied with by his burial at Mortlake in the same grave with the remains of his much loved daughter Elizabeth.

I have endeavoured, in these pages, to do justice, as far as the papers placed in my charge enabled me, to a remarkable and as yet little known personage; whose destiny, probably an unique one, willed it that, after a long and active

political career, his posthumous fame should almost wholly rest on a few anonymous compositions which appeared in his youth : compositions of which he never assumed the authorship, but carefully repudiated it; compositions of which the sinister renown weighed upon him through life as a secret burden. But my aim has been to let his character develop itself through his own written remains and the letters of his friends, with only such admixture of commentary of my own as seemed indispensable. Nor will I now detain the reader over any elaborate summing up of what these pages will have taught him, if he read them with the same eyes as myself. To perform this would be a difficult task, in some respects a painful, in others a pleasing one. For assuredly there never was a character in which light and darkness were more strongly contrasted. The deeper shades of it are brought out only too powerfully by his own revelations of his conduct and motives. With the vindictive and rancorous quality of his animosities, the world are already pretty well acquainted ; not so well, perhaps, with that unhappy nature which made him quarrel with one friend and benefactor after another, and leave on record the most cutting memorials of his displeasure against them. I have felt at times, when falling in with these productions of perverse malevolence, as if it was a violation of what is due to the dead to publish them ; but, in point of fact, many of the documents which contain them were evidently intended by himself for posthumous, if not earlier, publicity. Setting aside altogether the sins of which Junius was guilty in this respect, those perpetrated in the unmasked person of Francis were sufficient to constitute a heavy indictment against him. One friend, supporter, patron, and colleague, after another—Kinnoul, Chatham, Robert Wood, Calcraft, D'Oyly, Clavering, Fowke, Coote, Fox, the Prince of Wales—those who had

wished well to him, defended him, showered benefits on him—appear at last, in his written records, branded with some unfriendly or contemptuous notice, some insinuated or pronounced aspersion, ungrateful at best, but treacherous also, if, as has been already conjectured, he meant those records to be known some day to the world. From such displays of character as these—and it is of no use for the honest biographer to attempt to disguise them—the observer shrinks with natural aversion. Nor can we reconcile ourselves easily to another serious, though minor, fault—the plotter-like habit of thought and conduct which he learnt from years of anonymous use of the press for personal objects, and which rendered him an object of suspicion even among those who were very imperfectly acquainted with the secrets of his early life. So far it is difficult to judge him too severely. But, look at him from another point of view, and we discover in him a man in whose domestic character great faults were redeemed, as far as they could be, by strong and disinterested affections: devoted to his father, his children, his kindred, and deeply loved in return; fond of social life, and grateful in the acknowledgment of social friendliness; not only capable of acts of generosity, but thoughtful, constant, and attentive in his kindnesses, where his heart prompted him to bestow them. And, viewing him in still another direction, we discern one of a singularly masculine turn of mind; one in whom an absorbing ambition was united, as far as it ever can be, with high-minded thoughts and honourable public conduct; honourable in all respects, except where the fatal propensities already noticed interfered; a lover of virtue; a thorough-going hater of what was mean, paltry, and corrupt in others, and unstained by suspicion of the like in himself. And in political life—find what fault we may with this or that portion of his sentiments or conduct—he

emphatically, a patriot. England may have had 'many a worthier son than he;' but few, perhaps, who have rendered her more durable service, and never one who loved her better.

NOTE I. TO CHAPTER IV.

According to Lady Francis, her husband's choice of St. James's Square for a residence was partly inspired by recollections of his early visits there to Lord Chatham, when his amanuensis.

His manner of attending there was to come early in the morning to Lord C.'s in St. James's Square, were he was shown into the library, and found his breakfast and the work of the day; and I have heard him say that he was so happy in having the command of the books unmolested (for sometimes he had long intervals of leisure, when his pen was not required) that he probably from those agreeable remembrances retained all his life a partiality for St. James's Square, in which, as soon as his circumstances permitted him, he bought a house.

There was a tinge of romance in Sir Philip's ambition, and he may perhaps have found some gratification in the idea that he was living, a man of consequence, in the stately locality which he had visited in youth as a dependent. His may have been a feeling not quite unallied to that which induced Hastings to devote years of exertion to the purchase of Daylesford, near which he had grown up in his obscure childhood.

NOTE II. TO CHAPTER IV. P. 302.

The following strange account of the death and character of Francis' Irish cousin, and early intimate, Major Baggs, is extracted from the 'Gentleman's Magazine' for 1792:—

At his lodgings in Jermyn Street, in his seventieth year, Major Baggs, well known and long distinguished on the turf, and in the annals of gaming. His death was occasioned by a cold that he

caught in the round-house, when he and many others were carried thither by Justice Hyde, from the gaming table in St. James's Street. . . . As soon as he had got the rank of major, he retired upon half-pay, and ever after devoted himself entirely to deep play, which he pursued with an eagerness and perseverance beyond example. . . . He once won 17,000*l.* at hazard, by *throwing on*, as it is called, fourteen successive mains. He went to the East Indies in 1780, on a gaming speculation; but not finding it answer, he returned overland. At Grand Cairo he narrowly escaped being put to death, by retreating in a Turkish dress to Smyrna. . . . He is supposed to have ruined by play forty persons. At one time of life he was worth more than 100,000*l.* He had fought eleven duels, and was allowed to be very skilful with the sword. He was a man of a determined mind, great penetration, and considerable literature, and, when play was out of the case, could be an agreeable and instructive companion. . . . He lived at Paris several years, in the greatest splendour. His countenance was terrible, though his appearance and manners were gentlemanlike. While he lived at Avignon, he frequently gave splendid suppers to the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland and their friends. He went to Naples at the time they did, and got introduced to the king's private parties, of whom he is said to have won 1,500*l.*

MEMORANDUM BY MR. PARKES ON THE RELIGIOUS OPINIONS OF FRANCIS.

Francis was educated by a parent who was a clergyman of the Establishment, and for the four last years of his pupilage at St. Paul's School. Such early impressions and associations naturally fixed him in Protestantism, and he conformed to the national church as 'established by law.' His respect for the religion of his country is evidenced by the special directions he gave Monsieur Ribouville as regarded the religious influence of his son. But throughout his entire life, his own individual convictions were those of a 'freethinker.' His mind rested more on the demonstrations of natural religion than on revelation. Such was also his reputation among his confidential and learned friends. In general conversation on the subject, he was reserved, and never obtruded on others his own particular views. He was of opinion that the deeper mysteries of religion

were not subjects for common discussion in the social circle, and that all minds were not sufficiently learnedly or philosophically educated for the formation of opinions of any worth on the more difficult and profound doctrines and dogmas of theology. He early read the works of Chillingworth, Jeremy Taylor, and Butler; and from them he doubtless derived a large and liberal estimate of Christianity, and decided opinions on the right of private judgment. But the following confession of his religious faith to his second wife, near the close of his life, will truly explain his ultimate convictions, and in his own words. Lady Francis had observed to him one day that his principles with regard to religion were considered to be 'free.' Sir Philip replied,

I have more real religion than any man I know. I do not pretend to more than I have, and so mock my Creator. There are many points on which all I can say is, *I do not know*; and would not every sincere man say the same? If no man pretended to more religion than he has, what he has would have more effect on his moral conduct. A consciousness of hypocrisy degrades the whole man, for when a man affects religious conviction for worldly purposes his honesty is soon undermined, and thus the hypocrite becomes a rogue.

On another occasion, Lady Francis records that Sir Philip enlarged on the same subject as follows:—

The internal evidence of the Christian religion is greater than the external. In the matter of external evidence, other religions may compete with the Christian; but in purity, wisdom, and power of cleansing the human heart, it is alike original and supreme. One of its great characteristics is its opposition to the monster vices of humanity. What a lesson for the arrogant and proud man is the constant humility and gentleness of the Saviour, who when most asserting his power calls himself the *Son of Man*! Surely there must be some mysterious reason for this. There is nothing like it to be found in the founder of any other religion on earth. Attempts on the part of the clergy to explain the mysteries of their faith are highly injudicious. The apostles themselves saw through a glass darkly. The doctrines of Christ were eminently of the practical kind. He prescribes no forms, no prayers but one; no articles of belief except the divine authority for his mission. The Calvinistic Methodists and others who recommend long prayers, and make

them by the hour, calling those who principally teach Christian morals *Un*-Christian, are anti-Christian themselves, for they not only disobey Christ but they condemn his practice. The favourite dogma that good works must follow faith is also contrary not only to the express declaration of Christ but to all human experience. He says, Let a man do the work that I command, and then he shall know my mission is from above. The line—

He can't be wrong whose life is in the right,

is more truly gospel language than all the Methodistical books ever written. But then it is much easier to cry 'Lord! Lord!' than to do his will. It is pleasanter to talk and teach and dictate than to prefer principle to interest—overcome your passions—look out for the oppressed, the poor, and the miserable, to investigate their woes. I detest the affectation and irreverence of men who have always Scripture phrases on their tongues, have a dialect of their own, and who make as much clatter and display of their religion as a bully does of his courage. How does this kind of conduct dovetail with these express commands, 'Be not as the hypocrites are, of a sad countenance;' 'When thou prayest, go into thy closet, and shut the door'? Until these new lights can blot out these and many other Bible passages, their light is not scriptural, and they are anything but Gospel Christians. Mankind is ever inclined to go into those extremes which the Divine wisdom saw was not good for them. Every church has added something to the simplicity of Christianity, thus assuming itself to be wiser than the great Founder himself. This disregard for the most obvious and imperative of Christian principles has prevented their diffusion, and limited their effect on human conduct.

On another reference by Lady Francis to his sceptical ideas on Christianity, Sir Philip said, he 'might regret not having given more time to the study of the religion; but that he had lived *in* the world and *for* the world, endeavouring to prevent some evils and to do his fellow-creatures some service. What he knew of religion he had acquired by reading the Scriptures in the spirit of sincerity and with a desire to comprehend their meaning; he took their obvious sense without prejudice—as far as a man could be without prejudice—for he had no systems to found, no sects to defend.'

APPENDIX.

No. I.

Sir Philip Francis's library was sold by auction twenty years ago. Little attention seems to have been bestowed upon the contents at the time; but, fortunately, large 'lots,' consisting of many volumes of Tracts, were sold together. These volumes of Tracts, extensively annotated by himself, contain, as Mr. Parkes expresses it, much of the raw material of Junius, and of his other anonymous writings. I subjoin a memorandum of Mr. Parkes on the contents of one of the most important of these lots. —Editor.

'This is a MS. Catalogue of the Tracts and Pamphlets, &c., Lot 720, in the Auction Sale Catalogue, bought by Mr. Henry Francis, grandson of Sir Philip.

'The MS. Index was made by his father or by himself, and was lent to me by him—hence my first knowledge of the singular contents.

'The value of the 96 vols. does not appear to have been observed, till (the entire being lent to me) I saw the singular proofs of the identity of Francis with Junius to be extracted from them. The early vols. were in fact the *material* of the Junius Letters.

'Joseph Parkes.'

TRACTS.

Vol. I.

PAGES

120 Sheridan's Satires of Persius.

152 Collection of Letters of Atticus, Lucius, Junius, &c. *Corrected, &c.* 1769.

288 Essay on Writings of Shakspeare.

Vol. II.

22 Speech of R. Peel on Union with Ireland. 1799.

22 Erskine on the Volunteer Act. 1804.

127 On relative sit^{n} of Pitt and Addington. 1804.

30 Gentz. On Present State of Europe. 1806.

46 War as it is and War as it sh^{d} be. ——

22 Horne Tooke. Letter on Sir F. Burdett. 1807.

37 ———— Warning respc^{s} d^{o}. ——

21 Sir P. Francis. Letter on E. I. C. 1807.

219 Paull's refutation of Tooke, d^{o}. Do. Sir F. Burdett. ——

24 A new System of Politics, by 'W. Dubois, aidé par ——.'

Vol. III.

47 Iniquity of Banking. 1797.

Tom Paine. Letter to Washington. —— *With Note.*

138 T. Erskine. On the War with France. —— *With Notes.*

Burke to D. of Portland. —— *Notes, &c.*, and Extracts, &c.

Vol. IV.

32 Washington. Letter to People. 1796.

38 T. Paine. Agrarian Justice. 1797.

20 Playfair. On the B. of England. 1797.

24 E. of Oxford. Speech, &c. on the Motion for Peace. 1797.

87 Morgan. On Finance. 1797. With Notes, &c.

70 Report of Irish Sec^{s} Com^{s} in Commons. 1797.

6 ———————— in Lords. 1797.

C. J. Fox. Speech on Reform. 1797.

Vol. V.

38 Parker's Trial. 1797.

23 Erskine and Kid, &c. Tom Payne. 1797.

PAGES

46 Grattan. Address to Constituents. 1797. Notes.
15 Wyvill with Pitt. P. 11. —97.
31 Narrative of Proceedings at a Revol^{ry} Soc^{y}. —97.
8 ———— at Nottingham.
15 Petition, &c. of do. —97.
24 Speeches of Erskine, Fox, &c., on Anniversary of F.'s Election. —97.
81 Baring. On Currency. *Notes.*
17 E. of Moira. On Ireland.
24 W. Pitt. On Negociations at Lisle.
22 C. J. Fox. On Finance. *Note.*
J. Nicholls. On Finance. 1798.
C. J. Fox. On Finance. 1798.
W. Pitt. On do. ——
30 A Collection of Addresses, &c., on French Invasion. ——

VOL. VI.

Mr. Francis. Speech on Supply. 1803.
200 Burke. 3 Mem^{s} on French Affairs. 1793. Note in the Appendix.
Burke. 2 Letters on the Conduct of our Dom^{e} Parties, &c. 1793. &c. &c. &c.
Notes. Notes.

VOL. VII.

Notes, &c. on Ireland. 1798.
32 Perry. Origin of Government. 1797.
23 Letter to Seceders. 1797.
162 Harper. Observations. 1797. *Notes.* Amer^{n}.
117 Monroe's View, &c. Do. 1794.
Ld Moira's Letter, &c. 1798. On a Change of Ministry.
48 Ld Lauderdale. On Finance. 1798.
B^{p} Watson. Address to People. 1798. *Notes.*
144 Camille Jordan. A ses Commettans. 1798. *Note.*
E. Moira. On Ireland. 1798.
46 E. Clare. On do. 1798. Notes.
B^{p} of Down, &c. Cath. Eman. *Notes.*

VOL. VIII.

51 Wakefield's Reply to Watson. 1798.
24 D. of Bedford. Speech. 1798.

PAGES

47 Gifford. Address to Loyal Assoc^{ns}. 1798. Notes.
73 Hooper. Speech, America. 1798.
78 Offic^{l} Corresp^{e} of American Negoti^{ns} at Paris.
25 Talleyrand. Defence, America. 1798.
35 Letters to Priestley. Found and published by Government. 1798.
29 An Account of Riot in Vienna, &c. Bernadotte. 1798.
133 Report Commons, &c. Prisoners of War. 1798.

VOL. IX.

100 P. Francis. Answer to Impey. 1788.
Off^{l} Corresp^{e} on Malmesbury's Negot^{n} for Peace. 1797.
24 The Question. *Notes.*
28 Abstract of Assess'd Tax Bill. 1798.
33 Wakefield. Letter to Scott. ——
Conduite du Gouvernement Français envers Genève. 1798. Notes. On Title, &c.
68 J. Mackintosh. On the Law of Nature and Nations. 1799. Notes.
95 W. Pitt. Speech on *Union.* 1799.
Notes on do.

VOL. X.

90 Report of Comm. of Secre^{y} Commons. 1799. *Ir^{h} Reb^{n}.*
F. Baring. Obser^{ns} on a Publica^{n} of W. Boyd. *Finance.* Notes.
146. The Concordat, and Speech of Portalis. 1802. Notes. *P.* 141, &c. &c.
Organisation des Cultes. 1802. *Notes.*
Fox. Sketch of D. of Bedford. 1802.
76 List of M. P.'s. 1802.
Addresses of Fox, Burdett, Burke, Astley, Coke.
18 Ld Moira. Speech, &c. 1803.

VOL. XI.

VOL. XII.

176 Rolliad. P^{t} 2.
33 On the Lichen Islandicus. 1803.
38 Narrative, &c. Buenos Ayres. 1807.

PAGES

15 Holford. On Clergy in West Ind. 1807.
135 Roscoe. Considns on War. 1808.
23 Holford. 2nd Ed. &c. &c. W. I. 1808.
15 Whitbread. Letter to Ld Holland on Spain. 1808.
Notes.
32 Vaughan. On Siege of Zaragoza. 1809.
46 Wharton. Remarks on Edings Rev. 1809.
45 Windham. Speech on Purity of Elecn. 1810.
14 Vansittart. Speech on Finance. 1809.
52 Adam. On Conduct of D. of Y. 1809.
48 Narrative. 2nd Siege of Zaragoza. 1809.

Vol. XIII.

On American Taxation. 1765.
Charters. New England. ——
On behalf of Colonists. ——
On Adminisn of Colonies, &c. 1766.
Letters (to M. of Rockingham ?). 1765.
Political Debates. Paris. 1766.
Answer to Pitt. ——
La Différence du Patriotisme chez les Français et chez les Anglais. ——

Vol. XIV.

Conduct of late Adminn. 1767.
Controversy betn G. B. & Colonies. 1769.
Right of G. B. to tax Colonies. 1768.
Reasons for augmenting Army. 1768.
Remarks on Riot Act. ——

Vol. XV.

133 Memrs of Revolns in Bengal. 1760.
55 Miscellanies by Swift. 1734.
56 Proceedings in Douglas Cause. 1767.
27 & Remarks on Do. ——
24 Letter to Proprietrs of E. I. Stock. 1769.
116 Estimate of Manners, &c of French, by Helvetius. 1767.
26 Thoughts on causes of high price of provisions. 1767.
190 Letter from Rousseau to D'Alembert. 1759.

Vol. XVI.

PAGES

36 Letter to D. of Grafton. *Wilkes.* 1767.
45 Letters to Wilkes, &c. 1767.
48 Merits of Administ^{n} (Ld Rockingham). 1765.
52 Case of D. of Portland. 1768.
44 Reply to D°. ——
50 Memoirs of Seraglio, &c (Lord Baltimore). 1768.
28 A Letter to Lord B. (Baltimore). ——
36 Lucas. Address to (Ld M. of Dublin). ——
56 Strictures upon Modern Simony. 1767.
An Address. *On the Succession.* 1739.

Vol. XVII.

100 Letter concerning Libels, &c. 1764.
43 Draper. Ans^{r} to Spanish Arguments. *Manilla Q^{n}.* ——
316 An account of Duchess of Marlborough. 1742.
12 Observ^{ns} on a Pamphlet. Henry Legge.

Vol. XVIII.

55 Party Spirit in Time of Publick Danger. 1756.
110 Remarks on Limits of Acadia. ——
31 Importance of Friendship of Indians. 1751.
58 Interest of G. B. as to Colonies. 1760.
60 Proposal for Union of G. B. & Ireland, by Dr Francis. 1751.
31 A letter to C.-in-Chief in Canada. 1760.
56 A letter to two great men on prospect of peace. 1760.
64 Remarks on D°. ——

Vol. XIX.

98 Monckton's Court Martial. 1764.
38 Letter to Common Council. ——
41 2nd D°. ——
43 Address on dismission of Genl Off^{r}. ——
47 Counter D° on D°. ——
38 Defence of Union. Genl Warrants. ——

Vol. XX.

6 on American matters.

Vol. XXI.

PAGES

75 An Essay on . Constitution of Eng^{d}. 1765.
37 The Constit^{n} asserted & vindic^{d}. 1763.
114 Regulations concerning . Colonies. 1765.
" Critical Review. Jany 1765.
Monthly Review for —— ——
Causes of Consumption. 1764.

Vol. XXII.

140 A Speech on behalf of . Constit^{n} (by Ld Mansfield). Note 1767.
48 On the Portuguese Trade. ——
127 Memorials of Consul at Lisbon. 1766.
A letter to 'Will Chatem.' 1766.
95 A short view of Politi^{l} life of a Commoner (Ld Chatham). ——
35 A vindication of . late Great C——r. ——

Vol. XXIII.

51 On the death of Clarke. 1769.
68 Appendix to present state of nation. ——
62 Remarks on D^{o}. ——
66 On Ratiocination, ag^{t} Hume.
47 A Vindication of D. of Grafton ag^{t} *Junius*. ——
64 Interesting Letters selected from Wilkes, Horne, Beckford, Junius. ——
48 An Address to Junius. ——
49 Consid^{ns} on proceeding by Information, &^{c}. 1768.
Letter to Ld Shelburne on Corsica, &^{c}. 1768.
25 Do. *S. Vaughan*. 1769.
40 Musgrave. Reply to D'Eon. 1769.
60 *Priestley*. Remarks on Blackstone. 1769.
28 *Blackstone*. Reply to Priestley. ——

Vol. XXIV.

3 Pamphlets concerning Wilkes. 1769.
Fearne. Answ^{r} to Junius. 1770.
An Appeal concer^{g} G. Clarke. 1769.
3 — concerning *Wilkes*. 1769.

VOL. XXVI.

PAGES

Letter to Hillsboro' from Gage. 1769.
Reflection on Gover[t] of Indostan. 1758. Printed 1770

VOL. XXVII.

London Museum. Jan. 1770. Contain[s] article on Junius *Corrected.*
London Museum. Feb. 1770.
——————— March 1770.
Oxford Mag: for April 1770.
Letter from Junius.
London Museum for April 1770.
Remarks. P. 256. *Junius.*
London Museum for June 1770.
A letter to D[r] Johnson. 1770.
——— to D[r] Blackstone. 1770.
The False Alarm. 1770.
In re *S. Vaughan.* 1770.

VOL. XXVIII.

198 Another L[r] to Almon on *Libel.* 1770.
A Postscript & 2nd Posts[ts]. ——
Letter to Jurors. 1771.
On Press Warrants. *1770.*
Morris' Letter to *Aston. 1770.*
Genuine Trial. *Onslow & Horne.* ——
London Mag. Miller's Trial for *printing Junius.* November.

VOL. XXIX.

Price on Nat[l] Debt. 1772.
2 Speeches of E. of Hardwicke. 1770.
Trial of J. Almon for selling Junius. ——
An Address on State of Legislature. 1771.
On the Scottish Peerage. ——
Falkland's Islands. *Johnson.* 1771.
Anglo-Lusitanic discourse. ——
Answer to Junius. ——
Petition of Lee. ——
On the Corn trade. 1770.
Letter to L. Bute.

Vol. XXX.

Green. Essay on diff^{t} Governments. 1793.
Price. On reversionary Payments. 1771.

Vol. XXXI.

(Lawrence). Letter on Hastings' Impeachm^{t}. 1790.
With *Notes.*
Monthly Review for July 1785.
Tooke. Letter to a friend. 1787.
Grattan. Speech in J. P. 1792.
Paddy Whack to John Bull. ——
Trial of George Rose. ——
Oldys. Life of Paine. 1791.
A hint on Russian war. ——
Thoughts on the Canada Bill. ——
A Letter to Almon, &^{c}. 1765.
Manual of the Justice of Peace. 1774. P. iii. iv.

Vol. XXXII.

Burke. Speech on Reform. 1780.
——— Speech on Colonies. 1775. *Corrected.*
——— Thoughts on Letter of, by E. of Abingdon.
Price on War with America. 1777. Note, end of vol.
Proceedings of Sir G. Carleton & Livius. 1779.

Vol. XXXIII.

Pax in Bello, &^{c}. 1796.
On Monopoly, &^{c}. 1795.
John Bull to Paddy Whack. 1792.
The Baviad. 1791.
Jachin and Boaz, &^{c}. 1776.
Religious executions. 1796.
Barry. Letter to Annesley. 1795.
On London Docks. 1796.
Rowley. Medical. 1795.
Bradbury on Perspective.
Fysh Palmer, Trial of. 1793.

VOL. XXXIV.

Letter from Mr. Francis to Ld North. 1777. (Published 1793.)
State of India, in 2 Letters from Warren Hastings and 1 from Nabob of Oude. 1781.
Paine's Age of Reason. 1794.
Treason triumphant. 1795.
Sir B. Boothby. Observation on the Appeal from the new to old Whigs, & on Paine's Rights of Man. 1792.

VOL. XXXV.

Fox. Speech on Ld Malmesbury Neg^{n}. 1797.
Hint on the alarm of war with Russia.
On the debt of the Nation compa^{d} wth revenue. 1781.
Beddoes. On Finance. 1797.
Morgan on Finance. 1796.
D^{o} Add^{l} Facts. ——
Letter to Pitt on d^{o}, &^{c}. ——
Morgan. Letter on Finance. 1797.
Correspondence of Wyvill & Pitt. Part 1. 1796.

VOL. XXXVI.

From Almon's Parl. Reg. *India.* 1781.
Fowke, proceedings relative to. 1782.
Controversy &c. Tanjour.
Abstracts of papers relative to d^{o}.
Letter to C. Jenkinson. 1782.
Letter to Author of Lucubrations. ——
Lucubrations, &^{c} on Reform. ——

VOL. XXXVII.

8 Pamphlets on India. 1754–1777.

VOL. XXXVIII.

6 Pamphlets on India. 1771–1777.

VOL. XXXIX.

5 Pamphlets on India. 1773–1786.

VOL. XL.

1. Tracts on India.
2. —— ——
3. —— ——
4. —— ——
5.
6.
7.

VOL. XLI.

6 Pamphlets. India.

VOL. XLII.

11 Pamphlets. India.

VOL. XLIII.

4 Tracts. India. No. 2.

VOL. XLIV.

Pownall. A Memorial, &c. 1783.
Fox. A Speech.
Speeches of Pitt and Fox on Elections. 1784.
Popular Topics discussed. India. ——
Silas Deane. Address to the U. States. 1784.
Letters on the Conduct of the H. of C. ——

VOL. XLV.

A Letter to the Minority. (Sir P. was one.) Shop Tax. 1787.
T. B. Rous. Obser^{ns} on Commutati^{n} Proj. 1786.
Popular Topics discussed. 1784.
Abstract of Corn Acts. 1785.
Letters of Dornford on 'Arrest.'
Consider^{ns} on 'Freight of Ships.' India. 1786.
'Saddle put on the Right horse.' India. 1783.
The rights of Persons born abroad of British Mothers. 1784.
Plowden. Native right of B^{h} Subjects. 1785.

VOL. XLVI.

Speech of Fr. King to the Notables, with discourse of Mr. Caloune. 1787.
Réponse de M. Necker. ——
A free Inquiry, &c. India. 1783.
Un petit mot de réponse a M. de Calonne . par Carra. 1787.
Le Séducteur. Comédie. 1783.

VOL. XLVII.

Peace & Reform v. War & Corruption. 1794.
Rennell. Campaigns of 1790 & 1791. 1792.
Investig^{n} Native Rights of Brit^{h} Subjects. 1784.
Case of Proprietors of India Annui^{s}. 1793.

VOL. XLVIII.

Beaufoy. Speech on Test & Corporation Acts. 1787.
Priestley. Letter to Pitt on Toleration, &c. ——
Observation on case of Dissenters. ——
An Appeal for relief of D^{o}. ——
Hoadley. Refutati^{n} of Sherlock. ——
Debates: Methuen treaty and India. ——
Letters from Hastings, Cooté & Benwell. Note. 1786.
An Appeal &c. India. 1787.
———— in behalf of Hastings. 1787.
On violation of constit^{l} rights. ——

VOL. XLIX.

Political Tracts by Sir F. Blake. 1795.
Remarks concerning the Governm^{t} &c. of U. S. 1784.

VOL. L.

Letter upon State of Parties. 1797.
Wakefield's reply to Watson (B^{p}). 1798.
A Letter to Cartwright, by Wyvill. 1801.
Impartial Reflections. *India.* 1788.
Discours adressé a un certain peuple. ——
Correspondance avec le Gouvernement Français. 1801.

Tableau de Londres. 1784.
Chronique Nationale—N° 32. 1792.

VOL. LI.

Plowden. Supplement to Invest^{n} of Native Rights of British Subjects. 1785.
Eustace. Letter from Paris. 1814.
Speech of L. Egremont on Court Martials, &c. 1815.
7 Cobbets Registers, Debates, &c.

VOL. LII.

Investigation of Mr. Eden's Treaty. 1787.
View of treaty with France. Eden. ——
Woollen Draper's Letter on Fr^{h} Treat^{y}. 1786.
Thoughts on the Westm^{r} Scrutiny.
Speech of Flood on the F. Treaty. 1787.
Blake. The True Policy of G. B. ——
Principles of B^{h} Policy, &c. 1787.
Appeal to Landed Interest. ——

VOL. LIII.

Detail of Quarrel. Cree & Macnamara. 1791.
Supplement to Cooper on *Slave Trade.* 1783.
Sherlock on *Corporation & Test Acts.* 1790.
Hoadley. Refutation of D°. ——
Testimonies in favour of religious liberty. ——
Right of Dissenters to Toleration. 1789.
Letter to Priestley. Corporat. & Test Acts. 1790.
Vindica^{n} of Sacram^{l} Test. 1789.
Minutes of Defence of W. Hastings. 1786.
Reasons for opposing Wilberforce. Slave Trade. 1792.

VOL. LIV.

Review of the State of G. B. 1787.
People's Answer to D°. ——
Retrospect of portraits in D°. ——
N. System of *Libelling* Illustrated. ——
Letter on charge ag^{t} L. Thurlow.
Essay IV. on Public Credit. ——

VOL. LV.

Morgan on Finance. 1803.
Address on Imprisonment. 1802.
Plain answer to Cursory Rem^k. 1803.
Substance of *Windham's* Speeches.
Imitations.
Grattan. Speech on Tithes. 1788.
O'Connor. Letter to L. Castlereagh. 1799.
Correspond^ce of L^ds Redesdale & Fingall. 1803.
Wyvill. Secession fr. Parl^t vindicated. 1799.
Observ^ns on Land Tax. 1798.
Indictments ag^t Jones & Binns.
A Fair Statement on Educ^n.
Disposition of Patronage.
Vincent. Defence of Public Educ^n. 1802.
Erskine. Opinion on Volunteer Act. 1804.
Attorney Genl. Opin^n on D^o. 1803.
Petition for Reform in Parl^t. 1793.

VOL. LVI.

Claims of the American Loyalists. 1788.
Clarkson on Slave Trade. 1789.
Comtroller-Genl's reasons ag^t Wilberforce. 1792.
Foot. Defence of the Planters. ——
Observations on Chev^r de la Bintenaye. *Note.* 1792.

VOL. LVII.

Memorial of Proprieto^rs of E. I. Stock. 1788.
Conduct of Commiss^rs. *India.* ——
Fiott. Address to Propriet^rs of E. I. Stock. 1791.
Dundas. Letter to E. I. Company. 1801.
Letter to Propriet^rs of E. I. Stock. 1802.
2 Papers on India matters. 1798.

VOL. LVIII.

Tarleton. Speech on Credit Bill. 1810.
Leach. Speech on State of the Nation. 1811.
Thoughts on Proceedings of H. of C. 788.
Barham. Speech on Corn Questn. 1808.
D^o. Considerations on D^o. 1810.

Windham. Speech on 'Prevent^{n} of Cruelty.' ——
Adam. Speech on Privilege. ——
Grattan. Speech on Catholic Quest^{n}. *Note.* ——
E. of Donoughmore. Speech on D^{o}. ——
Ld Grey. Speech on State of Nation. ——
Roscoe. Observ^{ns} on D^{o}. ——

Vol. LIX.

Insurrection of Negroes in St Domingo. 1792.
Gisborne. On Slave Trade. ——
Morgan. Theories of Price. Finance. ——
Trial of Thomas Paine. 1793.
Anderson on E. I. affairs. 1792.
State of Government of Quebec. 1789.

Vol. LX.

Fiott. Letter to Propri^{s} of E. I. Stock. 1793.
Rights of Juries. 1785.
Burke on E. I. Bill. 1783.
Sir G. Elliott on D^{o}. 1787.
Letter to P. Francis. ——
Proceeding of Friends of the People. 1792.
Vindic^{n} of Convent^{n} betn. Gr. B. & Russia. 1801.
Causes of rebellion in Ireland.
Letters on Reform. 1789.

Vol. LXI.

Speech of L. Egremont. 1815.
Memoires sur les États Généraux. 1789.
(Note at end in pencil.)
Blanco White. El Español. Vol. 3. 1811.
Debates on E. I. Budget. 1806.
Speech of Sir P. F. ——
Remarks on the Insurrection at Barbadoes. Slave Trade. 1816.

Vol. LXII.

Pursuits of Literature. 1797.
Prinsep on Finance. ——
Le Mariage des Prêtres. 1790.

Proceedings of Friends of People. 1792.
Right of W. I. Merchants. *Note.*
Washington & Howe Correspondence.

Vol. LXIII.

Réplique de Morande à Brissot. 1791.
Brissot. Discours sur les émigrations. ——
Vergniaud. D°. ——
Fauchet. Sur les Prêtres non assermentés. ——
Essai sur les Privilèges. 1789.
Sur le Mariage des Prêtres. ——
Sur D°. 1790.
Jallet. Sur D°. 1791.
Desmoulins. Discours de. ——
Observations sur les Finances.
Papers on Fr. Revol.

Vol. LXIV.

Burke. Letter to a M. of the Nat^l A. 1791.
New friend on an old subject. Ag^t Fr. Revol. 1791.
Answer to Rights of Man. 1792.
Thoughts on Political Obedience. Notes. 1793.
Letter. Francis to L. North. 1793.
Ld Sheffield on Slave Trade. 1791.
Account of Insurrect^n of St Domingo. 1791.

Vol. LXV.

Fox. Letter to Electors of Westminster. 1793.
—— Speech on Reform. 1797.
Erskine, L^d. Liberty of Press. 1793.
Brissot. Rapport. ——
Prinsep. Letter to Propriet. E. I. Stock. ——
Strictures on D. of Richmond. Fortif^n. ——
Consid^ns on War. ——
Plan for an universal Soc^y.
Calcutta Mag. 1791.
E. I. Revenues.
Address on Reform. 1792.
Hardie. Taxation on Coals.
Plumer. Inconsistencies of Pitt. 1797.

Crauford on Finance. 1797.
Duty of Citizens. 1793.
Meeting of London Corres^{g} Soc. 1794.

VOL LXVI.

On Liberty of Press. 1793.
On Reform. ——
On State of Representation. 1794.
Faulkener. Hints to Electors. 1796.
Flood. On Reform. 1790.
Petition for D°.
Cartwright. Letter on D°. 1793.
D. of Richmond on D°. 1792.
A Bill &^{c}. (Reform.)
Miles Popple. On Reform. 1793.
Report of Debate on Reform. ——
Speech of Francis.
Meeting of London Corresp^{g} Soc. 179[illegible].

VOL LXVII.

5 Pamphlets on . Slave Trade. 1792.
Thoughts on Pol^{l} Obedience. 1793.
Proceed^{gs} of friends to Liberty of . Press. 1792.
Address to People of England. ——
On Catholic Emancip^{n}. (By Burke the younger.) 1790.

VOL. LXVIII.

Thoughts on Marriages founded on Adultery. 1800.
Extracts from Speeches on P. F.
D. of Clarence on Divorce Bill. 1800.
Killing no Murder.
Ballantine. Parl^{y} Retrospect, 1801.
Finesty. Trial of. *Libel.* 1798.
Review of Conduct of P. of W. 1797.
Workman. Ag^{t} Burke on F. Revolution. ——

VOL. LXIX.

3 Letters to Burke. 1796.
Corresp^{c} of Lushington & Hastings. *Note.* 1795.

Thelwall. On Burke's Letter. *Note.* 1796.
Copies of Treaties. 1793.
Letter to Ld Carlisle from (Ld Fitzwilliam). 1795.
D^{o}. —— —— ——
D^{o}. from Ld C. to L^{d} F.
Fox. A Speech on State of Parties. 1795.
Burke. Speech. 1794.
Report of a Bill. On New Forest.

VOL. LXX.

Burke. Letter on his Pension. 1796.
Morgan. On Finance. ——
—— D^{o}. ——
T. Paine. On D^{o}. ——
P. Francis. Speech on loan of 1796.
Fox. Letter to Elect^{rs} of West^{r}. 1793.
Burke. Letters on a Reg^{de} Peace.
Report of Proceed^{gs} of West^{r} Elec^{s}. Notes. 1796.

VOL. LXXI.

Extracts from Speeches. Dupl. P. F.
Another Investig^{n}. *Col. Quentin.* 1815.
Ld Granville. Speech. *India.* 1813.
Ld Kinnaird. Letter. 1816.
In re Queen Caroline. 1816.
A Letter to Ld Eldon on D^{o}.
Ireland not England. *Corrected.*
Motion for a new writ for St Mawes. 1817.

VOL. LXXII.

Hartley. Argum^{t} on F. Revol. 1794.
Belsham. Remarks upon Burke's Letter. 1792.
Letter to Paley. 1793.
A Dialogue. '*The War.*' 1794.
Friends of the People—Plan for Reform. 1795.
Page. On draining Fens. 1794.
A refutation of Pitt's assertion, &c. 1794.
Remarks relating to Trial of Hastings. Note. ——
Speech of Co^{l} Ironside. India. ——
Observ^{s} on a Letter fr. L. Cornwallis. 1792.
Roscoe. Letter to Pitt. *Notes.* 1793.

Vol. LXXIII.

Correspondence of Wyvill & Pitt. 1797.
Address to People on India.
Letter fr. L[d] Fitzwilliam to L. Carlisle. 1795.
2nd D°. ——
T. Erskine. View of the War. 1797.
Postscript to d°. ——
Speeches of Erskine on Trial of T. Paine. 1797.
Fox. Speech on the Assessed Taxes. 1798.
Report of Debate of L. Moira's motion. ——
List of M.P.[s] who voted for Asses[d] Taxes. ——
D. of Bedford. Speech. ——
Trial of O'Connor, &[c]. ——

Vol. LXXIV.

T. Paine. Decline and Fall of Finance. 1796.
Boyd. Letter to Pitt. Finance. 1811.
Letters on Politics of France. 1788.
Burdett, F. Plan of Reform. 1809.
Capel Lofft. On revival of cause of Reform. ——
Hagen. Appeal to his Majesty. 1810.
G. Rose. Observ[ns] on Finance. ——
Suggestions on Cortes. 1809.

Vol. LXXV.

Fox. Speech on Reform. 1797.
—— Speech on moving a writ, &[c]. 1802.
Windham. Speech on the Peace. ——
L. Grenville. Speech on Affairs with Russia. ——
Windham. Speech on Reform. 1810.

Vol. LXXVI.

C. J. Fox. Letter to Elector, &[c]. Notes by Adair. 1802.
Windham. Speech on Peace. 1801.
E. of Moira. Speech on Address, &[c]. 1803.
'Why do we go to War?' ——
Fox. Speech on War. ——
L[d] Minto. Speech on War. ——

VOL. LXXVII.

Talleyrand. Mémoire sur rélations, &c. 1805.
Ld Grenville. Letter to Ld Fingall. 1810.
Ld Howick. Speech on change of Adm^n. 1807.
Letters of Scævola. P^t I., II., & III. ——
H. Tooke. Warning to Westm^r. ——
——— Letters. ——
Observations on Debate on India. 1805.
Conversation between Burke & Gibson. 1807.
Letter to Fox. 1805.
Canning. Letter to Camden. 1809.
On danger of interfering with religion of natives of India.

VOL. LXXVIII.

Bell. Descrip^n of Irish Peasantry. 1804.
Prison Abuses in Ireland. 1810.
O'Leary. Address on Catholicism. 1800.
Thoughts on Protest^t Assoc^n in Ireland. 1815.
McCarthy. The Veto discussed on true principle. 1810.
Enquiry into distress of Ireland. 1810.
Durnigan. On Catholic Emancip. ——

VOL. LXXIX.

Randolph. Speech. 1816. With Introduction.
War as it is, &c. ——
Roscoe. On present War. 1808.
——— On D°. ——
Sketch of state of Ireland. ——
Better late than never, &c. *War*. 1810.

VOL. LXXX.

War in disguise. 1806.
Dangers of Country. 1807.
Spence. Britain independent of Commerce. ——

VOL. LXXXI.

Radical cause of distress in W. Indies. (Spence.) 1817.
Speech of Randolph (American) & Introd. 1806.
Talleyrand. Mem. of relation of U. S. & G. B. ——
Papers relative to Negot^n with France. 1807.

VOL. LXXXII.

Letter on English Govert by an American. 1810.
G. Rose. Observns on Finance. ——
Windham. Speech on prevention of Cruelty. ——
Remarks on late Commitments. ——
C. W. W. Wynn. On Privilege. ——
Sir S. Romilly. On Capital punishment. ——
Adair. Speech, &c. ——
Monthly Mirror for March. ——
Review of Sir P. F. on Finance. ——
An inquiry into distress of Ireland. ——

VOL. LXXXIII.

Boyd. Letter to Pitt. Finance. 1811.
On the Policy of U. S. 1810.
A Letter to Houblon. ——
On the Insurrection in India. ——

VOL. LXXXIV.

Francis. Speech on Reform. 1793.
——— ——— on Loan. 1796.
D. of Bedford. Speech. 1798.
Pitt. Speech on Union. 1799.
Foster. Speech on Do. ——
Ld Clanwilliam. Speech on Do. 1800.
Grattan. Answer to Do. ——
Ld Minto on Union. 1799.
C. J. Fox. Speech. Notes. 1800.

VOL. LXXXV.

On the Slave Trade. V. 1. *Missing.*

VOL. LXXXVI.

On the Slave Trade. Vol. 2.

VOL. LXXXVII.

3 Pamphlets on Slave Trade.

VOL. LXXXVIII

Francis on the Slave Trade. 1796.

VOL. LXXXIX.

3 Law Tracts.

VOL. XC.

Reformist's answer to Edinboro' Rv. 1810.
L[d] A. Hamilton. On the Administration. 1804.
Keene. Letter to M[c]Phun. 1806.
L. Clive. Letter to E. I. C. ——
Carnatic Question consid[d] ——
Horrors of Slavery. 1805.
L[d] Melvill. Speech. 1805.

VOL. XCI.

Whitbread's Speeches.

VOL. XCII.

Francis's Speeches.

VOL. XCIII.

Tracts in 1817,
& a few notes.

VOL. XCIV.

Speeches, &[c]. of Burke.
Many notes.

VOL. XCV. 4to.

Tracts for years 1761–1763.

VOL. XCVI. 4to.

Tracts relative to years 1769–1770.

No. II.

CHARLES JAMES FOX.

THIS MS. was preserved among the papers of Sir P. Francis, both in fair and draft copy. On the envelope of the latter he has endorsed the following memorandum :—

'This introduction[1] was written before the year 1807, with only a few alterations and additions of a later date. —P. F.'

NOTE.—The original corrections in the draft are much less than usual with eminent careful writers. The 'alterations' and 'additions' are not material: the former not ten, apparently; the latter, of no great moment. Mostly, the former are a few transpositions of subject-matter.—JOSEPH PARKES.

After twenty years engaged in an heroic contest for right against wrong, overpowered in the House of Commons, but never subdued, with King, Lords, and Commons against him; with the mass of the nation itself ready and desirous to crush him, and after the waste of an immense fortune by his brother, and himself, labouring under the pains and privations incident to debt and poverty, exercised by adversity without any material political failure that I know of, except the coalition with Lord North, then restored to independence and freedom by a subscription of his friends and party of seventy thousand pounds at least,—I lived to see this man from the highest elevation to which the wisest counsels and, excepting continental politics, in which personal prudence was much more consulted than his judgment, the best constitutional principles, and a persevering

[1] I cannot explain what the author meant by the word 'introduction.'—(Editor.)

as well as powerful exertion of all his ability in defence of them, could raise him, after so great a portion of his life devoted to a service not only unrewarded but without exciting public gratitude, or even confidence,—I lived to see him when he wanted nothing, and ought to have no interest or ambition but, for his own sake, to close such a life with consistency and honour, drop at once, luminous to the last, as lightning falls from heaven, not stopping half way, not catching at a stump or a twig to break the fall; not halting at the common landing-places of trading politicians, of midway statesmen, of *de medietate* patriots and orators, with half a tongue ready for either side, from which he might have mounted and soared again as Chatham did after a peerage and a pension, which he *took* and might justly have *claimed* as his right; but down he went—

Plumb down he drops ten thousand fathoms deep,[1]

and there I heard him in a special pleading for *Hanover* against *England* in 1806 pronounce the panegyric, and bear witness to the virtues of his royal master George the Third! all which he said and did *ex abundanti*, without necessity or the least call for it. Neither could it possibly be of any service to him towards gaining the king, as he well knew, and must have known if he knew anything of that gentleman.[2] Had he hunted for a place or a pension, he could not have taken up the defence of Hanover with more zeal than he did in 1806, or loaded his gracious sovereign with greater professions of attachment, and what did he gain by it? To be suspected, if not convicted, of insincerity by every man of sense and spirit in the kingdom, even among his friends, such as Coke of Norfolk, Plummer of Herts, &c., who all knew that every word he uttered on this subject was false. And what would he have lost by acting firmly or by dying a year or two sooner, while his reputation was entire? The short possession of a place from which the

[1] Compare 'Atticus' on Lord Shelburne (Bohn's *Junius*, ii. 248): 'Like his great archetype, the vapour on which he rose deserts him, and now, "Fluttering his pinions vain, plumb down he drops." '—(Editor.)

[2] See the account Bishop Watson gives of the king's behaviour to him at the levée, because he was a Foxite; yet his 'Apology for the Bible' might have been supposed to have made his peace at court.

best of princes would have taken the first opportunity to expel him, as he did Grey and Grenville eight months after.

This coalition with Lord North in 1783, considering all that had passed between them, was an act of wonderful audacity, and that with Lord Grenville in 1805 not much better. Such sudden transitions from enmity to friendship, from contempt and abhorrence to esteem and union, if it were possible to believe them sincere, are not to be effected without some sacrifices of conscience as well as of opinion; and then he wondered that all confidence in him and his professions was gone. In this conduct there was no error of judgment. His head was not in fault, for it was not his head that misled him. I have no doubt that Charles Fox, in the latter part of his life, if not much sooner, had fallen into an absolute indifference about public opinion, except when it happened to coincide with his interest or inclinations, and that he took this disposition, or wished to have it taken, for philosophy. The fact, if it were so, might be accounted for without any very deep reproach to him. His spirit after fifty might well have been exasperated by disappointment, or lowered by despondence, or made callous by despair. It is speaking favourably of him, and placing his character in the most advantageous point of view, to presume, as long as the human mind can resist conviction, that this apathy about consistency and character, when they could not be obtained or preserved without a sacrifice of other objects, was not innately in him or inherited from his father, or imbibed from his example, but that it grew on him, with the impressions natural to hopeless perseverance and discouragement (by which energy is extinguished much sooner than by resistance), and in the end a most determined love of personal ease, which it is in vain for an active mind long accustomed to vigorous employment or to eager pursuits, to look for in retirement beyond the occasional relief of a holiday. Yet he certainly liked fame, not merely as an enjoyment, but as a medium or an instrument, and probably would rather have used it if it answered his purpose as well as any other. No man talked of personal and national honour more strenuously than he did, as if there were little or nothing else worth living or contending for. I do not mean to say that he had no prevailing passion, by which his mind was generally governed, though not always absorbed; but I never could observe or perceive that he had more

than one. For even his wonderful attachment to his wife was little more than habit, or dejection,[1] or resource, or at the utmost a passion in his head and nowhere else. From his cradle to his coffin, he was a gamester, without positive avarice, except while he was engaged, from a pure unadulterated love of play. He was subject to other infirmities; but gaming was the master passion that ruled and ruined him. In that alone he was in earnest; and it followed him in many transactions which seemed to have no relation to play. Every object he contended for was a stake to be won, and made him, in the hazardous pursuit of it, just as prodigal of honour as of fortune, when he had nothing else to risk or to forfeit. Next to the delight of winning he had none but in losing, and on that desperate principle, the more he lost the better; as if there were some elevation or enjoyment in excess of any kind. She who melted a pearl into a potion thought she had invented a new pleasure. In 1805 no man had more reason to disregard popularity, and, as a noun of multitude, to distrust and abjure that nominal person, still called the *people of England*, who always hated him most when he served them best. But to find a compensation for honour lost in the magnitude of the loss itself, is said to be the last and most voluptuous gratification of a prodigal mind. His retreat from Parliament in 1797, as far as it concerned the public only, did not want a justification; the nation had no claim on him for gratitude or service, nor was his absence at all regretted by what is called the public. It was unjust to the City of Westminster to hold, and not to occupy, the place they gave him. Attendance is a duty inseparable from the station, and on no account to be waived or renounced, especially by a man so likely to be followed by many others. It was unjust and ungrateful to his party and friends, who had lately paid his debts, and made him independent; not, surely, for the purpose of enabling him to desert them, to retire into the country, and to marry Mrs. Armstead. At all events, he should have gone alone, and not have taken his friends, and as many of his party as he could influence, along with him to cover his retreat, as in fact he did, though not without airs of remonstrance, and requests to engage them to stay. *There*, however, should have ended his political life, by quitting Parliament.

[1] Sic.

He might then, though far from blameless, have died without dishonour; and no man, probably, would have examined the ashes of his heart. I believe it was his own wish at that time; and he had an audience of the king, to tell him his resolution and intentions. Like many other eminent persons who have survived their fame, he did not know how to quit the field, or how to untie the plot and make an exit in character, before the candles were burnt out. Of the judicial faculty, as applied to penetration and distinction in argument, Mr. Fox had infinitely more than a common share; besides long practice, which, with a good understanding, makes everything easy where genius is not required. The only judgment he wanted, is never to be found in a *calculating head*, or perhaps in any other. Would Cato have been immortal if he had submitted to the clemency of Cæsar? or Brutus and Cassius, if they had waited to be murdered or forgiven by Augustus? They had performed their part; the game was up, and never to be recovered. Otherwise they ought not to have yielded to mere adversity in any extremity. It is only at the summit of prosperity, on the pinnacle of fame, where you cannot move without falling, that the elevated persons called heroes, whether wise or unwise in preferring reputation to existence, are bound to take their own security against fortune. There are but a few desperate cases, such as irrecoverable infamy or incurable disease, from which the most devoted victims of adversity may not rise again, with the help of common talents and resolution. I speak of men who have no object but to ascend; who, in going up hill, are apt to be out of breath, and ready to shake off their virtues as fast as they can, for fear of being retarded. After the marshes of Minturnæ, Marius lived to be once more the master of Rome. Among the pretended dialogues of Socrates, imputed to Plato, which I had read long before I met Mr. Fox at Wooburn, I could recollect but one, nor can I now, which seemed to me to have an elevation or sense in it at all worthy of Socrates; I mean the *Crito*. The *Phido* is feeble and flimsy, and in some parts unintelligible. All the supposed disputes with the sophists are positively contemptible. And how can it be otherwise, when Plato never suffered those poor people to utter a word of common sense? In the *Crito*, and a few others, Socrates is permitted to speak and act like a man of virtue, resolution, and sound judgment, undisturbed by the fear of death. The question was, whether it was then fit for

him, or worth his while, to save or protract a life of unblemished fortitude by escaping from prison in disguise, according to the advice of his friends, who had provided the means of his escape.

In one of our perpetual disputes at Wooburn, I maintained that Socrates did right in rejecting that advice, and would have been disgraced if he had followed it. In this opinion I am not singular, nor am I sure that Fox was in earnest in taking the opposite side; because it seems to me impossible that any reasonable man, after reading the 'Crito,' could decide against Socrates; whose age, I admit, is to be taken into the argument. For I am not so heroic as to assert that, at five-and-twenty, he would have been bound to act in the same manner. *Quoad hoc*, the young man and the old man would have been different persons. From that time, I began to suspect that Mr. Fox often argued for the pleasure of arguing, and that his Greek studies were not very deep, and had gone but a little way beyond Homer and Euripides, the minor poets, and the political orations of Demosthenes. Of all the Greek prose writers, I should have thought Plutarch the most likely to have attracted him; I mean the parallel lives. But Plutarch is properly a Roman author; so are Appian, Diodorus, and Polybius, too, in a great degree, with others who wrote in Greek after Greece was extinguished, and who embodied the sound understanding of the Romans in their own language.

In alluding to the vanity of the Greeks, properly so called, I always except Xenophon, Thucydides, and Demosthenes. My opinion of the extent of Mr. Fox's classical studies is confirmed by the correspondence lately published between him and Wakefield, which of itself is a curiosity, not for the value of the criticisms, but as it indicates the propensity of a great mind to be easily interested or amused. I never knew a second-hand man, who, without labour or occupation imposed upon him, could, in the proper sense of the word, be *amused* or find amusement for himself. Such people, having no resources of their own, are generally a burthen to themselves, and, of course, to others. Louis XIV. was a mere animal *blasé*, an exhausted receiver, satiated with old pleasures, and incapable of a new one. When once the pursuits and enjoyments of youth were over, he was at a loss what to do with himself, or how to exist; until the basest bigotry and most pitiful superstition came to help him. Sir Robert Walpole died of *ennui* at Houghton;

but Edmund Burke, had he been locked up with a marble slab, would have made it productive. Charles Fox was mistaken latterly, as I suspect, in the choice of his amusements. He took to novels for pastime, or for the pleasure of reading them to his wife, as if such an appetite as his could be fed with pastry. If he had applied vigorously to his history for so many hours a day, time would never have hung on his hands, and he might have read 'Tom Thumb' in the evening, or taken a nap in an easy-chair. There can be no repose but from labour, and then it is a positive pleasure. Relaxation relates to exertion, and is not to be had without it. Charles Fox was born for litigation, and bred in debate, in which, or in conversation, or by pumping Edmund Burke, most of his knowledge was acquired, and he avowed it. His serious reading came much later, with a flood of romances; for he was naturally indolent, and liked nothing heartily that gave him much trouble. To the age of eleven or twelve he had no delight or occupation that thoroughly pleased him, but in disputing, especially with his father, who, to my knowledge, has sometimes almost wept for joy at finding that he had very little understanding in comparison with his son. Yet the old lord, though not a match for Charles, was no fool. Had Mr. Fox been bred to the bar, he would, in my judgment, have made himself, in a shorter time, and with much less application than any other man, the most powerful litigant that ever appeared there.

Had he been educated for the Church, or for a Dissenter, he would have argued the Bench of Bishops, or the Presbytery, out of their senses, after letting them choose their side and change it. A judge who gave a charge against Fox's deliberate opinion in any cause, must have been resolute as well as learned, even with a certainty of being right. He would have *foudroyé* a jury who gave a verdict according to the charge of the judge against his client, if it were possible to find a material objection to it. A man of less ability and courage, in a transition from one set of antagonist principles to another, had the former been no more and no better than so many old acquaintance, would have tried to measure his steps and to graduate his course. Omitting the coalition with Lord North, 1783, it seems to me that, in 1806, Mr. Fox must have thought that now he had character enough to live on, as if he had won it at some game which he ought to leave off; or that

his eloquence would carry him safe through his conduct, like a powerful horse over a ruined road; at all events, that there was no time to be lost; or, what I believe to be the truth, he utterly disregarded public opinion, which by that time he thought could be of no further use to him. Another instance, if it were produced, of a different quality, but equally establishing the same conclusion, would amount to a demonstration that the sense of shame, if he ever knew what it was, had been dead in him many years before he died. He had been but ill educated—or rather he had no education, or worse than none—until he was sent to Eton, where he soon recovered the time lost, and took the lead that belonged to his superior abilities. He had been indulged and flattered from his childhood beyond all bounds of prudence by his father, who had no moral principle in his own composition, and neither liked nor regarded it in others. But he was passionately devoted to his son Charles, and to him alone. Mr. Fox's manners and common behaviour, whether from shyness or indifference, or because it gave him trouble to observe the forms of civility, were not at all attractive; and I think that, in the ordinary intercourse of society, nobody who knew him but slightly could possibly have liked him, insomuch that I believe he never won the goodwill of any human creature, of those, I mean, who were new to him, but when he loaded the dice and threw for it. Lord Minto assured me long ago that he never felt himself at ease in Fox's company when they were otherwise on friendly terms, or at least acted together; and this, in some degree, was my own case with him long after we had been acquainted and apparently intimate. In those times, I used to resort to a stratagem which seldom failed to get rid of the embarrassment of being alone with him, when there was no special business in hand, viz. by stating something in strong terms which I knew would provoke him to speak his mind, as he was ready enough to do, especially in contradiction, for he seldom opened any subject himself, and when he was forced to begin rarely did it well. His eloquence, like his manners, was too rough and substantial to want the formalities of an oration. When he attempted a regular exordium or peroration, I used to think his speeches were not the better for it. But they never lost force or effect by rapid introduction, or abrupt conclusion. Instead of dipping gradually with shivering steps until he was afloat, he should

always have plunged into his subject and sallied out of it. His wonderful faculties for debate were generally most powerful in reply, and I always thought never burned so fiercely as when they were provoked or excited. When once he was launched into discourse and under way, he was in his element, and went on of himself not as a vessel, but a fish. In his arguments of this sort, however, I never saw any mixture of spite or malignity when his temper was most tried.

He *hated* very little, because in general he loved nobody. To Sheridan alone he now and then replied with bitterness, as if he was talking to a Jew or a swindler. Some of his party-friends were good-humoured enough to pass for something better, without real affection or friendly feeling for anybody, at least out of their own *clique*; that is, they were hard and smooth. His character was nearly the reverse of theirs, for the inside of him was better than the out. He was often peevish, like a spoiled child, but not ill-natured, much less malignant. He seldom spoke very harshly of any individual. In this respect he was the reverse of Burke, with whom all mankind, as far as party and politics went, were God or Devil. Within my own knowledge, the only persons whom Fox positively could not endure, were Horne Tooke and Sheridan, with some antipathy rather than enmity to George Tierney. The former he seemed to detest, and avowed it. At my own table I have heard him abuse Tooke as the greatest villain he had known. Of Sheridan he said little, but that little was enough: *Cui altius irascebatur silentio transmisit,* except now and then, or to intimates, particularly to Charles Grey, from whom I have it that Sheridan to him was an object of loathing and abhorrence, and had been so for many years before his death. He never told me so, but I was sure of it long before from what I have been witness to myself, from expressions that escaped him, and from circumstances which always tell truth. Of his hatred of Horne Tooke, I can only state the fact, except only by conjecture, that he must have wounded Charles Fox by some act or demonstration of personal hostility, in a vulnerable part, beyond the common enmity or abuse which are incident or belong to party divisions, and which he never regarded. Most probably it had a relation to Mrs. Fitzherbert,[1] who, to my

[1] *Vide* H. Tooke's printed letter, in which he calls her Princess of Wales, &c.

own knowledge, for she often told me so, abhorred Fox, and never would be reconciled to him, notwithstanding many advances and earnest submissions on his part, of which at his request I was more than once the bearer. She said that by his unauthorised declarations in the House of Commons he had rolled her in the kennel like a street-walker; that he knew that every word he said was a lie, and so on, in a torrent of virulence which it was in vain for me to encounter, so I gave the point up and made my retreat as well and as fast as I could. On the other hand, Horne Tooke flattered her in his own way—but whether by direct access to her or not I cannot say—that she was Princess of Wales, that she must be acknowledged, that the marriage, in which the rites and ceremonies of both Churches had been strictly observed, could not be set aside, or, at all events, must invalidate any other. All this he maintained for the mere purpose of doing mischief, and to gratify his own rancours, not only to her, who was willing enough to listen to such doctrines, but in print, and whatever influence he gained by it was employed, through what medium I know not, to exasperate her against Mr. Fox. He, indeed, had acted most unwisely in declaring orally to the House of Commons[1] that he had spoken from direct authority, that the fact of the Prince's marriage with Mrs. Fitzherbert not only never could have happened legally, but never did happen in any way whatsoever, and had from the beginning been a base and malicious falsehood! The Prince ought to have sent this message, supposing the thing to have been absolutely necessary, by his own Chancellor, or some principal officer of his household; or, at all events Fox, if he *would* or *must* be the carrier of such a declaration, ought to have taken it in writing, on no other condition, and answering for nothing himself.

All that can be said for his imprudence is, that, at that time he did not know the Prince, who soon after disavowed him, at least to the lady. At that time there was not a well-informed man in London who was not convinced that in 1785, the rites and ceremonies of marriage, between the Prince and Mrs. Fitzherbert, had taken place according to the rules established in both Churches, and I am as sure of the fact as if I had been present. To distrust Sheridan could hardly be avoidable in any man

[1] *Vide* Debates, 30th April, 1787, p. 1070.

who knew him, much less an instance of sagacity. For my own part, I have no reason to boast or suspect that Fox had ever any real goodwill to me, though he kept up some appearance and professions of it to the last. But that he should positively have hated me is impossible, until he had resolved to sacrifice me to Lauderdale; a flagitious act of injustice and ingratitude, for which it is not in human nature that the aggressor should forgive the victim. The merits of that transaction shall be considered hereafter. I allude to it now because it connects with an anecdote which proves and illustrates what I have said of his hatred of Sheridan. As far as I am able to recollect he never heartily commended me for anything I ever said or did in the House of Commons, even when I laboured most to serve him, but once. In general, when he could not censure, he slighted or was silent. I once happened to take notice of Sheridan's intriguing with Addington, and of his conduct to the Prince of Wales, which I meant to censure as it deserved. What I said, however, went further and cut deeper into Sheridan's heart than I intended or thought of. On this occasion, Mr. Fox, when he heard of it at St. Ann's Hill, did certainly applaud me *con amore* and much more than the thing deserved, in *odium tertii*, not that he liked me the better for it except at the moment. Yet I am not at all sure that when I was interred he would not have pronounced my panegyric, for a speech cost him nothing. Yet he would have done it very ill, even if he had been in earnest. By luckily surviving him I escaped that honour, and saved him from that representation. I would have much sooner have trusted Edmund Burke with the posthumous care of my name and reputation, though from 1791 we had been almost entirely disunited, after a real friendship and intimacy of many years; because I am sure that if he had undertaken the task he would have performed it heartily and *bonâ fide*. Not that Fox would have betrayed that, or any cause which he had once engaged to support or defend, but panegyric was not his province, and when he attempted it not at all the better for preparation. A few words of sorrow and applause, coming of themselves in the course or agitation of some other question, and starting from it as if they had escaped him, a breathless pause, a broken sentence, and then a rapid return to his subject, as if for instant relief, could not but have made a deep impression on any

audience. For who can resist the inarticulate sorrows of a wounded heart? His eulogy of Francis Duke of Bedford (the best-intentioned public person, the most virtuous man with the soundest mind I ever knew, except Earl Fitzwilliam, in so high a rank of life), seemed to me a performance very unequal to the subject and to the speaker. I am sure it made little impression, and the less because it was the result of pains and reflection, with an emphatic delivery. Had he unexpectedly heard of the Duke's death while he was speaking in the House of Commons, and sudden grief had made its way in a natural unpremeditated burst of passion, which alone can be pathetic, I think he would have succeeded much better, even possibly enough to touch the androgynous heart of William Pitt. But pathos is not to be prepared. A deliberate speech, after the first affliction had subsided, should have been taken in a lower key. It should have been grave and solemn throughout, delineating, not painting the public character, to prove the national loss; except that, at last, he might have given way to the accumulated sorrows with which the recollection of so many engaging qualities and eminent virtues, lost for ever, might naturally have overwhelmed him; and if in that transport of grief his voice had failed him, or his speech had ended abruptly, there were but few men, even in the House of Commons, callous enough not to have been affected by the subject, the actor, and the scene. Of those few *William Pitt* was the principal.

I say what I think, whether I am right or wrong is now of little moment. In looking back to some characteristic passages of Mr. Fox's private life, which indicated a gentle disposition, my goodwill to him returns of itself with a sensation of sympathy and regret. As there are looks and features in the human countenance which reconcile us to the absence of beauty, so, in the mixed character, of which most of us are composed, a good natural disposition, supposing it real and spontaneous, covers many essential faults, and almost reconciles us to qualities and actions worse than defects; as they did many to Lord North, who positively was the most good-humoured man of those whom I have known or heard of among ministers or others who are at all likely to be remembered in history. When I recollect what I have often heard from Burke, the Duke of Portland, and others, that Charles Fox could amuse himself for hours with sitting on the floor to play with children, when

I read his correspondence with Wakefield about the Greek digamma, the use of the final &c.,[1] and many other curiosities of equal moment, let no man think that I value him the less for indulging in these relaxations. The bow was unbent, but you might see how far it carried.

Neque semper arcum tendit Apollo.

In common society he was by no means forward to speak, or overbearing in conversation. In debates of every kind he could listen as well as argue—a very uncommon qualification; and in general was a fair opponent. He took the argument as it was meant, and answered it if he could; but never sought an advantage by cavil or quibble; or like Pitt, by resorting and swinging round to the audience, which, considering that he, Mr. Fox, kept little company but with people devoted to him, must have been always on his side. To this, whether rule or temper, there were two extraordinary exceptions, but they belonged to public questions, and may be accounted for by political views and interests, or by a necessity of submitting to an accommodation with the Court. His defence of admitting Law, the Chief Justice of the King's Bench, a passionate, furious person, and for other reasons unfit for a judicial office, into the Cabinet of 1806, and so far for the uniting the judicial, political, and executive power in the same hand, was his dying masterpiece; and yet I think it impossible that he could have been convinced by it.

The principles which he laboured to overset are evidently, palpably, and unquestionably those of the English Constitution, if it be founded on plain reason, or common sense. His precedents were mere facts, which, when they are true, prove nothing but that, in a well-constituted government, examples may be found for any abuse, as there may be for any crime, even where crimes are punished. He had too much logic in his head to believe or profess that arguments can be answered by authorities, or principles overset by practice. In *him*, of all men, it was treason against England to resort to such, or to any precedents in opposition to the plain reason of the Constitution. In urging the case and example of Lord Mansfield (a marvellous authority for him to appeal to), I believe he was mistaken; I

[1] Sic.

speak now from the remains of a strong impression on my memory, rather than a distinct recollection of the fact. Without entering into the moral or political character of Lord Mansfield, I presume it will not be denied that he was generally deemed a timid man, and not at all a resolute politician. They who know anything of the merits of the Douglas Cause, and the part he took in it, will not be ready to believe that he could be an upright judge, or what is called an honest man. That question shall not be suppressed, as Andrew Stewart's letter to him has been by Stewart's friends. The charge against him, to the best of my recollection and judgment, was not for taking a place in the Cabinet, and so uniting in himself the powers and duties of two incompatible offices, which would have been a case in point, but for giving secret advice to the King in the closet behind the curtain—for which, if it were true and could be proved, old Chatham would have had his head off—that he overruled the Cabinet when he was not in a station that entitled him to advise, taking the power without the name or office, of course without *responsibility*, a word now empty and ridiculous, but at that time supposed to signify something. Whether he did so or not, or how far, is another question.

That this was the charge and prevailing opinion against him, at least up to 1775, I am absolutely certain. If he took a Cabinet place afterwards, it must have been when I was in India. The conduct imputed, possibly without reason, coincided well enough with the character attributed to him to make the suspicion probable. The fact, if it were proved, that he held a seat in the Cabinet, would have been a poor justification of the use it was applied to by Charles Fox. To *him*, at least, Lord Mansfield could have been no authority; nor could any authority or any practice have subdued the principle. I listened to his speech with all possible attention, and with this final impression on my mind: that there was not in it a single argument or proposition of any moment, which, if it had been before me in another form, I could not have refuted or demonstrated to be false. I thought so then, and now I am sure of it. A single question, however, if I had not been restrained from urging it to him by many just considerations external to the subject, as well as that the original motion was waived (for if it had been insisted on, I should have voted against it; and so I told him beforehand), would have been sufficient for my purpose. I

would have asked and conjured him by the life which for every purpose but honour he had wasted in opposition, by all the principles he had professed for twenty years, and by his future fame, to answer me fairly; not as a minister, not as an advocate, or special pleader, but as Charles Fox; whether if he, or any friend dear to him, were prosecuted for treason, and to be tried in the King's Bench by a Chief Justice who held a seat in the Cabinet, who by that means was acquainted with the case and the evidence *ex parte*, who might have drawn up, or corrected the indictment, and advised the prosecution: or by a Chief Justice who had no extraordinary judicial knowledge of the subject, who knew nothing of the merits, or the party, or the evidence, until they came before him in judgment, and the choice had been given to him: by which of those magistrates he would have been tried, in order to be most secure of a fair trial for himself or his friend, and his reasons for preferring either of them to the other? His answer would not have altered my opinion of the constitutional question; but it might have made me think a little better, or a great deal worse, of him than I did at that moment. If authority were wanted in support of self-evident principles, I would appeal to that of Sir Samuel Romilly, who (in his speech of 1st day of March, 1814, on the appointment of Garrow to hold the offices of Chief Justice of Chester for life, with that of Attorney-General at pleasure, but of ten times the value of the other) has argued this question. He says: 'Should such occurrences again take place, persons would be tried by an individual who had advised and directed their prosecution.' This appeal, however, to the case of Lord Mansfield, with the help of a party and at that time the influence of Government, might be called a debatable question, though I know it staggered some of the staunchest of his friends, who in general were not overrun with prudery. At a private dinner at Mr. Vaughan's, on the 12th of April, 1811, Lord Grey declared to us of his own accord, that *of all the acts of the administration of* 1806, *there was nothing he so deeply regretted as having ever consented to let Lord Ellenborough into the Cabinet.*

The other question, on which Mr. Fox took part with a violence of passion very uncommon in him, and with an imbecility of argument, which at that time astonished me as much as his adopting such a cause on any terms, was whether foreign property in our

funds should be exempted from the property tax. The speeches are in print, and therefore I shall say nothing of the merits of the debate, and dismiss the subject with two observations: first, that some time elapsed before I could comprehend or conjecture why he took part with George Rose in so odious a business. I did not then know, or I never thought of it, that the King held property in the Funds to a very great amount, in the name of the Regency of Hanover and other German mediators, that his own might not appear; for which indulgence, to the best of princes, Mr. Fox thought fit to make the nation lose, and of course pay, about £70,000 a year to aliens, as we have done ever since. Secondly, that, if I had known nothing of Mr. Fox's powers of debate but by the exhibition of that night,[1] I must have placed him as low in intellect as I found him to be in political morals; much less could I have thought him capable of those magnificent exertions which I have seen him rise to on many other occasions.

The element he thrived in, though never reconciled to it, was Adversity. Too much cannot be said in acknowledgment of his talents and vigour, in opposition to superior numbers, ruinous measures, and profligate power, and without popularity to support him; for though he had a great party, I never knew a time or an occasion when the general voice or inclination of the country was heartily with him, though sometimes with his measures. Against all these disadvantages he manfully contended, and, as far as argument could carry him, with success. But the moment he had wind and tide with him he lost his steerage. Neither was it possible that such a man as Charles Fox could, for any continuance, have been the minister of such a king as GEORGE THE THIRD. Either the parties did not understand one another, or they could not amalgamate. Mr. Fox had the attachment of habit, but no affections—in all his speeches (except a single instance) in which he attempted to be pathetic, he failed. I have seen him cry and blubber, but totally without impression. At the time when he made that outcry in the House of Commons about his separation from Edmund Burke, and shed so many tears, they who knew him, knew it was a farce, and that he cared not one farthing for Burke. It was ill acted too, and would not have succeeded as

[1] 28th May 1806.

a representation. Even then, though I did not suspect his sincerity, I was very little moved by his tears. The essential defect in his character, and the cause of all his failures, strange as it may seem, was that he had no heart. I do not say that he had nothing like tenderness in his disposition, but, in this respect, he seemed to be only a well-strung instrument that vibrated when it was touched. The vibration was in the nerve and there it ended.

In all my reading and experience, no instance occurs to me of human sagacity equal to that with which a blind old French woman, Madame du Deffand, penetrated at once into Mr. Fox's character, when he was just two-and-twenty, and no otherwise known to her than by two or three occasional visits to her at Paris. In her letter to Horace Walpole (dated 13 January, 1771), she says: 'Pour le Fox, il est dur, hardi, il a la confiance de son mérite; il ne se donne pas le tems de l'examen; il voit tout du premier coup d'œil, et il voit tout à vue d'oiseau; et je doute fort qu'il passe la distinction d'un homme à un autre.[1] Ce n'est point par suffisance; il n'a point l'air méprisant ni vain, mais on ne communique point avec lui; et je suis persuadée qu'il ne peut former aucune liaison que celle qu'entraine le jeu, et peut-être la politique.' (*Vide* vol. ii. p. 290.)

With respect to the historical memoir she left behind him, I do not think that justice was done him by his executors. Too much had been said of that work before it appeared, and it had been talked of too long. The price demanded for the copy was excessive; all this was done to enhance the value and to raise money for Mrs. Fox. The work, such as he left it, was little more than a fragment, and as such it ought to have been published without any other pretension. It contains many good principles and sound constitutional opinions, but, on the whole, far below Mr. Fox's reputation. The publication at last disappointed the expectations of all men. The period he took, as I think, was ill chosen, and could not have furnished adequate materials or characters beyond what was already known to occupy or interest a man of his high judicial powers. It was impossible to make anything considerable of such persons as Argyle and Monmouth, or of the insignificant though ruinous transactions they were engaged in. What he would

[1] That is, his bird's-eye view of men made him think them all alike, viz., all rogues for his instruments, or fools for his dupes.

have done with the Revolution if his narrative had reached to it, and what new lights he could have thrown on the merits of that event, and of the parties concerned in it, can only be matter of conjecture. The period which *I* would have allotted to him as most suitable to his argumentative penetrating powers, and commensurate with the high discriminating faculties of his mind, would have been the contest between Charles I. and the Parliament, from the first dissolution in 1628 to the death of that man; not as a formal history, for which there could be no new materials, so much as a subject for some grand unexpected illustration of the characters and the ease by a master's hand.

In 1818.

The name of Charles Fox is still held up, his principles appealed to as a standard, and his memory celebrated at public meetings, clubs, and taverns, to have a rallying point, and to keep what they still call the *Whig* party alive. *Sed magna est veritas.*

Having fairly acknowledged all that was good in him, and given him credit for the full value of it, there remains but little to say of his public conduct or private character, but that little is material. Comparing him always with the eminence of his understanding and with the character acquired or made for him, I think he was one of the weakest of men I ever knew; I mean in point of judicious conduct and steady resolution. How he undertook all the dirty work of the coalition with Lord Grenville in 1806, who paid him in patronage, need not be stated and cannot be disputed. I know he was under the influence of a *clique* of women and others, who lived with him out of sight, who having all the easy access and gentle opportunities, beset him perpetually for their own purposes. In this class I do not allude to his real original friends, who were gentlemen, as well as *bona fide*, attached to him, such as Lord Robert Spencer, Lord Thanet, Lord John Townsend, General Fitzpatrick, Coke of Norfolk, and others of that character. Thanet and Coke wanted nothing, but Thanet ought to have had a splendid reparation for his imprisonment. The rest deserved everything from him that he did or could give them. The set who latterly surrounded him, and paid court to his wife, were of a different quality. He knew, despised, and dis-

trusted them, and would have kept them out of his house and away from him if he could. He was not a man to resist assiduous whining importunity face to face; and least of all when Mrs. Fox, a simple person, but as to *him*, I believe perfectly well meaning, was made a party and a dupe to it. This facility was in his temper, and could be no virtue in his character, for when he yielded to these people it was generally against the grain. The fact is, he could not endure to be troubled or fretted. They who had no disposition or opportunity to tease him had no chance with him, unless they had parliamentary interest and power; and made their bargain accordingly. As to the influence of women, when it is allowed to interpose, and predominate over questions not within their province, I am sure it is a case that would rarely, if ever, happen with a man of sound understanding, who had no compensation to make for other deficiencies. They who cannot excite either love or respect must pay for it by submission to their wives. It is not for *me* of all men to be inexorable on this subject; for who is it has loved, admired, and esteemed as I have done? I know that women are the best of the human species, I know that a well-principled, well-educated English woman has more virtues, and is capable of a more disinterested attachment even to the sacrifice of herself, and more good sense too, in questions within her reach, than many of the most eminent men whom I have been acquainted with.

But these are not the women by whom men are governed, nor do such women ever think of it. In England I am sure there never was an example of a young and beautiful woman attempting to govern a man of common understanding proportioned to her in age, and otherwise accomplished, if she were really in love with him.[1] . . . . .

I shall close my account of him with an incident which is all to his honour, though very little known or observed, and leave the last impression of his character, as far as the fact goes, entirely in his favour. In the course of the impeachment of Warren Hastings, an expression escaped Mr. Burke of which the Indian party, who were numerous, and always supported by the people

[1] I have omitted a long digression on the character of Louis XIV., which only shows the earnestness with which Francis, at the very end of life, and perishing of a painful disease, still argued questions of old historical interest.—(Editor.)

called the King's friends in the House of Commons, thought they could make some material advantage, or at least run him down. Having occasion to allude to the trial and execution of Raja Nuncomar at Calcutta in 1775, he called it the *murder of Nuncomar*, and in direct terms charged it on Warren Hastings, by the hands of Sir Elijah Impey, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Judicature. These words were spoken in Westminster Hall on the 21st day of April 1789. The next day a motion to censure him for it was made in the House of Commons. Burke either was not there, or he withdrew because he would not defend himself. Fox, in a most powerful and convincing speech, maintained that the House had no right to censure all or any of their managers for anything said or done by them in the management of the impeachment, which had been committed to their discretion without rules or instructions. If the House disapproved of their conduct in the execution of the trust, all that could be done was to remove the present managers and to appoint others. At the instance of Mr. Pitt, however, a vote was passed, 'That the words in question ought not to have been spoken.' Mr. Fox then declared his opinion that the managers ought to resign their charges, and desire the House to commit the impeachment to other hands. This debate lasted to a late hour, and the next morning by ten o'clock the managers were to take their resolution whether they would or would not go again into Westminster Hall, where the Lords were waiting or expected. Mr. Fox was not present, so that there was no time to consult him. Mr. Burke received the pleasure of the House from the Speaker, with respect to the words spoken by him; the managers went into the Hall, and the trial was continued. Mr. Fox resented this proceeding as unwise in itself, as well as a great slight of him, and not without reason, though the question of instant conduct was full of difficulty. I and others said everything we could on this point to appease his just indignation. In the end he was so far pacified that he continued to attend the trial, and took the first opportunity that offered to allude to the execution of Nuncomar, when he made the following declaration:—'My Lords, in what I am going to say of that transaction, I desire to apprise your Lordships that I do not speak in the name or by the authority of the House of Commons, but in my own; I declare, then, that in *my* opinion the

execution of the Raja Nuncomar was a foul and atrocious murder.'

[NOTE.—In 1826 the notorious publisher, Stockdale, printed a pamphlet, which he entitled 'Character of the late Charles James Fox, a Posthumous Sketch, by Junius.' In the preface he says that he accidentally met with a lord, whose name is withheld, 'on the morning of the funeral of that most upright and able Prime Minister, honest man, and Protestant martyr, the Right Honourable Spenser Perceval,' from which nobleman, who was deep in the confidence of the writer of Junius (meaning, evidently, of Sir Philip Francis), he obtained a manuscript 'Character of Mr. Fox, by the author of the letters signed Junius, extracted from a history of the early part of Mr. Pitt's administration.' The 'Character' then follows. It occupies only fifteen pages. Notwithstanding the suspicious character of the introductory remarks, it may possibly be Sir Philip's, the style certainly resembling his. But it relates only to the Coalition and the India Bill, and is quite unconnected with the essay here printed.—Editor.]

No. III.

Characteristics of the Kings of England.

AMONG the manuscripts left by Sir Philip Francis is an essay, without a heading, which may be conveniently thus entitled. Whether it was intended as the introduction to some more complete work, I do not know. It was (from the contents) the composition of his very latest years; and it is, perhaps, scarcely just to his memory to present the reader with a fragment which there is no proof that he intended to publish in its present shape. Still it is characteristic of the author, even in the violence of the language, which I have been forced in part to suppress, and may be thought worthy of preservation.—(Editor.)

Nihil est in historiâ, purâ et illustri brevitate dulcius.

There is no general or innate spirit of opposition to Government in this country or any other. Power is always and everywhere the aggressor. The multitude, or the many, are naturally prone to follow the few. They feel and submit to injury long before they resent, by habit or indolence, or because they know they must be governed, and then they are calumniated, as if they had provoked it. Edmund Burke dwells with vehemence and almost with rapture, on the punishments inflicted on the peasantry of France for rebellion against their aristocracy in 1358, but says not a word of their antecedent afflictions, or of the horrible aggressions against those miserable people, committed by the nobility and the banditti under them, who sallied from their dens to prey on the country. Injustice and calumny play into each other's hands. While force is able to

act, fraud and falsehood are ready to justify. In other times the English have been driven to resistance by necessity, or dragged into civil war by the ambition of their chiefs or owners, called barons; but deliberate rebellion against the crown never was or ever could be a spontaneous act, much less a concerted scheme of the people, nor would it be attempted now in any extremity. The fear of change perplexes or depresses all men, possessing or expecting under the present establishment, especially the public creditor and his endless connections, who derive a precarious annuity from the funds, and to whom, as they fancy, the whole land is mortgaged. In other ranks of life, the long sufferings which do not kill the being make him passive. The generality are satisfied with their lot, or bear it patiently because they are used to it and know no better. A popular insurrection, if very general, might succeed at first, but could not last long for want of counsel, leaders, and discipline, by which the few direct the many, and without which there can be no concerted plan, no union of design or perseverance in action. The English peasantry who took up arms under Wat Tyler and Jack Cade were compelled by grievances insupportable, by a vile government pressing directly on the lowest classes, by a rapacious clergy, and by an execrable nobility. The crimes of the peasantry in the process, and their ruin in the result of their insurrection, prove nothing against the original right of their cause; unless it be contended that there is no guilt but in retaliation, that success in this world is always on the side of justice, and that he who suffers in the contest, or is condemned by the event, must of course have been the aggressor. But this is a doctrine which, if it could be reconciled to experience, no Christian Church or priesthood would assent to or endure, because it annihilates the supposed necessity of a future retribution; or, in their own cant, would disturb the *final proportions of eternal justice*, and shake their own establishment, *the only object* they have at heart or think of. *Submit and suffer now; you shall be rewarded for it hereafter.*[1] Neither is it likely that qualified men, who have anything to lose, will undertake the direction of such hazardous enterprises, or trust themselves to the natural inconstancy of the multitude. The revo-

[1] In 1380, the Commons of England declared, in full Parliament that the clergy possessed a third part of the kingdom.

lution in 1688 could not have been accomplished without the assistance of a foreign force. If laws and magistrates are wise enough to give protection against capricious personal wrong or violent injury, or even to profess it, the people will be content to think it as much as they are entitled to. If another revolution, in favour of liberty, were to happen in England, it must be by invasion or with the help of it. Even in Ireland, with superstition acting on positive misery, a mere insurrection of the lower classes, however numerous, could not prevail. The House of Stuart is gone; and if any of that wretched race had remained, no use could be made of them. For who but a senseless Roman Catholic would submit to be governed by a superstitious despot and an arbitrary priest? All positive institutions are in favour of possession. Of course he who possesses is party in the system, and will hear of no change. The powers of the State have no object or occupation at best but to secure and enforce the actual establishment of power and distribution of profit, whatever it may be, and in every department. No fundamental abuse is to be corrected, because it would be or it would lead to innovation, and, sooner or later, shake foundations. An immense standing army introduced into an island by a foreign dynasty, on German principles, and now identified with the Government, insures us from a civil war, and this is called domestic tranquillity. Under a long reign of corruption and decay, the few who might have remembered another state of things are dead or superannuated. The present generation are accustomed to what they see, and having seen nothing better, will not believe that it ever was otherwise; or they are consoled with hearing and being assured that they are still better provided for than any of their neighbours on the Continent. With that consolation they are satisfied and look no farther.

The constant success of a life of deceit is supposed to indicate some special wisdom; and a long possession of power is venerated at last for possessing many virtues. We have seen a king of England, a little better than idiot from his youth, stone blind, stark mad, and superannuated, yet just as fit as ever he was to govern a people, who are properly called *his*, because they do really and seriously think they belong to him; and so they are taught by the clergy. In this human creature alone longevity constitutes merit; as if there were some virtue attached to

animal duration; as if the moral character were necessarily improved with keeping, and the intellectual power could not be impaired by waste. Be it so; a true account of such a person and such a people may serve for an example and a warning to those who, in process of time, may succeed us. It can be of no use, nor do I desire it should, to the present generation or to their immediate heirs. The person, the system, and with a few singular exceptions the nation, are worthy of one another. Right reason has but little employment or concern in the government of mankind. In matters of opinion, the higher ranks are or pretend to be awed by names and authorities just as much as the populace, and generally by the worst. Historians draw characters, as if they were writing for the stage, without knowledge or penetration, from mere ignorance and vanity, but chiefly to promote some personal or political interest. The actual holders of power, at all times, are essentially served by the praises given to their predecessors; for what can they desire better than to see their own principles and actions justified by laudable examples, and men like themselves rewarded with fame? *Their* turn will come next, or they expect it. Heroes and conquerors stand first among the enemies of mankind. These savage animals destroy more than they can eat, and are glutted with prey, which they cannot consume. Then come the vermin, an endless train of idle pacific princes, of priests, courtiers, lawyers, and politicians who, without directly hazarding their personal safety have done as much mischief, in another way, by fomenting treacherous wars among their neighbours and ruining their own country, sometimes with the help of the greatest abilities in it. Those beings too are perpetually held up for admiration. Thus our judgment is perverted from our youth, and the true uses of history defeated. Mere facts are sufficient for a gazette, but teach nothing. What we want is moral example, the true personal character, the essential quality of human actions, the real motive stripped of its pretensions, a vigorous unsparing censure, and, above all, a rational standard, by which, with a reasonable allowance for human frailty, the merits of eminent men should be strictly measured. Some of the ancient historians had those objects. They knew their duty, and were qualified to perform it. Among the moderns very few, and in England hardly any, because we have hitherto been a nation of parties; and now even party principles, which kept

up a national spirit, or something like it, in the country, are gone, and have left nothing but mercenary debaters in their place.

Even the language of faction is never heard but in a tavern or in the streets. The poor degraded mind of the English is too flat and feeble to ferment. Moderation and prudence are individual qualities pretending to be virtues, or in effect only specious names assumed by caution or cowardice. But nations cannot be safe, much less free, without some hazardous energies, or passions, that may be abused. We are not made to attain perfection directly, or by aiming at it. To reach the medium you must try to overshoot the mark. The reign of George the Third forms a deep and dreadful chasm in the history of England, though partly loaded with ruins and rubbish, in which the fragments of broken principles and mutilated institutions will be found hereafter. Without a personal quality of any kind to entitle him to distinction, a high station has made this man an object to be looked at with some degree of wonder, considering the enormous mischiefs which position alone has enabled such a being, without knowing it, to inflict on his fellow-creatures. The greatest events, produced by vile contrivers, or insignificant causes, have happened in his time. A complete revolution in the moral character as well as in the political principles and general condition of the country accomplished by the meanest instruments in the hands of talking politicians; a stately constitution-preserving its antiquated forms, and ceremonies, and increasing its vain ornaments, with a tottering foundation; an ancient edifice, not blasted by lightning or demolished by an earthquake, but undermined by vermin and wasted by a dry rot; and finally a stupid people checked by a fool, and fond of the author of their ruin. While he is permitted to live, his animal character and the principles of his government may be favoured or disputed; but, as to their effects, it is not possible that even the next generation should be or pretend to be mistaken. *We* may continue to stagger under our burthens; but our children must shake them off, or be crushed by them. For the present, an enormous expense is supported by an unlimited coinage of paper, transferred from hand to hand by mere agreement or acquiescence among ourselves, while the substance of the country is carried away to answer an immense variety of services and demands, which cannot be satisfied without a real

payment. Yet so little am I prejudiced on this or any other subject touching the present Government, that, in 1807, I thought the King's life of importance to the tranquillity of the country, and that his age and authority might be some security against troubles and commotions not unlikely to break out on the accession of his eldest son.

My time is of no value, and I write without hope, except to divert my attention from sorrows which have made the affairs of this world, as far as I am concerned in them, indifferent to me.

He who attempts to deliver a true account of his own times, and of persons thoroughly known to him, whatever his faculties may be, will find himself compelled by his subject to write without dignity. We are too near the farce and the actors, and we know them too well in their masques, to speak of them with gravity and decorum. Of all the considerable men now dead, who have had a share in the government of the country since the year 1760, I am not able to name one who was not, within my own knowledge, more or less a pretender, if not positively an impostor, except perhaps the Marquis of Rockingham, who, I believe, was honest enough on his own aristocratical principles, and for that reason personally feared and detested by George the Third; not one who never deviated from his professions, who ended well, or who was consistent to the last. Lord Chatham was a great actor, who latterly identified himself with the high part he acted. He talked of public virtue till he felt it. His son was a mere moral effeminate, whose mind had been carefully cut out for declamation more than debate, and gifted with a sonorous organ for the utterance of words with a choice and fluency which astonished those who heard him for the first or second time. That impression wore off, and generally left nothing or very little to command attention, much less to fix it on the memory. He had no inequalities; but he was a master of words, which, having no sterling value, he used as counters. He was personally chaste enough to be the leader of a monastery; and this was puffed for him as a marvellous merit in a youthful minister, and almost a qualification for high office. With or without abilities, great power is quite enough to do mischief to any extent. But great actions are inseparable from wise purposes, and will never be performed by young men divested of the passions natural to youth. The vessel we are

embarked in cannot sail without a wind. One vile habit or physical propensity he had, which seemed inconsistent with the rest of his private life and constitutional disposition. In the fulsome society of Henry Dundas, a drunken profligate Scot, he drank to excess, not by occasional allurements of mirth or casual gaiety, but incessantly, and always strong liquors. His stomach, it was said, became habituated to wine of that quality, and could not act, or suffer his mind to act, without it. To this low, and at last, perhaps, necessary indulgence, his long sickness and early dissolution may be traced. I mention him *now*, and out of his place, because it is not likely that I should live to reach him historically. Though I had no acquaintance or intercourse with him beyond the House of Commons, it is but fair and honourable in me to admit that I felt a constant spontaneous dislike to him; and though, in some of the parts of speech, he was admirable, I did never admire him above once or twice for any superiority, but an astonishing fluency and choice of correct language; very rarely eloquence, of which the essence is immediately to persuade; but, it was elocution perfect. All the early impressions I received of William Pitt were given me, before I had seen him, by Edmund Burke in 1783 and 1784, compared to which my present opinion of him would be thought a panegyric.

Charles Fox, William Windham, and Edmund Burke are separately provided for and recorded.[1] The rest are not worth notice in themselves, and, if they did not belong to the domestic history of their time, ought to be consigned to oblivion; such as Lord Bute, the Princess Dowager of Wales, Lord Mansfield, Henry Fox, and a long succession of second-hand malefactors of the same school, whom George the Third called his friends, whom he was sometimes forced to part with, and never failed to recall as soon as an opportunity offered. Examples ought to be made even against personal inclination, or history ought not to be attempted by contemporaries, who alone can write truly of men and their motives because they know them. Yet who can be perfectly sure of his own impartiality in speaking of actions which may be variously accounted for, and of actors whom he knew behind the scenes, unless he

[1] The character of Fox is printed in the Appendix to this volume. Those of Windham and Burke have not been recovered.

happened to have survived them long enough to be able to speak of them without resentment or disgust? At the altar of truth the most ignoble victims are the first and the fittest to be sacrificed, and it would be happy for the historian, from whom no others were required. But the entrails of all of them are much alike. Many public persons of high character have I known, to whose personal punishment I would not have contributed, though I knew they deserved it. But now they are gone. The sense of shame is not posthumous, and they are beyond the reach of it. Still the dead body may be of use. Anatomy is not to be taught without dissection, which helps for a while to save even the carcase from putrefaction.

They who intend to court some present favour or to impose their prejudices on posterity, may profess to write with candour, which, in effect and at best, is only balancing judiciously between right and wrong, and arguing the case with an air of equanimity. The most disinterested among us are delighted to think that they shall live in their children, and that their opinions will survive them; for otherwise why should a selfish being wish to propagate falsehood beyond his own life, when nothing can be gained by it? I may possibly see these objects through a medium that deceives me; but my resolution is to speak truth, which cannot be done in a language appropriated to the subject and the parties without asperity and scorn. I cannot reconcile it to any honest principle to find a felon guilty and then recommend him to mercy.

The fundamental laws of France excluded the female line of descendants from succeeding to the crown.[1] For want of a similar institution, England, in the last two centuries, has for the most part been sacrificed to foreigners. The hereditary title of James the First acknowledged as indefeasible and submitted to without conditions, was soon converted into divine right, which means nothing but the temporal power of one man over many, and not to be accountable in this world for the use he makes of it. While the nation had an English spirit, the arbitrary pretensions of James and his family were resisted by

[1] La nation françoise se pénétra dès lors de ce grand intérêt, qui est l'objet veritable de la loi salique en ce qui concerne la succession au trône, c'est *qu'aucun étranger ne puisse régner sur la France*; ce qui pourroit arriver et ce qui arrive chez presque toutes les autres nations par les mariages des femmes en pays étrangers.—*Gaillard*, i. 27.

civil war, anarchy, and revolution. If he had been tolerably qualified for his new office, or, in any rational sense, equal to his station, it would be of little moment at any time whether he was the son of Henry Darnley or of David Rizzio. A worthy and honourable man in possession makes good his title. If the place devolve to him by inheritance, it is a material advantage, because it saves a dispute about succession. Divine right to be a king or constable is a mere mummery, and equally in both. Who knows, or who cares, whether Alfred was the legitimate son of his predecessor? A son of Queen Elizabeth would at least have been an Englishman.

Subsequent failures in the male line introduced another foreign family, with different professions, a similar character brutified, and in the end with worse effects. The Stuarts had no direct interests or avocations out of their own island. The Hanoverians thought of nothing but their possessions on the Continent, as if they were dazzled with their new settlement, and were not sure of keeping it, and how to make England subservient to German politics and to the advantages of Hanover. That partiality has lately ended in the destruction of its object. During war, England was nowhere so vulnerable by France as in this Electorate; and, whenever peace came, the losses of the Elector were always made good at the expense of the King or rather of the kingdom. Between the families of Stuart and Brunswick, one great and most resolute man intervened for the general protection of Europe. But he wanted wisdom or inclination to promote the independence and happiness of this island. He had no English principles, and still less an English heart. The Salique law neither did nor was meant to provide against the administration of women, to whom the Regency of France has been often trusted; but to prevent the greatest of all evils, the introduction of strangers into the domestic government, particularly their nearest neighbours, who are usually the worst of all strangers. Under the House of Hanover, the names and forms of the English Constitution have hitherto been preserved, and through the medium of a Parliament a power more absolute and ruinous than that which the Stuarts claim directly from God, has gradually centred in the Crown. Prerogative at first gave way to influence, and now the influence is ready to support whatever the king chooses to call his royal prerogative. All men know the fact, and no man cares for

the consequence. Everything, that once was elevated and generous in the national character, is either tainted by corruption or depressed by the cares and distresses of a heavy overwhelming taxation, and the incessant tormenting vigilance of those who gather it. In the lower ranks of fortune, public spirit is sunk and lost in the real necessity and daily anxiety of providing for existence. In the higher classes, the same anxiety prevails without the necessity, except that which their own folly, in throwing away their independence, has created, and drives them to resort to the unbounded patronage of the Crown for lucrative places for themselves and a provision for all their relations and dependents at the expense of the public. The nation itself is growing old and callous, while individuals are satisfied with hoping without reason or probability, that some form of government and some system of protection will last their time. The late revolutions in France have made the English in any rank above the populace afraid of liberty, and many of them ashamed of it. Under that shelter, the meanest men derive a strutting sort of pride and importance from their submission to power, and insult us with the security of obedience and the fatal consequences of resistance. It is melancholy to those who have any spirit or sense of true honour left, to see such a nation as England vain of its chains, and wearing them like ornaments.

The mind of the people is corrupted, even in those who have no share in the corruption but to pay for it; and good men, for some there are, believing the case to be desperate, endeavour to shut their eyes to it. The whole circulation of the empire reduced to paper, an expense so lavish that no other medium of payment can reach it, the weight of the public debt, the multitudes who live by the stocks, and the terror of a national bankruptcy, are sufficient to support any government, and to extinguish the possibility of any change by resistance. A nation governed by fear without hope is a new case in the history of mankind. Is it worth while to exhibit to such a nation the causes and the authors of its ruin? I have no other occupation left, and any employment is better for the mind than to prey upon itself.

Of all his own tribe, James the First seems to have been one of the least guilty, because he was certainly and sincerely the weakest and the vainest. Though full as worthless, he was not

quite so false as the rest of his family. He kept no faith, but he was no great hypocrite; and, if there had been any good in him, his reception in England would have spoiled him for an English king. Of himself and his wisdom, and of his royal rights, he said nothing but what he thought; and how could he think otherwise, when not only the court, but the Church of England, worshipped him like an idol, and grave prelates assured him that he was the breath of their nostrils? Princes seldom suffer by a comparison with one another. In a general degradation there is no degree. If James had not been the successor of Elizabeth, who, with safe despotic prudence, governed the few by the many; or if he had not been contemporary with Henry IV. of France, who, with many defects, had elevation of mind and a feeling heart, he might not, as a mere king, have appeared much more contemptible than other beings of the same order; and, if he had fairly left Scotland to itself, the hatred and disgust which his pretended partiality to the Scotch, a real passion for his minions in particular, and the gross and shocking depravity of his manners excited in England, might have subsided. In himself he was equally despicable and odious: One personal vice he had more than his countrymen, and one virtue less. An aversion to women, when the passion is not extinguished by time, is incompatible with any manly qualities. Nature cannot be driven out of her course with impunity. His pretensions to power were exorbitant, but not vigorous, because his mind was not masculine like that of Elizabeth. If his principles and presumption had been supported by courage, he might have enslaved England before the nation was prepared to oppose him. But these and all his bad qualities were happily checked in their operation by excessive timidity. He talked big to his English subjects, because he found they were humble, and he fawned on the Scotch, who[1] were apt to make very free with their kings, because he was afraid of them. The Scotch and he knew one another, and the English, for a long time, were the dupes of both.

Archbishop Spotswood says that, 'when the Scotch Parliament met in 1567, a long consultation was held what course should be taken with Queen Mary. Some urged that she should be arraign'd, and punished according to the law: others reasoned,

[1] Carte's *Ormonde*, i. 355.

that whatsoever authority was in the kingdom was derived from *her*, and was revocable at *her* pleasure; so as she could not be arraign'd, or brought to trial before any inferior judge. And when it was replied that the *Scots*, from the very beginning of the kingdom, had been in use to censure and punish their kings in case of grievous crimes, the greater number disliking that course, it was concluded that she should be detained, and kept in perpetual prison.'

They who thought it unlawful to punish their sovereign ought not to have agreed in this conclusion. On *their* principles, it could not be defended otherwise than by affirming that deposition and imprisonment for life, to which they condemned their queen without charge or trial, was no punishment.

In public and private life, what James loved best, next to hunting and his minions, was debate; and what he hated most was war. For hatred is never so hearty as when it is mixed with fear. So his political character was indolent, busy, and ridiculous. His government had no dignity or vigour, but his reign was peaceable, without any of the advantages of peace.

The manly character of England was saved by a civil war. A pugnacious animal that leaves off fighting, will sooner or later die on a dunghill; for though vanity led him into Continental connections, no interest or reproach could force him into a foreign war, while he wasted the treasure by which it might have been supported in foolish embassies and all manner of extravagance.

With a higher spirit and more courage, he would probably have gone all lengths in German politics; and, instead of dipping feebly as he did, would have plunged the nation resolutely into a contest for the Palatinate.

He had the example but not the wisdom of Elizabeth, to lend her name, to foment, to assist, and to supply, but never to be a principal in Continental quarrels. Of that compounded policy, by which an island near a continent should be governed, he had no conception. Wiser men in later times have known the medium without observing it, as if vicinity created no sympathy, or separation left no common interest. Since the accession of the Hanoverian family, the Tories said they would have no connection or intercourse with Germany. The Whigs maintained that England could not be safe without Continental, which meant nothing but German alliances, which

could not be obtained without subsidies; that is, the powers of that part of the Continent which was most exposed would not even defend themselves against France, unless they were paid for it by England. In truth, one of these parties meant nothing but to force themselves into office, by thwarting the electoral views and interests of the family on the throne; and the other to secure themselves in the possession of power and profit by a perpetual and shameless sacrifice of England to Hanover. In 1806, it was asserted by Lord Granville in the House of Lords, that the defence of Hanover was as dear to him as that of Hampshire. This declaration was received without indignation by his peers, because it excited no surprise. Every man who heard him, knew that what he meant was to pay court to the king, and that, so far, he was in earnest. With some abatement in the terms, but none in the meaning, Charles Fox maintained a similar principle on the same occasion. His advice to engage England in a war with Prussia, for the recovery of Hanover from that king, who had gratefully received it from the bounty of Buonaparte, could not be justified on any other.

The foreign policy of James the First was silly and degrading, rather than essentially injurious to England, except the mischievous folly of marrying his son to a Catholic princess, in which at last he unfortunately succeeded. At home his extravagant pretensions, unsupported by talents or resolution, provoked examination and encouraged resistance. He had very little sense of religion, though he talked about it incessantly, with many pedantic airs of learning, and no sound understanding on that or any other subject. Any form of worship and any creed would have equally pleased him, whether it provided for a church and a bishop, or a mosque and a mufti, as long as it left himself at the head of the establishment with authority to argue and preach, or if that failed, with power to dictate and to persecute. He might possibly have been taught to believe that a Christian kingdom could not be quite safe without a hierarchy; or that there could be no religion without a priesthood, or passive obedience without a formal religion. But he was sure that, in a circle of grave divines, he should never want flattery and admiration, which he thought sincere, though he was not an idiot. In all Christian monarchies the king and the bishop make common cause, that is, the dupe and the knave are united, at the expense of one

of them for the benefit of the other, or in odium tertii, and this they call Church and State. If there happened to be a resolute person on the throne, who refused to be priest-ridden, the prelacy resorted to his son, and addressed him in the words of St. Paul, 'Would to God *you* did reign, that *we* also might reign with you.' On some occasions, when the Catholic clergy were independent of the crown, when they were separated by celibacy from the community not only of their country, but of mankind, and had a foreign jurisdiction to appeal to, they manfully took part with the barons against the king, and forced him to acknowledge the rights of the nation, in an authentic form, of which there was no example then, nor imitation since, in any other country. Yet it is difficult to conceive a more irreligious and mischievous institution than that of the English clergy, as it then stood. For even in their resistance to the usurpations of the Crown, there was not a spark of patriotism or public spirit, any more than of religion. They were always churchmen and nothing else. Fortunately for England, the prelacy had a direct interest of their own in opposing and limiting the king's power, and in contributing as they did to a great national benefit. How so much, or how any general good could have proceeded from an evil and a fraud so enormous as the Catholic Church, is not to be accounted for on human principles. There would be no justification, in our eyes, for the existence of poison, if, in some extreme cases, it did not act as a medicine or an antidote.

Let them who have any doubt about the true character of James, look to his vile deceit to his favourite and minion Somerset, whom now he hated and dreaded as an accomplice in some criminal act, which he feared he might reveal, perhaps the murder of his eldest son, if Prince Henry was his son, and certainly the partner of his detestable enjoyments. At parting with this wretch, whom he had secretly ordered to be arrested, he embraced him as usual with fulsome fondness, and entreated him to hasten his return, when he believed or hoped that he should never see him again. Look at the murder of Raleigh. That no time might be lost, he signed the warrant for his execution before the judgment had passed, and then he went a hunting. Yet of this vile miserable being Raleigh, while a prisoner, descended to affirm that, 'as well in divine as human understanding, he had exceeded all that went before him by

many degrees, and that he could say much more of the king's majesty without flattery,' and this he thought would appease him. The submissions of such a victim, by far the greatest person of his time, provoke horror at such a sacrifice.

For this king however, and his royal race, not one of whom could be accused of degeneracy, a modern philosopher has written a laboured apology, and almost a panegyric, in the shape of a history false and base enough to degrade the author, without serving the cause, or answering any honest purpose. All that I know of *Hume*, in every other character, makes it unaccountable to me, why he should have undertaken such a laborious task and so unworthy of him. With all his follies and depravities, James was not a downright fool. He knew, as well as we do, that, when he consented to let his only son go to Spain in quest of a wife, and in company of Buckingham, it was an act little short of madness, in himself much more than in *them*;—the fact is, he was afraid of them both, but chiefly of Buckingham, for more reasons than one. He got a short respite by his submission; but they, or one of them, murdered him at last. I cannot believe that this unfinished, ill-constructed creature could have been the offspring of the handsomest man and woman at that time in Europe, who married for love. The murder of David Rizzio, in the presence of the queen, who was then big with child, would have been too barbarous an act even for the savages of those times, if he had not been suspected of a criminal connection with her.[1] A recorded sarcasm of Henry the Fourth of France is sufficient to show that some opinion to that effect must have been current in Europe about the real father of James the First, who bore no resemblance to Darnley.

All the follies and principles of James were entailed on his successor; but in *him* the follies were reformed by deportment, and the principles maintained with obstinacy. The father was conceited about himself. The son was not so proud of his own qualifications, as vain of his station and fond of the paltry ceremonials, which help to shelter these kings from observation by dazzling the multitude and keeping sharper eyes at a distance. He wore the crown as he would an ornament, that denoted his

[1] Vide Osborne's *Letters*; and Oldmixon's *History of the Stuarts.*

rank rather than his office or his duties, and strutted in his robes like a king in a tragedy, or a herald in a procession. They who latterly were best acquainted with this man, though tempted by many probable advantages, would never trust him.

By others it is said that his promises might have been depended on, because he was rigorously just, and above all things sincere in the piety he professed; but true piety makes no professions.[1] One loyal compiler, who calls himself an Englishman, has had the courage to assert, 'that no prince had ever more lenity, compassion, and probity, in his nature, and that he was so great a lover of justice, that no temptation could dispose him to a wrongful action.' In a common man, allowance may be made for difficulties of situation and personal distresses. If exalted virtue were not rare, it would lose the distinction that belongs to comparative eminence. Heroic qualities cannot be common, much less vulgar. As the merits of men are usually measured by their pretensions, the world is not apt to exact much from him who pretends to very little. But Charles was a saint at all times, and is now a martyr. The man was naturally grave and by habit formal. His personal deportment of course was well enough relished in Spain. Then he was very regular in his devotions; that is, he was exactly as religious as churchmen wished to make him. They taught him the full value of mental reservations and appeals to heaven, which placed his sincerity beyond the reach of human cognizance. Almost all his falsehoods were asserted on the word of a King and a Christian; as for example, that he had never given to the Earl of Glamorgan those commissions and powers, which were then known by many, and now are known by all, to have been repeatedly given. Where he learned his morality, if he had any, or by whom he was taught his religion, is a question not answered by history, and now not to be resolved by any rational conjecture. If he possessed *these* virtues at any time, it must have been in his infancy or childhood. For, after that period, he had no example or instruction to purify his morals, but the licentious discourses and filthy practices of his father, the high doctrines of fawning prelates, and the profligate society of Buckingham.[2] Such was the school the master, and the education. An apology, that proves no

[1] Carte, iv. 608.

[2] Vide Milton.

merit, is a confession. At a later period he learned better manners if not more wisdom; but his insincerity stuck to him, and, the more he appealed to God, the less he was believed. The Puritans knew the value of those appeals as well as *he*, and were as ready to make use of them. *His* jargon was more decorous, or less absurd, than theirs, but equally false; except that *he* and Laud were in earnest about forms and ceremonials, obeisance to the altar, position of the communion table, &c. as many of the others were unquestionably mad enough to be enthusiasts about the Covenant and the Book of Revelations, and the kingdom of Christ, and such trumpery. The essential difference between them was that Charles was better informed, whereas most of the Puritans, who read nothing but the Bible, were excessively ignorant. Their nonsense was just as good as his, but not so well drest. In the first quarto edition of Hume's History,[1] an important confession (for who can be always on his guard against truth?) had escaped him; 'that Charles was too apt, in imitation of his father, to consider these promises as temporary expedients, which after the dissolution of the Parliament he was not farther to regard.' Fain would he retract or qualify the only truth he ever uttered on the subject, by calling it afterwards[2] *a negligence, or rash expression.* Instead of the original words, not hastily uttered in conversation or debate, but deliberately written and printed by himself, he desires to substitute the following:—'But he (Charles) was too apt, in imitation of his father, to imagine that the Parliament, when they failed of supplying his necessities, had, on their part, freed him from the obligation of a strict performance.' When a man, so cunning, cautious, cold, and phlegmatic as David Hume, is reduced to shelter his own veracity under an admission of negligence or rashness, he makes the case of his two heroes desperate. But the flight of the arrow is not to be recalled. From a friend and an advocate the wound is mortal. In another place he says, that 'the self-command of Charles was united with perfect candour and sincerity; otherwise it had merited but small praise.' This passage in the first edition was left out in all that followed.

In the course of Charles's life I see nothing that ought to have saved it. Even David Hume admits that he had treated

[1] Vol. i. p. 156. [2] Vol. ii. p. 314.

the nation like a conquered province.[1] In his heart he was always a tyrant, and when he could not carry his point by power, equally ready to resort to the meanest duplicity. The imprisonment of the Earl of Arundel in 1626, and the violation of the privileges of the House of Lords in that case, were only a prelude to his forcible entrance into the House of Commons in 1641, and an early sample of his arbitrary principles. On this subject, the words of Mr. Hassell[2] are not so generally known as they ought to be. What a faithful picture of the character of Charles doth this short history exhibit! 'Arbitrary, imperious, obstinate, and deceitful! Secretly wishing to trample on the privileges of Parliament, yet not daring to avow his intentions, he endeavours, by false insinuations and untrue assertions, to protract the time till it should be no longer in the power of the Lords to contend with him.' With all his stately airs and pretensions, the terms on which he submitted to send a very considerable force, in 1631, under the Marquis of Hamilton, to assist Gustavus Adolphus, were as mean and feeble as if he were dealing with a superior. In this transaction he forgot even his pitiful kingship, and yielded, with as little reason as dignity, to the dictation of a superior mind. When Elizabeth sent Essex, at the head of an inconsiderable English army, to serve under Henry the Fourth, I suppose that brave woman would have hanged him, *if he had taken an oath of fidelity to the crown of France*, to qualify him for the honour of fighting for that crown.

Though cold and slow by constitution, he was naturally vindictive, and in his youth dissolute without passions, formal, stately, false, unfeeling, tyrannical on the throne, and sometimes barbarously cruel. He was a master of the phrases and formalities of the constitution, for no purpose but to destroy it. These phrases express nothing but obedience and submission to the king, who is constantly called *our Sovereign Lord*, and some of the forms observed in approaching or addressing him are little less than servile. Why? Because a king of this country, having of right no direct force in his own hands, would be a feeble, defenceless person, most exposed by the eminence of his position, and therefore incapable of executing the duties of his station, if he were not surrounded and pro-

[1] Anno 1626. [2] Vol. i. p. 145.

tected by a multiplicity of personal forms and observances, as well as by positive laws, superfluous or unnecessary under a despotic government. A strict construction of the monarchical language of the laws, against his better knowledge, supplied Charles with technical arguments, which the Parliament did not always encounter so directly as they might have done in more enlightened times. Instead of resorting at once to principles in their declarations, as they did in their conduct, they submitted to give the best explanation they could to terms and formularies, which they knew prevailed with the majority of an ignorant people, particularly with those who lived in the country. At last the question went to issue, and was decided by the sword. If the event had been in his favour, it would of course have been called a dispensation. The success of guilt, though said to be permitted for wise purposes, is never attributed to Providence. The evils that ensued are known. But is it sufficiently considered what the consequences must have been if Charles had conquered the Parliament? On the face of the whole transaction, and with the ideas and principles since derived from the revolution, it is difficult for us to conceive how a constitutional Englishman, who valued personal freedom or had anything to lose, could have supported Charles against the Parliament in the first instance. Neither can it be safely or justly asserted that, when Charles was subdued, it could not have been the sincere opinion of any honest man, that the best course at that moment would have been to have concluded with him on the terms to which he submitted at last. To judge fairly of the right or wrong of human conduct, especially in cases of great hazard either way, you must live back to the same time and stand on the same ground with the parties concerned and then in action. Events prove nothing against virtue or prudence, but that both are left to the mercy of chance, or of free will determined by accident, passion, or folly, and estimated afterwards by success or consequences. On the surface of the question, it appeared to have been the interest of all parties, though not of every individual, to have accepted and closed with what are called his concessions in the Isle of Wight, with such securities as might possibly have been taken. To this difficulty there is but one solution. They knew him. For that Cromwell, in 1647, had any hope or conception of making himself master of these kingdoms seems to me incredible.

To reinstate and to limit the power of the crown in the same person, is a dangerous experiment, and has never yet been tried with success. In judging of the necessity or prudence of putting Charles to death and of the merits of the parties who voluntarily took that resolution, or who thought they had no other security, we are not to assume less knowledge than they had of the man, or less ground for suspecting him. Who can say that, if Charles had been reinvested with any portion, however limited, of the power he once possessed, he might not gradually have recovered the whole? He thought so himself, and they had no doubt of his intending and attempting it. Effectual resistance to abuses, growing under authority and protected by establishments, can only be maintained by a constant effort and exertion, from which the human mind naturally relaxes when left to itself, and readily reverts to its habitual repose. Whereas power, like avarice, is always in pursuit, seldom at rest except to take breath, and never satisfied. Natural wants or appetites are suspended by food or palled by possession. Those of the mind grow by what they feed on. Some anecdotes are happily preserved by writers, otherwise studious to exalt or defend him, which remove the masque and discover the real *vultus* or volition of his mind. In a common man, the desertion of Strafford might be forgiven. He sacrificed a zealous apostate from popularity[1] (for which, and his first zeal in pursuing it, the king probably never forgave him), and, on his own notions, a faithful servant (for he was too much a king to have a friend) to what he thought the safety of his wife and children, if not to his own. In this instance, he was abandoned by his warmest advocates; because the instruments of tyranny are very unwilling to be deserted. In their eyes the example is dangerous. There would be an end of their office, they would have no occupation, or justice might overtake them, if the author of evil were not bound to keep faith with his agents. On his own professed principles, and when he had declared 'that no fear, no respect whatsoever should ever make him go against his conscience,'[2] the sacrifice

[1] It is a fact little known or taken notice of, that, in 1625, Sir Thomas Wentworth, Sir Edward Coke, Richard Knight, Esq., and Sir Robert Phillips, who in the last Parliament had appeared against the favourite Buckingham, were pricked for sheriffs for their respective counties, to prevent their being returned to serve in the next.

[2] May 1, 1641.

of Strafford divests Charles of every pretension to eminence in personal fortitude, in morals, or religion; but it leaves him a weak, pardonable being, overpowered by the tears of women, and willingly misled by the advice of courtiers and bishops, who pretended to be anxious for the safety of his family. The supposed consent of Strafford furnishes no excuse for deserting him, and would have made a very different impression on a generous mind. The case and the counsel, however, protect Charles a little in the fact. A better being might have yielded as he did. But, when all his grief and intercession end in a pitiful ridiculous postscript, 'If he must die, it were charity to reprieve him till Saturday,' the mind sickens with contempt of him. Well might the criminal so justly rewarded say, *Put not your trust in princes.* I do not believe that Charles was in earnest, though it imported him to maintain the appearance of it, or that he ever forgave Strafford for his original sins in the House of Commons, though he trusted and employed him. If, instead of resorting to a series of humiliating expedients, he had taken his resolution manfully, and as he might have done safely for himself at least; if he had gone to the Parliament and told them that they might take *his* life if they would, but that he never would be party to the death of a man whom he knew or believed to be innocent of any capital crime, my own feelings tell me that such an act of magnanimity would have saved Strafford. The Lords and Commons would not have agreed in passing an ordinance without the king, first, to complete the attainder and then to carry it into execution. And, as to his own life, it had never entered into the contemplation of any man, at that time, to put the king to death. We are speaking of a probability, which cannot be proved. The measures he took failed. Is it unreasonable to presume that an opposite course might have succeeded? At all events, he would have saved his honour, and lost nothing but a poor respite and a miserable permission to live a few years longer, such as he had solicited for a few days to be allowed to Strafford. On that ground, he would have died honourably, and his death would have blasted his opponents. Not that I admit generally that, according to the constitution of this country, the crown has a negative except in its own defence, on the legislative resolutions of a free Parliament. 'Le roy s'avisera,' is a phrase by which

nothing was originally meant, but a liberty to consult with the Lords upon a bill presented by the Commons, though now taken for a right inherent in the king of denying such bills as may be offered to him by the Lords and Commons. Even a private person is not at liberty to plead his conscience against positive laws or duties.

In England the supreme *executive* magistrate is bound by the sense of the nation, expressed by Parliament in acts of legislation, whether his opinion concurs in it or not. He is not allowed to justify a refusal to be so bound by appealing to a test, of which no human tribunal can take cognizance, and which might be pretended, to shelter any denial of justice to the people. *A private conscience suits not with a public calling.* But, if the reverse were true, it would be no defence of Charles, in his own court of conscience, for consenting to the attainder of Strafford. If, as one only bishop honestly told him, he was not satisfied in conscience to condemn Strafford of high treason, and if that scruple were sincere, he ought to have adhered to it. In *him*, the consent he gave was murder, aggravated by the dreadful consideration that he was an accomplice, if not a principal, in the chief of the treasons imputed to Strafford. Read Charles's letter to him of the 24th of April, 1641.

The conviction of this man, on the impeachment, might have been illegal for want of strict legal evidence; but the *attainder* of him was just, because the proof of his guilt was sufficient. Extreme cases will not submit to be governed by the formalities, which ought to be observed in the general administration of justice, or by the ordinary courses of proceeding; nor is there any real danger that a special act of justice, without legality, shall be drawn into a common rule or practice, which all men would feel to be unsafe to the community, and a most dangerous instrument of lawless tyranny.

Great and powerful offenders are not easily overtaken by formal justice, which is and ought to be slow; nor is there any reason to fear that a rare instance of irregular proceeding, in the punishment of extraordinary guilt, should be generally dangerous to innocence. Such examples, exhibited now and then, may possibly deter and prevent, by showing that no criminal however high in rank, is quite sure of being protected by forms and phrases, when power is gone. At all events, they

can do no harm. Arbitrary power will quote precedents or act without them, just as it happens, or according to the emergency. Positive institutions are disgraced, not when they are violated by force, but when they are perverted by fraud or abuse. Acts of absolute necessity neither want nor furnish a precedent. The treasons, for which Strafford deserved death, were against his country, which, by our ancient Saxon law, was a higher crime and more severely punished, than that of contriving the death of the king. The first was treachery as well as felony. The second was felony only.[1] In the rolls of Parliament, he, who should violate certain statutes, is constantly described as a high and false traitor to the king *and kingdom*.[2] The oaths, in which these declarations are stated, coming directly from and being prescribed by a king so arbitrary and worthless as Richard the Second, not only amount to an acknowledgment that the doctrine was true, but that it was universally known and admitted.

Strafford at first had gone as far as any man reprobating the arbitrary measures of Charles, and then with greater violence in support of them. His name was at the head of the *fiery spirits*, as they were called at court, who distinguished themselves by their ardent speeches and proceedings against Government in the House of Commons, and was bribed soon after by a peerage and an office, when prostitution in that way was uncommon. Many have followed his example, and nobody, that we know of, has been deterred by his fate. He says himself, in a personal address to the king, 'your majesty of your mere and free grace made me a *baron*, when you had scarce heard of me, and that too rather by ill report than good.' If you have any doubt of the abandoned baseness of this man, a slave to get power, a brutal tyrant in using it, and as arrogant as he was mean according to the ground he stood on, compare his language and conduct in the English House of Commons, up to 1628, with his speech to the Irish Parliament in 1634,[3] and with all his monstrous servility to Charles. 'The hidden secrets and privileged peculiars of kings, for which they are in no kind accountable, nor ought any subject uncalled to intermeddle,—his

[1] Vide N. Bacon, 61; and Barrington, 244.
[2] Tyrel, anno 1397–8. [3] Vol. i. p. 236.

gracious and great master, the best of kings, and their happiness in gathering the blessed fruits of his government.' All semblance of virtue was dead in him, and the sense of shame did not survive it. In the king's sacrifice of Strafford, there is a visible motive and an object, fear and safety; with examples enough, and the advice of four bishops against one. But where was the offence that could excuse a king, a Christian, and a gentleman, in striking Sir Harry Vane[1] in his own house, or in spurring his horse to trample on Sir Thomas Fairfax, who was on his knees to present a petition to him.

In the private life of Lewis the Fourteenth there is no anecdote so creditable to him, as his throwing his cane out of the window that he might not be provoked *to strike a gentleman.* Yet the direct personal insolence of Lauzien on that occasion and to such a man as the king was wonderful, and might have made any instant act of resentment excusable. His Majesty however did not forget him, but made him pay for it on a later occasion and quite another pretence. Charles pretended to be eminently a Christian, and was very regular in his stately devotions. Yet he did all he could to have Felton tortured on the rack, professing however that, 'if it might be done by law he would not use his prerogative on this point;' and when that barbarous wish was disappointed, he pressed the judges to have his hand cut off.[2] Hume says nothing of this fact. The cruel punishments inflicted by the Star Chamber, before his face, may possibly be imputed to others. Here you see the man himself, who knew as well as we do now, that tortures are equally forbidden by the laws, which he had sworn to execute in mercy, and by the mild religion, which he professed with ostentation. These instances have escaped from the wreck of history.

If the Commonwealth had survived Charles long enough, or, if the Protectorate had been established, we should have had a clearer insight into his real innate dispositions. About his public or private debaucheries with Buckingham it is in vain to enquire. When Milton wrote they were notorious. The most profligate of mankind was the first and only favourite of his

[1] Carte's *Ormonde*, i. 357.
[2] Rushworth, anno 1628.

heart, and the constant companion of his youth, for, in his attachment to Strafford, whom he bought off as an enemy, there was nothing like personal affection. This fact is sufficient, without direct evidence, which of course has been suppressed. At a later period, he might have been satisfied with the beauty of his wife, and fond of his children. In a sanctified character these are no great merits. In *him* they were little regarded. They did not even make him popular with the vulgar, because his queen was a French Roman Catholic. What passions he had were, in general, regulated by state and formality, not subdued, or not till very late, by reason or religion. They were often ungovernable; but his excesses were never followed by any atonement of condescension, generosity, or regret. Even to his wife, though uxorious beyond measure, he sometimes, from mere temper, behaved with personal slight and indignity. The extravagant submissions made by James the First to a servant whom he had beaten in a paroxysm of passion, showed at least that his heart was human.[1] In the composition of Charles the First there was no tenderness or feeling, on even terms, for any other being, except perhaps for Buckingham. He who thinks he has no equal, cannot sympathise in the sufferings of others. A king may have low partialities directed by habit or caprice, or attachments that indicate condescension, but no friendship, no affection for anybody.

The usual way of getting rid of a tyrant in this and other countries had been by assassination. Slavery must be taken with its properties. There was no example, in any history, of the public trial and execution of a king, until England gave it to the world. In this transaction there was no essential defect, except that it was not sufficiently a national or even a parliamentary resolution. Nations cannot act otherwise than by representation; and this, in its nature, could only have been the act of a minority. Whether a general assent went along with it or not, it cannot be denied that they who brought Charles to an open judgment, instead of taking him off in secret, as they might easily have done, must have thought their cause a good one, and that it would bear the light. Injustice certainly does not change its nature by acting openly, but justice cannot be done in the dark.

The regicides, who were put to death after the Restoration,

[1] Carte's *Ormonde*, i. 357.

adhered to their principles and suffered as martyrs to their cause. Charles had the forms and phrases of the constitution to plead against the jurisdiction of the court, and made no defence. In similar circumstances Louis the Sixteenth made a very plausible if not a good one. In the criminal courts below, an advocate is permitted to take all the advantages which the letter of the law will give him, to save the life of a felon. But a king, who flies for shelter to the forms of the constitution, when the charge against him is for endeavouring to subvert and ruin the constitution itself, is cast by his plea. Yet I do not mean to deny that he showed personal firmness in refusing to submit to the jurisdiction of the court, and that, by persevering in this refusal, he closed his life with more dignity and consistency than he could have done by any possible defence of his actions. The French, I am sure, envied the English for being the first nation that brought a king to a formal trial for his life.[1] Great examples cannot always be made without some personal injustice.

The abolition of royalty in England did not make the example useless of punishment in the person of a king. All other supreme executive magistrates are taught by it, that they are not above the reach of personal punishment. At this day it is not easy to believe that either Cromwell or Charles could have been sincere in his religious professions. Neither is it quite safe to pronounce, though it may well be suspected, that each of them, in his way, was a canting hypocrite. The limits of human folly, and the proportions in which sense and nonsense may subsist in the same head, are not yet ascertained. On the surface it appears that one of these men was a grave formal impostor, the other an unintelligible buffoon; that they were good actors, and that each spoke the jargon of the sect he belonged to. The King talked about religion like a bishop; the Protector like a fanatic. The difference is only in the form, and perfectly immaterial, except that none but an idiot could be imposed upon by Cromwell. There was no dignity, nor even imagination in his puritanical nonsense. His religious cant discovered no exaltation of mind, no character even of ardent enthusiasm. It was a mere flat raving stupidity, which had neither madness to excuse, nor animation to en-

[1] 'Habet aliquid ex iniquo omne magnum exemplum.'—*Tacitus.*

liven it, and fit only for the ears of the fools he had to deal with. He had great wisdom in action, but very little in public discourse; for practical wisdom depends chiefly on personal resolution, and not at all or very little on argument. In human conduct, the wisest course is generally obvious enough to a plain understanding, until the question has been thoroughly argued and debated by casuists and orators. Almost all the great abilities of my time have run into debate or litigation, which, with powerful advocates on both sides, seldom ends in a clear conviction on either. Cromwell's religious phrases and mummery were always ridiculous or unintelligible; but his conduct was wise enough for his purposes; and if he had been sincere at any time in the follies he talked of, the possession of royal power would soon have cured him. He knew, as well as any king, that professions and creeds supply the place of practice, and, having a much better understanding than Charles, would probably have beaten him at his own weapons. The correspondence and battle at Dunbar, in September 1650, is a comedy on his side and a tragedy on the other. The preparations of the Scotch to defend their country began with dismissing eighty officers, which they called purging the army of malignants, and then the army composed of saints was pronounced invincible. Both parties appealed to the Lord; but Cromwell knew the Lord better than they did; and when he saw them mad enough to quit their position, as they did by the advice, or rather the phrenzy, of the clergy,[1] notwithstanding the remonstrances of Leslie, who appears to have possessed sufficient military skill as well as personal resolution, he had no doubt, on common human principles, that the Lord had delivered the saints and the godly into his hands. But these pious persons, though the decision of the flesh was against them, were not so easily cudgelled out of their spiritual faith. He asks them, 'Did not *you* solemnly appeal and pray? Did not *we* do so too? And now you say, *You have not so learned Christ to hang the equity of your cause upon events.* I beseech you in the bowels of Christ, for yet *our* bowels do in Christ Jesus yearn after the godly in Scotland.' The astonishing part of this transaction is that many of the Scotch ministers were as sincere fanatics and as madly in earnest as the poor people whom they deluded and misled.

[1] Vide Laing, iii. 433.

In passive courage Charles was not deficient, much less in natural obstinacy, and, fortunately for the close of his character, which leaves the final impression, he was taught by adversity, perhaps at last by devotion, when all other hope was gone, to meet his fate with firmness, and to bear with equanimity the indignities offered to his person. They who think him most guilty, must lament that public justice should not have been able to preserve its own dignity by protecting him from outrages, at sight of which every generous heart is interested for him. Sufferings of this sort, however, are easily borne, and his in effect have turned out to his advantage. But it is not useful or perfectly just that anything but patient innocence should be made an object of compassion. Under a monarchical government, the natural feelings and propensities of the mind are perverted by education or a total want of any instruction, and modelled by habit or by the fashion of society to act in a false direction, and to look *up* for the titular objects of their compassion; as if all our pity should be reserved for kings and queens, and other exalted persons, who never *pity us*, nor even one another. And what are their sufferings? Edmund Burke assures us that these persons whom he calls '*our very unhappy brethren*, are most in want of the consolations of religion; they want this sovereign balm under their gnawing cares and anxieties. Why? Because they feel personal pain and anxiety. Indeed! Some charitable dole is wanting to these, our often very unhappy brethren, to fill the gloomy void which reigns in minds which have nothing on earth to hope or fear; something to relieve in the killing languor and over-laboured lassitude of those who have nothing to do; something to excite an appetite to existence in the palled satiety, which attends on all pleasures, which may be bought; where nature is not left to her own process, where even desire is anticipated, and therefore fruition defeated by meditated schemes and contrivances of delight; and no interval, no obstacle is interposed between the wish and the accomplishment!'

In the last act of Charles's life, some of the scenes are pathetic; and the latest impression is in his favour. But it would soon have been effaced if the republic had been permanently established, or if Cromwell had immediately succeeded to the crown, and could have preserved it in his family. After the restoration of the Stuarts, there could be no repub-

lican history. The memorials from which it might have been composed were suppressed or cried down. The evidence of Milton is hardly re-established, and very little consulted. Under a monarchy of any kind the study of his excellent Latin works is not likely to be encouraged. Such books are hardly known at our loyal universities, much less recommended by doctors of divinity, whose preferment in the church depends on their submission to the king. With such instructors, the minds of the youths committed to their care have no chance of being enlightened by a liberal education. The refusal of Milton to defend the Scotch for selling their king, has not been acknowledged by the Royalists as it deserved. He says, 'the charge, cast upon them by Charles, is so foul an infamy, as befits none to vindicate but *themselves*.' So he left it to the actors to justify their act if they could. Does there a Scot of any spirit live, who in his heart does not wish that his ancestors had brought Charles to a public trial and put him to death themselves rather than have sold him as their parliament did to suffer it by the hands, from which it might be strongly suspected at least that they received the price of his blood? This is a very natural feeling, but by no means a just national imputation, or a reasonable subject of reproach. We may lament that some of our predecessors, one hundred and sixty or one hundred and seventy years ago, were guilty of a base or criminal action; but, after all, it furnishes no charge against the present generation, who it seems are destined to be visited by and to suffer for the sins of their forefathers. Malcolm Laing, the most able and honest historian of this time, in the judgment of men who do not measure ability by words or virtue by professions, has argued this question as well as it can be argued in favour of the Scotch Parliament, is forced at last to give it up.[1] On the 1st of September 1646, the amount of arrears due to the Scottish army was fixed at £400,000. 'But the coincidence, however unavoidable, between the delivery of their king and the actual discharge and departure of their army, still affords a presumptive proof of the disgraceful imputation of having sold their king; as the English, unless previously assured of receiving his person, would never have relinquished a sum so considerable as to weaken themselves

[1] Vol. iii. pp. 348-9.

while it strengthened a people with whom such a material question remained to be discussed. *The disgraceful imputation* then can never be effaced; and who is their accuser? Their own king himself! What in truth made the Scotch in England so excessively unpopular, as they were fifty years ago, was the union of the Princess Dowager, Lord Bute, and Lord Mansfield to corrupt the young king, to keep him in profound ignorance, and then to marry him to an ugly German beggar, whom General Græme found out for them in a remote corner of Germany called Strelitz, unheard of in England before that auspicious marriage, and for which that Græme was incessantly tormenting his employers, as if he had not been, or ever could be, sufficiently rewarded for that eminent service. Then came the persecution of John Wilkes, which personally damned and degraded the king, because he was known to take a personal part in it.

Buchanan, the eminent if not only classic of Scotland, is not believed against Mary Queen of Scots, nor De Witt against the House of Orange.

The historians most read, or at all read, are on the side of monarchy and power, and everything they say is taken on trust. Even *they* decline and will be neglected, and gradually forgotten, unless when they are consulted for argument in party. The slow, long-winded, solemn Clarendon sinks with his own weight. The deep and treacherous Hume, I speak only of the historian, is detected. One writes always in his robes, the other in his common dress; and both with an air of impartiality and admission that masks their essential falsehood, which consists in the final impression, with no more truth in the detail than could not be suppressed or perverted. Their doctrines now are equally disregarded. With a people, careless or subdued, conviction has no weight, even in the scale of submission. They yield by inclination to any power that promises to protect their property, and all power, even that of the sword, is strengthened by professions. But Clarendon and Hume with superior qualifications, had mixed and acted in public life. Burnet fails chiefly for want of force and dignity. The simplicity of his style and manner would be more persuasive of his veracity if the general bent of his history did not seem to lean to one side with too little censure of his own party. A narrative of anecdotes, in a plain colloquial language, will always

have attraction. Everybody is weary of Clarendon, as many are of Hume, when they know him. But nobody is tired of Burnet, though they may not always believe in him. Modern compilers, who write by contract without vocation, are mere pedants. They look for their thoughts, and measure their paces without depth of reflection or elevation of sentiment, and draw characters at a venture, in a flat monotonous style, which, if it were faultless, would make no impression for want of those rough or prominent inequalities, which indicate feeling, and exclude the idea of preparation.

Why have we no classics in history? Because there is no commonwealth, of course no interest, but to plunder and divide; because our historians breathe no public spirit, and inspire no virtue. All they pretend to teach is prudence in conduct, and moderation in judgment; as if sober reason had ever produced great actions or generous sacrifices. Mere philosophy, even when it is in earnest, is wise for itself, or aims only at repose. What they really intend and practise is, to maintain and increase the power of the crown as if it were still too weak to perform its office, or execute its duties; to calumniate and degrade every example of patriotism in former times, to throw suspicion on every character that professes public spirit, and to extinguish any spark of it in the falling generation. They succeed, and they perish; they are paid, and forgotten. In a nation, or any other organised body of men, unless they are absolutely crushed by some furious and senseless despotism directed by priests and inflamed by superstition, extreme ignorance cannot prevail very long. Time of itself will give them a sufficient knowledge of what is for their good, and observation will improve it. In their growth to maturity and progress to civilisation, they will have the spontaneous virtues and ardent affections of youth. Strong passions may produce active pursuits and vigorous energies. But hazardous enterprise, that waits for reflection, will rarely, if ever, be undertaken. Great communities called nations are slow in their elevation, not long stationary, and then rapid in their decline. When once they are generally enlightened and universally degraded, the case is incurable.

Sooner or later the heroes of modern history are found out. No just observer now can believe that Charles the Fifth was more than a very common man, with power enough to do exorbitant

mischief; or that Montrose was anything but a barbarous ruffian with great personal courage and an exalted opinion of his own qualifications. The former died pitifully, like a friar in earnest; the latter bravely, and with a noble, undaunted resolution. The character of Montrose, of which I was once the dupe, has hitherto been sheltered if not redeemed by his fortitude in the last adversity, and by the rancorous cruelty of his enemies, who nevertheless had quite reason enough to hate him. The ridiculous exit of Charles the Fifth would have blasted a life of magnanimity. With an exception of the principal classics, who are the painters of human nature, no history now can be interesting to a reasonable man, but that of his own country or of its immediate neighbourhood; and of that, or any other, no history can be true, that is not more or less improbable. Causes and motives are radical, and lie below the surface, at a depth proportioned to the exaltation of their effects above ground.

The gradual decline of the Roman Empire, from the death of Marcus Aurelius to the capture of Constantinople by Mahomet is, for the most part, fit for nothing but an epitome. Of Trajan we only know good enough to excite surprise that he could endure the laboured fulsome panegyric of Pliny spoken to his face. *He*, however, was a man among monsters, with a just sense of his duties and some feeling for his fellow-creatures, and now and then you come to a few others, like wells in a wilderness.

Gibbon's narrative is a journey over a desert, endless *in transitu*, and immediately forgotten. No power of writing could have sustained such a detail of obscure and odious characters, religious disputes and holy massacres, insignificant events, and senseless tyrants. Neither can I feel any interest in the fate of what he perpetually calls the *Roman World*. That wretched remnant of a great republic, for many centuries before its formal dissolution, was the shadow of a name. In the silent lapse of a thousand years, there must have been, here and there, a considerable man and some eminent actions, though little known and less remembered. But the affectation of Gibbon's style would have strangled any subject. The composition of his story is a dead weight on the characters and events which he wishes to exalt. You must read him over and over to know who and what he means, and, when

you know his meaning, the memory of man is not made to retain it.

With a few exceptions, you cannot remember even the names of his emperors: for so they were called when their dominion was reduced to a single city, or little more. Taken generally, it is a mere mass of confusion, in which nothing can be distinguished but the fermentation of vermin on a dunghill, persecuting and destroying one another with the arm of the flesh when they had it at their disposal, or wasting their intellects, with the fury of maniacs, in polemical debates about the administration of the eucharist and the procession of the Holy Ghost. As Gibbon truly says, 'the Greeks of Constantinople were animated only by the spirit of religion, and that spirit was productive only of animosity and discord. The emperor was deprived by it of the affection and support of his subjects, whose native cowardice was sanctified by resignation to the divine decree, or the visionary hope of a miraculous deliverance.' In one sense his book and his subject are identified. The author and the empire slowly fall together into oblivion, without exciting one natural feeling or leaving a rational impression, but sorrow for the loss of so much time, and some regret that the foolish empire and the tedious story should have lasted so long. No power of words can preserve the perishable subject from gradual decay and final putrefaction. Who is it can endure to contemplate the remains of an eminent man or a beautiful woman in their last state of mortal dissolution? For that, after all, is the tribute which mankind, in whatever individual or collective forms they may be distributed, must submit to pay to their mother earth for existence and nourishment—to rot and be forgotten. Yet Gibbon had faculties, industry, and as much of ancient Greek learning as could be obtained from translations. His book may be a useful compilation for relief, not instruction, to prisoners and others, who may be subject to the most oppressive of all human calamities, restraint without occupation. Of course it will be buried and preserved in libraries with the dead fathers of the Church, until some other folly takes possession of the human mind, which, since it cannot endure a *vacuum*, must be stuffed with nonsense. As for any real or pretended interest the present or a future generation can take in the materials or in the composition of such a history, he might better have exercised his fancy, if he had any, in com-

piling a lively, active romance, out of the rise and fall of the empire of Trebisond. Reflections similar to these occurred to the King of Prussia when, he says, he[1] had the courage to read Le Beau's 'History of the Lower Empire' from beginning to end. He asks Thiébault, 'Pouvez-vous me dire, pourquoi elle fatigue si cruellement le lecteur; pourquoi elle intéresse si peu?' 'C'est dans le fond et la nature du sujet que je crois trouver le vice principal de cet ouvrage,' &c. One would think that folly and falsehood were contagious diseases among modern historians, when a man so highly endowed by nature and qualified by science as Robertson, with whom Gibbon has no weight in the scale of comparison, could forget his dignity so far as to affirm that—'We know, *with infallible certainty*, that all the human race spring from the same source, and that the descendants of one man, under the protection as well as in obedience to the command of Heaven, multiplied and replenished the earth.' I know not whether I ought most to admire or lament him. To multiply the earth is simple nonsense. But how does he know, *with infallible certainty*, that the population of the earth proceeded from one man? He forgot that he was an historian, and not a preacher. For *my* part, I cannot see such a wise, industrious, and enlightened writer drop from his eminence into the cant and slang of a pulpit without sorrow and disgust.

When the English Parliament drew the sword against Charles, they should have abandoned all thoughts of a reconciliation with him on any terms, and abolished the office of king in a single person. Then, perhaps, they might have maintained a mixed republic on the Roman model, with executive magistrates, to be annually elected, a senate preserved in the House of Lords, and the people represented in the House of Commons. I speak doubtfully of the success of such a plan, because I believe that a majority of the nation would not have concurred in it. They failed by attempting to reconcile contradictions. They, in fact, proclaimed the king to be a tyrant by taking up arms against him, and then they negotiated with him; as if it had been possible to reduce a corrupt despotism to a limited monarchy in the same person, or even in the same family. The French made a similar mistake in 1791. Instead of resolving

[1] Vide *Souvenirs de Vingt Ans*, i. 171.

at once to extirpate the tyranny, they thought they could prune it, and that, when it was corrected and restrained, it might safely be reinstated. But they soon found that the pretensions of arbitrary power dispossessed are never relinquished. All that it recovers is a right to be resumed. All that it loses is a wrong to be repaired. The wisest course would have been to invest one man with full power to form and establish a new constitution, on a given principle. A greater number would not have agreed in choosing the best plan; much less, when it was adopted, would they have agreed in destroying it. If the prejudices or disposition of a majority of the nation had made such a measure impracticable or too hazardous in the first instance, they should have chosen another king, without any hereditary claim or title by succession, and settled the constitution under him on their own terms.

The mischiefs of election are more in the vices of the people than of the king, and show that pure theories, without alloy, are too fine for common use. Electors are so corrupt and degenerate, that instead of choosing they sell. In Poland every other part of the government was ill constituted, and manners universally depraved. The ruin of such a nation was inevitable, though sometimes delayed or evaded by the election of a king, when they were driven by necessity to choose a good one. If, during the contest, an arbitrary power has been usurped, the best way is to choose the usurper, supposing him in other respects qualified and equal to the office, and with nothing to answer for much worse than his ambition, and to give him a legal title. Wise laws are favourable to possession, not for the sake of the possessor, but to promote tranquillity and concord—*ut sit finis litium*. By those of England, a king *de facto* is as well protected against treason, and must be as exactly obeyed, as if his title were unquestionable. His power to protect, if he uses it for that purpose, gives him a right to allegiance. The service and the claim are reciprocal. Were it otherwise, one part of the nation, at every revolution in the government, would be liable to be proscribed, if not massacred, by the other. In ancient times, the English Parliament generally acted on this principle: the usurper *must* be a man of abilities; and, finding his place secured and his safety provided for by law, he would probably consider the law as his title, and defend it for his own sake.

Hereditary succession has the advantage of precluding contests, usually managed by corruption and often determined by violence. But minors and idiots take their turn, and, in a few generations, the best of princes are apt to forget themselves and their origin, and to derive their power from a source which makes them not accountable on earth. If the right be divine, the exercise of it cannot be subject to human cognizance. The people are at perfect liberty to trust in Providence for justice hereafter, provided that, in the meantime, they suffer and obey. Temporal power must be insatiable, if it be not contented with a passive obedience, which submits quietly and looks for compensation to a future retribution in some other state of existence. The House of Hanover had not been near a century on the throne, when it was publicly maintained and received in England with unbounded applause as pure constitutional doctrine, 'that kings were to account for their conduct to the one great Master, Author, and Founder of society.'[1] James the First and Charles the First claimed this responsibility, in the same terms, as their divine right. They both maintained 'that for the exercise of the prerogatives of their imperial crown, they were not bound to render any account but to God alone.' To that unseen tribunal and distant reckoning all kings are ready to hold themselves amenable; and, though they can do no wrong in this world, they had rather be tried and convicted in any other. It is their claim and their privilege that, in *them* alone, the punishment of guilt should be sheltered from human justice by an appeal to that of Heaven.

If, in the appointment of a king, election be preferred to succession, it ought to be of persons, not families. Otherwise you have the benefit of the principle only for a life, and then you abandon it. If Cromwell had been chosen by common consent and his safety provided for, he would probably have filled the throne with dignity, and executed his office with moderation. The king would have been a very different person from the protector. He was a wise man, if wisdom and ambition are compatible, and he had some good qualities, particularly temper; but it is not easy to be honest and ambitious. The factions that divided the country made it almost impossible that the power of the Parliament could have continued much

[1] Edmund Burke, p. 138.

longer, even if it had not been dissolved by Cromwell. Sooner or later it would have devolved to a single person, as it did to one of the worst of the human species, when the Long Parliament was restored. Cromwell's cruelty to the Catholics in Ireland must always be excepted from any good that can be said of him. Though guilty of some acts of violence in England after he had assumed the government, it was not so much to serve his ambition, the principal object of which was accomplished, as to secure his safety. He did very little gratuitous mischief, and none that he thought so. He was not naturally cruel or revengeful. His personal security engrossed too much of his attention, and drove him to severities, without which an usurper cannot be safe, but which monarchs, with an undisputed title and no necessity, are equally ready to resort to. All personal power is adverse to restraint and fond of short courses. I have no more a disposition to be ill governed by an usurped than by an hereditary power; but if I were forced to choose, I am sure it would be my interest to prefer the new dominion; for princes, once dispossessed for misconduct, are never to be trusted. A domestic usurper can have no foreign interests, prejudices, attachments, or connections, and he must be a man of abilities. For the success of his purposes, it is essential to him to acquire reputation, which cannot be had without some mixture of generosity, real or pretended. He must see that, to enjoy the object of his ambition, and still more to insure the succession in his family, the best course for himself is to use his power gently and to govern with moderation. In a few generations the succeeding occupants would stand on their inheritance, and act accordingly, until they, in their turn, were forced to give way to another usurpation. Cromwell was driven to govern by power, because the factions among his own party, as well as the royalists and presbyterians, would not suffer him to govern by law; as if it were better to have a real dictator than a titular king. 'In England his government was, to be sure, somewhat rigid, but, for a new power, no savage tyranny. The laws in general had their course, and were admirably administered.'[1]

In himself, perhaps, there might have been some motives of personal vanity to wear a crown; but there could be no public

[1] Edmund Burke.

wisdom or consistency in refusing, as the Romans did to Julius Cæsar, the name of king to him, who already possessed much more than regal power under another designation. The envy of individuals, in his own party, prevented a settlement in that form. The nation, it was said, could not endure a limited monarchy in the person of Cromwell; but they submitted to an arbitrary protectorate, whose powers were indefinite. They swore to be faithful to his son, and then they restored the crown, without limitations or conditions, through the treachery of Monk, to the basest of mankind; all which we owe to the servile precipitation and treachery of the Presbyterians, in whose hands the whole efficient power of the kingdom was vested at that time. In times of contest and violence excluding choice, it is in vain to look for strict and perfect right in the original assumption of powers. Undoubtedly, to give it that character, it ought to proceed from national choice, which, as the act or volition of a great country, cannot practically be better expressed than by general consent or acquiescence. But this, the best of all titles to power and to be held as a trust, is too rare in the world to furnish precedents in favour of election to fill the office of king. The usurper who uses his power with prudence and moderation, makes good his title. How does it appear that any one of the dynasties which actually govern the world was not founded in fraud or violence? The origin of most of them is too remote or obscure to be examined. Of the purity of the source there is no evidence. The impurity of the stream wants none. Ambition and conscience are not made to live together; but he who has great objects must have some magnanimity. Except kings who have inherited arbitrary power or held it very long, there are idiots enough, but no mere devils, left in Europe, even in the highest classes of mankind. In the first years of usurpation, the government is commonly mild and popular. The natural tendency of a long possession, a secure title and no pretender, is to convert monarchy into tyranny, in its turn to be extirpated and succeeded by another usurpation. This danger as to England is too remote to be permitted or regarded. The qualifications of the House of Brunswick secure us from any enterprise that would require character, courage, common sense, or the trust and confidence of any man who knew them to make it successful. Excepting, perhaps, in Russia, where one frantic fool (Paul)

was endured for five years before they murdered him, it is not possible that in Europe a false, a base, unfeeling, ignorant, perfidious, cowardly voluptuary, can be in himself a formidable person in any station, certainly not very long. Cromwell might easily have purchased or procured the assassination of all the Stuart family. The royal party made no scruple to set him a sufficient example, and a common usurper would have followed it. Whether his forbearance proceeded from scruple, indifference, or good humour, there is reason enough now to lament that, after his declaration that he would avenge on that whole family any further unsuccessful attempt against his life, he was not provoked to go the full length of that principle. In his foreign politics it may be doubted whether he understood the true interests of the nation; but he certainly maintained its honour, the only thing worth fighting for, according to Charles Fox, with a high hand, after a long neglect and degradation of both by Charles and his father. They who condemn him for want of policy in joining with France against Spain, which then made part of the House of Austria, seem to argue upon afterthoughts with the help of experience. The power of France was not formidable to the rest of Europe in 1655, while the Thirty Years' War, the desolation of Germany, and the fierce, bigoted tyranny of Ferdinand the Third, were fresh in the memory of all men. When that of Spain was perhaps sufficiently reduced, the principle of opposing and lowering it still prevailed. Charles the Second is not condemned for supporting the separation and independence of Portugal. Cromwell's object was not to possess himself of territory on the Continent, but ports and harbours on the coast of Flanders. In his hands, the possession of them would have furnished the means not only of extending and protecting our foreign trade, but of checking the enterprises of France, particularly against Flanders and Holland. With this view, he made Dunkirk his object, and persisted in it. The Spaniards had made him an empty chimerical offer of putting him in re-possession of Calais, viz. when it should be taken by their united forces. But Cromwell knew their weakness and their perfidy too well to have any contract or concern with them. So he closed with France, and by that measure obtained Dunkirk. The merits of this question have been so ably argued and truly stated already in the collection of Treaties published in 1785, that the wisdom of his conduct

in this instance need not be insisted on. At his death he left a fleet of 160 ships, with which, as Lewis the Fourteenth says, 'He might have undertaken great actions.' The political existence of his son was too short and insignificant to deserve much notice. Yet if princes could be taught by example it would furnish them with a good lesson. The whole nation pretended to congratulate Richard on his accession, and promised to support him, as usual, with their lives and fortunes, and in three years after made the same professions to Charles the Second.

No society can exist without some kind of government, nor any established government changed without changing everything else; and this is so difficult that human force cannot do it. The legislators of ancient times called in divine authority to their assistance, and were followed by Mahomet. But that engine will not do now. In England the general disposition of the people, compounded of habit, prejudice, religion and ignorance, is, and commonly has been, more likely to acquiesce in the will of the absolute prince, if he has the church on his side, and is wise enough not to use his power but when he wants it, than under any form of a republic. From the deposition of Charles the First to 1660, all the forms were tried, until at last a great majority, if not the whole nation, agreed or submitted to restore his son without terms, or on his own. Most men were grown weary of discord, and glad to be quiet at any rate, and to be ruled in domestic peace by anybody. They who ought to have secured the country, betrayed and sold it. In a mere court of conscience much may be said in favour of bad kings, and even to exempt the worst of them from positive punishment; for how is it possible they should be any better? If you *will* have a king, you must take him with his education and his power. What do you expect from a creature who is never contradicted from his cradle?

For the meanness and baseness of Charles the Second, there is no excuse. He had wit, penetration and experience, the best instruction of all; but his heart was rotten, and nothing could mend him. The prevailing indolence of his disposition saved him from the commission of crimes that require activity and vigour.

He was at once ungrateful and vindictive; at all times purely and perfectly selfish, caring just as much for his friends as his

enemies, when he believed they could do him no more good or evil. He was not morose in his temper; nor perhaps personally cruel, because he was not religious like his father and brother. A melancholy sight would have interrupted his gaiety. The rest of his character shall be left to an abler hand.[1] 'He was a man without any sense of his duty as a prince, without any regard to the dignity of the crown; without any love to his people; dissolute, false, venal, and destitute of any positive good quality whatsoever, except a pleasant temper, and the manners of a gentleman.' Inclination or connections restrained Edmund Burke from finishing the picture, and from making the original as ridiculous and contemptible as it was odious. Charles the Second ended like a driveller. To save his precious soul, the royal sinner made his last confession to an ignorant Popish priest, received absolution, and died with what he thought the body and blood of Jesus Christ in his mouth in the shape of a wafer.

When the Scotch clergy forced him to adopt the Kirk, to renounce his father and mother, to swallow the Covenant, and at length to listen to their sermons, which no tyranny but a priesthood would have exacted from human patience, I feel very little indignation of their treatment of him, because I am sure that if he had had *them* in his power, he would have paid them in their own coin, not indeed by preaching and praying, for which he had no turn, but by scourging them to the bone, as he and his brother did afterwards. This example, considered on both its sides, proves two things: the propensity of man to be a king on any terms; and that arbitrary power is just as good in the few as in the many, and probably better, if the many should happen to be religious. In the understanding of James the Second it is difficult to discover a ray of right reason, or a human feeling in his heart. To call such a barbarous bigot pious is to degrade the name of piety. In addition to all the mysteries and follies of his own creed, he firmly believed what the Church of England, as by *law* established, professes, 'that good works, done without grace or inspiration, *have the nature of sin.*' With less religious zeal and more caution, he might have governed the country as he would. There was no spirit of resistance left in it. With

[1] Edmund Burke.

or without his religion, he would have been a mean merciless tyrant to the extent of his power. In this character the Scotch have more reason to remember him than the English. But his stupid devotion to Popery blinded him in the pursuit of his object, and saved us from the despotic government which he had accomplished and might have preserved. If he had not frighted the hierarchy, the passive loyal Church of England would have scrupled to oppose him in any of his other projects. The seven bishops, whose magnanimity has been much more extolled than it deserved, went no farther than to say, and that too with the utmost caution and secrecy, as if they thought of nothing but their own personal security, 'that they could not *so far* make themselves parties to the king's declaration as the distribution of it must amount to.' In Scotland the prelates publicly prayed, in 1688, 'that Providence might give the king the hearts of his subjects and the necks of his enemies.' As for the people, there was but one sort of tyranny, which, with a little management, he might not have exercised over the English with success and impunity. They were content to be robbed and enslaved, but not to be converted. At this day, no human artifice or power would be sufficient to make the Britannic part of this nation adopt the Roman Catholic creed, or even pretend to be papists.

After all men were convinced that James the Second was determined to destroy the establishment in Church and State, a majority of the nation would have kept him on the throne, with limitations; and after his abdication, a great party would have recalled him. The passion of the country for hereditary succession was as hearty and absurd as that of the king for the infallibility of the Pope.

A wise and resolute minority saved us. They saw that their purpose could not be effected by anything less than a revolution, and they were not deterred from attempting it by the recent example and final inutility of a civil war, undertaken in similar circumstances. With that precedent and all its consequences before them, they weighed their danger, and determined to encounter it. But it degrades the pride of England to see that the nation had not vigour and spirit, or even sense enough left, to right itself without foreign assistance. The question of the birth of his son is not cleared up. I

would prove him to be legitimate, because I think it unworthy of the revolution *that any argument*[1] *in favour of it should stand upon a false and mean foundation,* or to suppose that every claim attached to hereditary succession was not avowedly extinguished by that transaction.

It is melancholy to contemplate the distress of a great understanding, labouring to reconcile the revolution with its own implicit devotion to an hereditary title.

'Unquestionably there was at the Revolution, in the person of King William, a small and a temporary deviation from the strict order of a regular hereditary succession.'[2] He who lands at Lambeth from the opposite shore, has crossed the river as effectually as if he had afterwards walked from Lambeth to Canterbury. How Edmund Burke would have disposed of James the Second, I know not; but I am sure that, on *his* principles, the right of the Prince of Wales, if he was the king's son, was indefeasible. Queen Anne could have no right to exclude her brother, nor would the crown have reverted to her, or to any other branch of the House of Stuart, if King William had had a son.

The question of the pretended Prince of Wales' birth is still left in obscurity. Without regarding the evidence or authority of Burnet, we know that some fraud was generally suspected long before the Queen's delivery; and that, at a time when it was natural that more than common care should have been taken to establish the reality of the birth, many of the usual forms and precautions observed on such occasions, when no suspicion exists, were omitted. An inquiry made and witnesses examined, four months afterwards, are a proof of the omission without weakening the inference. In Oldmixon's[3] history the question is stated and argued at full length. At this day, it is a point or object of mere curiosity. The reigning family owe the crown to a much better title than birth, had it been ever so legitimate in the pretended Prince of Wales. He says that, in 1701, the people of 'England had a universal belief of the spuriousness of the pretended Prince of Wales.' They who profess to think it unlikely that James should stifle the voice of nature to injure his daughters, who

[1] Dalrymple.
[2] Burke's *Reflections on the Revolution in France,* p. 23.
[3] P. 730.

had never injured him, are not sincere, or they are unacquainted with the principles of bigotry, or with the pious frauds which are permitted for the service of celibacy and the priesthood. In former times at least it was not difficult to obtain absolution for much greater crimes than depriving a right heir of his inheritance to an office, provided they were serviceable to the Church.

When the Convention declared the throne *vacant*, they instantly made the monarchy *elective* for that turn; because, as long as the crown is hereditary, there can be no vacancy, but by the entire extinction of the royal family. Between the demise and the accession there is no interval. If any man doubts of the natural affinity between a tyrant and a slave, let him look at James the Second; not when his mind was perplexed with danger or dejected by adversity, but at the moment of his accession, when the novelty of the crown might have inspired any other man with pride at least, if not with generosity. As far as his actions were governed by a common love of power, or an uncommon attachment to what he thought the only true religion, they may be accounted for by natural motives, or on human principles, base injustice and exorbitant folly. But this man had properly no ambition, unless it was to be distinguished by the meanest mercenary servility to one of his equals. For the sake of ruling England without a Parliament, in order to establish popery, to which he would have sacrificed even his passion for power, he was ready to be the hired lackey of Lewis the Fourteenth; he calls himself his faithful servant, and accepts of a present of £25,000 from him with tears of gratitude![1] His vile ministers, Godolphin, Rochester, and Sunderland, told the French ambassador that he had given new life to the king their master. When Richard the Second declared to the Commons in 1386, 'that nothing seemed better for him than to call in his cousin the King of France, and from *him* to ask advice and aid; nay, even to submit ourselves to him, rather than to truckle to our own subjects,' the fact, though unquestionable, has been doubted, from its extravagance. Such unparalleled baseness and folly seemed incredible in a king of England, and a son of the Black Prince. The character of King William is not to be estimated by superficial observation, or rationally admired by

[1] Barillon, Feb. 26, 1685.

vulgar eyes; much less are his merits, as a king, to be measured by English principles. In his manners and personal deportment, everything was repelling. The professions that attract, the ostentation that dazzles, the pomp that imposes, were foreign from his nature as well as below his understanding. These vanities, and many more, were personified in Lewis the Fourteenth, and glittered round him as long as his prosperity lasted. Even his setting sun, though clouded by misfortune, left some radiance behind it, now utterly extinguished. Referring everything to himself, he formed his government on personal principles, and had nearly reduced the existence of the monarchy to the life of an individual. He was young, vigorous, and brilliant. He declined, grew feeble, decrepit, and devout. His empire was identified with his person, and experienced the same revolutions. Never did superficial reputation occupy so great a surface with less solidity. But it is vain to pay for puffed and painted characters. The bubble floats for a time, and then it bursts. The exact reverse is the picture of King William. As a public person, all the qualities of his cold, steady, determined mind were real, solid, and intrinsic. He was eminently tenacious of his purpose, and all his general purposes were great and noble; to resist powerful injustice, and to protect the Continent of Europe in the vicinity of France from the vain and barbarous ambition of Lewis the Fourteenth. See him contending for his country overpowered by superior force, unsuccessful in the field, persevering without hope of accomplishing his object, and with a mind never to be subdued, determined to die in the last ditch that defended his native land.

He who has abundant resources may affect to be scrupulous in the choice of them. William had few means and no scruples. It is said he was ambitious, as if that were a new feature in the character of princes, and that he violated some factitious duties in dethroning his wife's father, who betrayed and sold him, and Holland, and England, and the liberty of Europe, and even himself, for a pension. Private gratitude supposes obligation. He owed none to that hard-hearted tyrant, and, as for his ambition, placed as he was, it would have been a duty in a Stoic. He knew his dignity and his merits, and had a right to make his own terms. I do not believe that he was influenced by the pitiful vanity of wearing a crown, nor is it of any moment whether he was or not. He grasped and wielded the force of

England as a weapon to defend the Continent of Europe. To this object his whole life was devoted, in thought, in action, in repose, in death. He had no partiality but to Holland; some friendship for his wife; no tenderness for anybody but Bentinck; no weakness but for his Dutch guards. For any sinister purpose a single regiment could have been of no service, and to attempt to make use of it instant ruin. The refusal of the House of Commons to continue *any* foreign troops in England, was wise, constitutional, and proper for an English Parliament. The exotic kernel once planted in our soil will take root and propagate itself. Dalrymple concludes his account of King William with asserting, 'that a well vouched tradition reported that, on this occasion only, he lost his temper, and swore *that if he had a son those guards should not quit him.*' For the truth of the story, and even for the existence of it, no evidence is offered, nor any authority but his own. The folly of the speech betrays the malignity and falsehood of the inventor. King William was too wise to have hazarded the succession of his son, as he must have done by detaining a small body of foreigners in England against a resolution in Parliament, and who could have given him no manner of assistance.

It has been said that the patriots, who conducted and accomplished the Revolution, acted with consummate wisdom, as well as moderation, in applying the remedies of that measure to the actual disorders introduced into the Government by James the Second, in restoring the rights which had been positively invaded, in confining their attention to heal the peccant parts of the constitution, and in not attempting to renovate and secure it on its own original principles. This language is not convincing, and should be listened to with caution. It appears that the Whigs of that day did all that was in their power, being forced at every step to compound with a powerful opposition, and sometimes to resist a majority. Their forbearance may be excused by the compelling circumstances in which they acted, but is not to be commended on principle. The Prince of Orange said that he came to *restore the ancient constitution of this Government.* They should have taken him at his word, and re-established the true constitution, not by mending and patching, but by giving it a thorough repair on its own foundation, and precluding the necessity of returning to their work, when the best opportunity for making it perfect was past. Then was the

time to have revived and re-affirmed the original contract with the Crown, as they found it in the ancient standing law of the kingdom acknowledged by the coronation oath, or to have made a new one on the old principles. They took no care to secure the independence of the judges, or the purity of the House of Commons, or to shorten the duration of Parliament, and, with a foreign king, they left the pretended prerogative of the Crown to involve the nation in continental wars, or to ruin it by treaties, at the discretion of a single person, just as they found it; as if the rights of war and peace were unquestionably vested in the king, and in him alone, as if the deliberation and resolution ought not to be in many, because the administration of war must be and ought to be in one. Charles the Second called it *the undoubted right and fundamental power of the Crown.* The claim was before their eyes; the abuses of it recent; and they took no notice of either.

At this day, it is a proposition admitted or uncontradicted, as if it could not be disputed, that the king, by virtue of his unalienable prerogative, may not only declare war at any time and against any power, on his own judgment and without consulting Parliament, but, what is infinitely more dangerous, he may make war when he pleases, without declaring it; which the Emperor of Morocco or the Dey of Algiers never does. Hereafter it will appear in what manner and for what infamous purposes this pretended power has been exercised by George the Third. The benefits of the Revolution and Act of Settlement, whatever they might amount to, have not been obtained gratuitously. Our ancestors, after paying the full price of both, have entailed it again, a perpetual rent charge on their posterity, to secure a new dynasty and to maintain wars on the Continent. The invention of borrowing on funds laid the foundation of a public debt, on which it has been found so very easy and convenient to build, that, in the course of a century, above eight hundred millions have been borrowed, and for the most part spent in foreign wars for continental interests. A standing army and a septennial parliament were soon found necessary for the security of a German family whose title was parliamentary not hereditary, or what we now call legitimate. These effects of the Revolution are permanent. Having once taken root, they grow and produce, and, having now outlived the memory of the constitution, are not to be removed but by a

convulsion, which a wise man would not risk for a degraded, worthless nation. Rebellions were incidental, and are not likely to recur, because there is no pretender, much less a competitor, fit to be trusted; or any leading party to support a competition. Every other abuse that can disturb or distress the country belongs to the continental system and flow from the same source. Proceeding as they have done in debts and taxes to an insupportable amount, it is not at all unlikely that the machine may stop of itself, and the whole system stand still. The nation then may possibly recover its vigour by falling on its native earth, or it must end in an apoplexy. With the same materials, there can be no renovation.

Anne Stuart was an ordinary, ignorant woman, false, silly, and religious, without qualities of any sort to make a respectable public character, or to maintain the appearance of it. Though she sat at the helm, she was nothing but a passenger. The impulse given to the Government of England by King William carried her on as long as it lasted. When that failed, she moved in another direction, without judgement or a will of her own. She changed her ministers and her measures by the advice of the reigning chamber-maid, whoever it might be, without knowing why, for, when she happened to do right, she was not conscious of it.

The Whig Ministers, who continued the war, and the Tories, who put an end to it, were all alike, or with very few exceptions. The object of both was to possess power, and to turn it to profit, and to their own account. But, in 1711, the Tories had the best of the argument, and indeed all the truth and right reason of the question on their side. The refusal of the Whigs, or rather of Marlborough and Eugene, who disposed of Heinsius and Holland, to close with Lewis the Fourteenth at Gertruydenburgh, was treacherous. The resolution to continue the war, after the death of the Emperor Joseph, was absurd in itself, as well as indefensible on the principle of the grand alliance, not considering too that the principal burthen of the war was left on *our* shoulders; for even the contribution of the Dutch, though heavy to *them*, was far short of what they were bound by treaty to pay. As for the Austrian Emperors, Joseph and Charles, they gave themselves no trouble about the conquest of Spain, and in fact contributed little or nothing to that war. It is probable that the wisdom of King William, had he lived so long, would

have taken the tide at flood, and given a settlement to Europe for as long a period as can be provided for by human foresight, or secured by contract between adverse greedy parties, vulgarly called *kings*. Yet who can say how far even that wise man might have been tempted or encouraged by the successes of the war up to 1710 inclusive, to have departed from the principles of the grand alliance formed by himself in 1701, or to have carried his views far beyond what that principle required? At all events, whenever a peace, safe and very advantageous to Holland and sufficiently flattering to the vanity of England, could have been obtained, I believe he would not have continued the war to feed the beggary and gratify the arrogance of Austria, the sordid, insatiable heart of Marlborough, or the personal spite of Eugene against Lewis the Fourteenth.

At the head of one of the parties in England was Marlborough, exhibiting the true and, except in such excess, the not uncommon character of avarice personified; a human motive however, and a key to his conduct. On the other side was Harley, in whom, after a long examination, I cannot discover the semblance or a component particle of an upright, honest, much less of an elevated mind, whether as a public or a private person. His meaning or intention could seldom be discovered, or guessed at, by anything he said or did; because, though without rapacity or love of money, he was mean, false, envious, hollow, treacherous, and ungrateful to his heart's core. He trusted nobody. He envied and hated Bolingbroke for his superior abilities, and in a deadly fear of being supplanted by him. He pretended to love Dean Swift; that is, he liked good company, as he might have done champagne and venison, and then cared no more for him than for the secretion of a good dish, after he had swallowed it. If the evidence of his baseness to Swift were not on record, the fact would be incredible, that the warrant appointing another person to the Deanery of St. Patrick's, was signed, sealed, and on the point of being dispatched to Ireland, when Bolingbroke interposed manfully, and forced Harley to recall that pitiful appointment, and to give it to Swift.

How *he* could continue to be heartily attached to such a man, is full as unaccountable as all the rest, except from mere vanity, which shewed itself most in the miserable affectation of appearing familiar with what are called great persons. Bolingbroke

has been loaded with a character of profligacy, much more than he deserved, but chiefly by canting priests and pious prudes, who seldom think of repulsion while they have any remains of attraction. Bolingbroke had the passions and failings of a young man, such as wine and women, of which last, I suspect, he was rather vain than guilty. They who allow themselves to indulge in these irreligious enjoyments are at least bound to conceal them, as the Roman Catholic clergy must do. Sooner or later, however, they are made to pay the full price of such follies. But *he* was frank and open, and you knew what he meant. I do not think it possible that he should have constantly spoken as he did of Harley, and especially to Swift, if he had not been convinced and sure of what he said; or that Swift, who professed the tenderest attachment to Harley till his death, would have endured those calumnies from Bolingbroke, knowing them to be so, and lived with him, as he did, in strict friendship ever after.

On this subject there must have been a secret understanding between them. The folly and vanity of his later age was writing a dull, tiresome medley of religion and metaphysics, to say nothing of the misery of the subject, which nobody who understands English can read without weariness and inattention. In his public conduct I see no contradiction. When his life was threatened in England he fled to save it; he resorted to the Pretender because he had no choice; and when he found what a true son of a priest-ridden idiot he had to deal with, he left him to his folly and his fate. I never heard that Sir William Windham or any of the Tories were dissatisfied with him on their account, or that he had not very sufficiently justified this part of his proceedings to his friends, of whom he had many to the last. Whereas Harley had not one, for several years before he died, except the simple, vain man whom he cheated, deceived and betrayed in every part and moment of his connection with him, from early acquaintance to apparent intimacy, with professions of friendship always to serve some mean, indirect purpose of his own. The fact is, he liked the company of Swift, and wished to keep him in his service. But if once he made him independent, as he might have easily done, he thought he should lose both. This is a common practice among ministers. Is it a thing credible that the Lord High Treasurer and Prime Minister of England could not have made Swift

Bishop of Dromore instead of Sterne? If the queen, as he would fain have had it understood, had positively refused him, he ought to have immediately resigned his staff, as he was forced to do soon after. Then, indeed, the first thing he does is to write a whining, canting letter to Swift, to entreat him to share in his solitude and to accompany his retreat!

That the miserable Jacobites should have held Bolingbroke in abhorrence is not at all unnatural in such ignorant, bigoted, and, of course, such passionate people. But to brand him first for a treacherous villain, and then to revile him for not acting the part of a Stoic, is an impudent, senseless contradiction, which mere folly will not account for. And what would he have gained by continuing to adhere to the Pretender, after being most formally dismissed from his pitiful service, but to pass for a dupe and a madman, like Ormond and Wharton? Of the Tory party, as it stood before the death of Queen Anne, the only person left worth naming, and he only for his name, is the Duke of Ormond, of whom the best that can be said is that nature placed him very low in the class of mediocrity, and that no elevation of fortune could have raised him above it. To have been cajoled by the Queen's ministers to supplant Marlborough, to accept the command of a victorious army, not with a hope of emulating their successes, but to sound and to lead their retreat, which a common adjutant might have done just as well as a duke and a peer, with an immense fortune and some military reputation;—these are the facts which, in *my* mind, place him below the common level of human imbecility. Harley would not have hazarded a change of the ministry, much less in the command of the army, if he had not had such a person exactly, or such a name, as Ormond, ready to supply the place of the Duke of Marlborough. From Queen Anne's letters to her sister in 1688, before the birth of the pretended Prince of Wales, it is evident that *she* then thought that the Italian queen's pregnancy was an imposture, and that this was a general suspicion. Why she should have altered her opinion afterwards, or whether, in fact, she wished to favour the Pretender's succession, as believing him to be her brother, whom she had barred of his right, does not appear. The latter part of her life was too much afflicted with sickness, or engrossed with care and vexation, nearer home and to her person, to suffer her to think of such distant impracticable projects. It is curious, but not

very gratifying to any sense of truth and honesty, to see what a fine character has been made for this false, foolish woman, even by Swift, who knew her, as well as by others. Some of her Tory ministers might possibly have looked that way a little before her death, because they knew they were proscribed. I do not believe it; but if they did so, it was without a considered plan or preparation, or steady intention, and much too late to begin so difficult and hazardous an enterprise. Their conduct in exile proves nothing, but that *then* their situation was desperate. The pretended impeachment of Lord Oxford, after a long confinement in the Tower, if not a mere farce, was suffered to lapse and expire because he was possessed of letters from the Duke of Marlborough to James the Second, probably containing a promise to favour if not secure the succession of his son; and these Lord Oxford threatened to produce if they proceeded to his trial. The fact to be admired, and still to be rationally accounted for, is that, with the recent example of James the Second, and the experience of his reign, there should be, as there certainly was, a considerable party in the kingdom for placing a Roman Catholic on the throne; and *such* a being, too, as they knew or might have known him to be. See how he was painted by Bolingbroke in his letter to Sir William Windham.

If the question had been open, or if there had been an option but between the House of Hanover and the Pretender, a good Englishman might have reasonably objected to the introduction of a foreign family. But that point was decided; and that decision could no way be reversed but by a civil war, a successful general, and a new dynasty. The union with Scotland was at all times a just and desirable object. With separate governments, and possibly two kings again in the same island, one of whom must always look to France for assistance, there could be no sincere and lasting peace between them, or safety for either.

In 1640 the Scotch Commissioners declared, and it was true, though they said it, 'That the soul of wisdom taught that both nations must stand or fall together.' In 1706 the Union was a measure of absolute necessity, to prevent a separation of the two component parts, and to preserve the peace of both. To that result it operated slowly, and not without repeated rebellions. Other advantages proposed by the Union might possibly have been obtained without it. In the progress of events succession is confounded with effect. The wisdom of this

measure is confined to the instance, and forms no precedent for other cases.

It was not very unreasonable, or might well have been expected, that George the First should principally confide in the Whigs, who advised him but ill for his real interest, though with obvious sagacity for their own. Instead of acceding to the crown as a king, they made him the leader of a party. Instead of conciliating, as he might have done, the great body of the Tories by amnesty at once, and gradually by favour, he was advised to consider them as his personal enemies, and to exasperate them by useless provocations. One of the first acts of this Hanoverian was to promise to restore Gibraltar to the House of Bourbon, by which some Hanoverian purpose was to be answered; for he thought of nothing else. In himself, perhaps, he was as unexceptionable as a foreigner could be, but ignorant of everything that an English king ought to know, and without the feelings of an Englishman, or attachment to anything in the country but his own establishment in it, and to the money he could carry out of it.

Being a gallant person, and attached to what he called the fair sex, he brought over with him two ugly friends, to serve him as mistresses, and making part of his royal establishment. One was created an English duchess, the other a countess; and they sold everything that they could lay their claws on at court, particularly honours. Lord Bolingbroke, after his attainder was reversed, was forced to pay one of them eleven thousand guineas for the restitution of his family estate. All the policy the king understood related to the Continent; all the interests he regarded were those of Hanover, and to aggrandise that electorate at our expense, as he did by the purchase of Bremen and Verden, paid for with English money, and by many other courses or devices of the same kind. The measures of his Government were uniformly bent in that direction. The tenure by which his ministers held their places was their subserviency to his continental system, their compliance with the rapacity of a flight of German mistresses, favourites behind the curtain, and footmen of the back stairs, and counteracting the projects of the Jacobites, and the claims of the Pretender, which they did not wish because it was not their interest to extinguish.

The antipathy of George the First to his heir apparent of itself forms no presumption that he was not his son, though it appears

that he suspected it. George the Second was attached to the wife of George the First, because she was *his* mother, because he detested her husband, to whom he was very unwilling to be bound by any ties of filial duty. He knew she had been false to his bed with Count Coninsmark, who was murdered by the Elector of Hanover, father of George the First, and the lady kept in a rigorous confinement by her father-in-law and her husband until the accession of her son George the Second to the throne of Great Britain! This legitimate family affection is hereditary in the splendid house of Brunswick and that of Hohenzollern, of whose origin we know nothing but its existence 200 years ago. Father and son have hated one another cordially as if it were by entail, and never without reason. There is no instance to the contrary since their accession. I cannot believe that even that ignorant, brutal savage, Frederick William of Prussia, had not some secret reason, more than we know of, for his rancorous and early antipathy to his eldest son. George the Second and his wife were for some time at auction, and open to either party. Robert Walpole, whom he hated, bid most for him and bought him. The Tories, after a long opposition, succeeded in removing Walpole, and then they did nothing for the country. They seemed to have no object but to get possession, and no plan when they had obtained it. The repeal of the Triennial Act, the public debt, the permanent establishment of a standing army, too numerous now to be contracted or controlled, and, if it were once commanded by an active enterprising king, the certainty of a military government, are due to the House of Hanover. A disputed title made many precautions necessary for the king's personal security, or to insure the descent of the crown in a foreign family, which must be ruinous to the constitution, and sooner or later to private property, which most men wish to preserve when they have lost or may be indifferent about everything else. Unwise and partial counsels created real dangers, which it is said could only be averted by sacrificing or suspending the great securities of the commonwealth. Admitting that, in the actual situation of parties and temper of the country, the Parliament, which sat in 1716, could not have been dissolved without hazard to the public peace, and to the safety of the Government, it is no justification of the Septennial Act, contrary to the Whig principle set up at the Revolution. The remedy went beyond the exigence. The Parliament then

sitting, might, as a measure of *necessity*, to which rights as well as forms must yield while it lasts, have continued for a year or two longer, until the minds of the generality were composed, or until the danger had subsided, as it would have done with a prudent and moderate administration; and then the Act suspending the Triennial Act might have been repealed. For these violations, however, of the rights of the nation, there was some pretence of *necessity*, or plea of public danger, and they were not accomplished without a vigorous opposition. In *our* time, with a passive House of Lords, and an instrumental House of Commons, stronger acts, or done upon weaker pretences, have produced no discontent, and excited no surprise—were almost recommended by their novelty at first, and continued as if they were of course. In these Acts, the direct power of the Crown is seldom seen. Why should the executive minister risk anything, when Parliament is ready to do everything for him? Administration, which ought to be responsible, is sheltered by the legislature, and the legislature by a doctrine which at once annihilates the obligations of a trust and the uses of a control (except against one another), that King, Lords, and Commons, united, are supreme and unaccountable, and may do what they will. On this principle, the nominal limitations of the monarchy and the title of a popular authority in the House of Commons may be retained; but what is such a constitution in effect, or what must it end in but the absolute power of a single person, or, when the Crown devolves to idiots, infants, or maniacs, in an oligarchy of favourites, panders, priests, and prostitutes, represented by a pageant and mockery called a *king*?

What security the nation has in fact derived from the boasted policy of continental connections, is a question never to be answered but by a gratuitous assertion, in its nature incapable of proof, that, without such connections, we should have been conquered long ago and enslaved by France; and there the proposition is left by its advocates, as if it were self-evident that a possible event, which has not happened, must have been prevented. This is mere party language addressed to Hanover. All the rational presumptions are on the other side. Speculations and possibilities, on which a specious politician may refine and argue for his own purposes, are not to be stated, much less to be regarded against the evidence of facts and the conviction

of experience. England, so far from being protected from a foreign yoke by continental alliances, has never been assisted by any power on the Continent, even in the dangers which were created by those connections. Since the Norman invasion, no attempt has been made to conquer England but by Philip the Second, defeated at sea by the English force alone, with an inferior navy. Of this event it is said by Grotius, 'Grajorum, Romanorumque gloriæ, qui res olim suas navales per acies asseruerunt, non dubie tunc Anglorum et Fortuna et virtus respondit.'

The opinion of the greatest men of those days was that 'when poor England stood alone, and had not the access of another kingdom, and yet had more and as potent enemies as it now hath, yet the King of England prevailed.' But then he must be really an English king, ready to fight personally for his country, confiding in the hearts of the people, as Elizabeth did, because she deserved them, and in the true and natural defences of the country, the sea, and the navy. The wisest man of his time, or perhaps of any other, Sir Walter Raleigh, says: 'Making the question general and positive, whether England, without help of her fleet, be able to debar an enemy from landing, I hold that it is unable so to do,' with such a detail of reasons for his opinion as it deeply imports every man in these two islands to study and understand.

The English, though brave enough in battle, are not properly a *military* nation, nor can they be made so without maintaining such a regular mercenary army as would soon ingross all the civil powers of the country, in effect if not in form, under the absolute command of one general officer and his companions in arms. A standing army of 100,000 men kept up in Great Britain, of necessity quartered in barracks and separated from civil society, will gradually, nay rapidly, give a turn and a fashion to the youth of the country, and make it their vanity to belong to that profession; and if only a fourth of such an army be composed of foreigners at first, I need not argue a question, which in fact will then be determined, and not wait long for a formal decision. The French are, and have been for a long time, a military nation, in some degree from their position, or from not prevailing at sea, since it is hardly possible to predominate on both elements at once; but much

more because they have a disposition or turn that way, and are vain of the name and occupation of soldiers. Le premier des rois fût un soldat heureux. Now look at the result, and see what they have gained by it. The civil and religious wars under Henry the Third and Fourth laid waste the kingdom, and diverted the nobility and the people too more or less into military habits, and to be the instruments of ambition. Their territory, within its natural boundaries, was much more than sufficient for defence. But a military, distinct from a national power, *must* be employed; its essence is in action. Ambition is not to be satisfied without conquest, and that spirit has more than once exposed France, impregnable by nature, to the miseries of long wars, to repeated invasion, and to events in battle which have threatened the destruction of the country, and at last the dissolution of the monarchy.

James the First, in seeking for a royal alliance for his son, was actuated by mere vanity or plain folly. Some of his predecessors had married foreign ladies of their own rank, but it was always to serve the purposes of personal interest, policy, or ambition. Charles the First did not often interfere in the wars or politics of the Continent. He had other views and occupations at home. The enemies of his country, or of mankind, had nothing to fear from him. Whenever he meddled with foreign affairs, it always ended in disgrace and shame. But perhaps he gained by his continental connections in some other sense. Not one of his imperial or royal cousins interposed seriously even to save his life; as if they expected to be his heirs. The greatest princes of that age were the first to acknowledge and court the Parliament, and soon after to prostrate themselves at the foot of Cromwell. And yet such a man as Edmund Burke could pretend to idolise the divine right of kings and queens, and lords and bishops, and all the royal families in the world, when in fact, and I know it, he thought of them just as I do.

For the truth of this assertion, external evidence is not wanted. Gifted like his, no human mind is made to think otherwise. King William's wisdom was continental and nothing else. His heart, if he had any, was in Holland. We have it under his hand in a letter to Heinsius (November 23, 1700),

'that it seemed to him to be a punishment from Heaven, that people here were so little sensible to what passed without the island; though we *ought* to have the same interests and anxieties as those upon the Continent.' [1]

Such passages in the life and flaws in the character of eminent men are indeed the scourge of a generous historian, who wishes to find, and would immortalise if he could find it, a perfect example, now and then, of wisdom and virtue among men, with a just acknowledgment of the moral merit increasing with the rank. This vile deliberate trash, written with reflection by so great a person, makes it difficult to confide in human sincerity.

With that instance before us, and the marvellous anecdote, asserted if not invented by Dalrymple, that the phlegmatic William shed tears because he could not reconcile Whigs and Tories, who can be quite sure that Epaminondas or Cato were in earnest, or that even Alfred the First, the greatest and apparently the best among the leaders and benefactors of mankind, might not, in some unguarded moment of debility or temptation, have yielded his understanding to be a dupe or his heart to be an impostor? *I'll not believe it.* Common heroes should be elevated on high pillars or viewed at a distance where they cannot be seen distinctly. A nearer view shows you what they are made of.

A Dutch king made England subservient to a foreign policy, and that policy, pursued by his successors, made us principals in a continental war, in which an English patriot would have taken no other part, supposing the war to have been ever so just or necessary, than that which nature and reason have allotted to an island, that is, by naval operations connected if you *will* and coinciding with those of our allies on the Continent, and perhaps in some cases by reasonable and moderate subsidies, not proffered and lavished as they have been, but distributed with economy and applied with judgment. He who lends gratuitously, or who gives without solicitation or measure, can make no terms; and, if obligation and gratitude could be supposed to subsist between princes or nations, the party that presses its services on the other, renounces all claim to a return,

[1] *State Papers*, ii. 297.

and must submit to be told that they had no object, but their own interest. In yielding thus far, I recede from my judgment, and submit with great reluctance to the inveterate prejudice of others, who are led and deceived by great impostors. On this subject, all right reason in England was overwhelmed and extinguished by the victories of the Duke of Marlborough.

George the First, as far as his understanding went, was a mere German at the best, with Hanoverian affections and no other. He and his son were greedy of money, like those who are unused to it, and both of them very sincerely thought nothing valuable but the first ground on which they grew, or even beautiful but their own sandy electorate. They never acted, or at least while a pretender lived, as if they were assured of a certain and permanent settlement in England. It is barely possible nevertheless that an honest Englishman may be persuaded to think, what many others have been paid for asserting, that some material benefits have been gained by our alliances and wars on the Continent in the eighteenth century. Be it so. But, before he determines that such measures were founded on true English principles, and that such policy ought still to be pursued, let the service be compared with the price, and the object with the means. Advantages change their nature, if they are not to be obtained but by destructive efforts or ruinous expenses, which, in their natural process and operation, alter the character as well as the state of the country. A poor and an impoverished people are very different persons.

In the account in question, the cost and the charges on one side are certain; the benefit, on the other, is speculative, and may very well be disputed. Experience is against it, and the next experiment may be fatal. In the war of 1793 every one of our allies deserted us, and many took part with the common enemy. That war of injustice produced that peace of weakness or necessity at Amiens, and that peace another war, which the king was determined to have, without the shadow of a rational pretence, the events of which have already been fatal to the Continent. Yet, early in 1793, the combination against France was in all appearance strong enough to carry its purpose. The essential defect and final ruin of coalitions is that,

without some preponderating authority over all, they cannot hold together.[1]

'Where every man's help is necessary to the war, *there* may any one make his own peace; but no one can stand out alone when all the rest are weary.' How is it possible that many independent Powers should continue to act together for a common object or a general interest, without an eminent person at the head of it, a master mind to control their factions, and power to unite and direct their efforts? Europe at this day does not furnish such a chief; nor, if he appeared, would he be acknowledged. The powerful abilities by which nations are exalted or destroyed, are not known to exist anywhere but in France. If such coalitions prevail in the first instance, the component parties are sure to abandon the common cause or pretended principle of the war, in order to carve for themselves. If they are unsuccessful, they soon separate and endeavour to provide for their own security by deserting their allies, by turning against one another, and joining the enemy. Events may defeat predictions, but cannot overset principles.

By the Stuarts, especially by the first of them, England was made a prey to English minions and to Scotch favourites, rather than to Scotland, a dupe to Spain, and by the two last of the family invariably sold to France. In the two succeeding reigns we were devoted to Holland and the Continent, and sacrificed by George the First and Second to Hanoverian interests and German politics. The comparison of England to 'Prometheus chained to that rock Germany, while that vulture Hanover devoured her vitals,' sunk into every English heart.

George the Second was a Hanoverian and a miser, but I believe he had some manly qualities in his composition. At least he had sense enough to despise his son Frederic, with all possible attachment to William the fat Duke of Cumberland, who, after the battle of Culloden in 1745, was the favourite of all the Whig interest of England. Frederic, however, passed for a greater fool than he was; for now we know that he had wit enough to collect a great party and to outwit Bubb Doddington, who kissed his hand for a high office to be delivered to him at the king's death. But, unluckily for this gentleman and his patron, there

[1] Raleigh, ii. 25; Machiavel. *Dis.*, iii. 55.

was a possible case not included in their calculation. The son died before the father, and Mr. Bubb Doddington was left to be laughed at and to make his peace with the old king, as he endeavoured to do by the most sordid submissions. If you wish to know what an English courtier is made of, read his diary. With many personal and accidental advantages, from nature and fortune, he *must* have a place, or a title, and above all things be well at court. So the present king made a lord of him just before his funeral, and he was buried with a coronet on his coffin.

George the Third was little better than an idiot from his birth, and certainly mad long before it was generally known, with some of the cunning and all the malignity that usually accompany the derangement of a shallow mind. I never did hear of his having a valuable quality (though he appeared to partake of the odious, mawkish good humour of a fool), much less of any word or deed of his that indicates generosity or feeling. His ruling passions were avarice and Hanover—for money not to be spent, and for a country he was determined never to see. He hoarded both against a rainy day. He hated the Whigs radically, and the more because they had seated his family on the throne and might remove it; Lord Rockingham because he knew him; and afterwards Fox because he did not know him. This gracious king began his reign with asserting 'that he gloried in the name of Briton.' The speech was made for him by John Stewart, Earl of Bute. To mention the birth-place of an idiot, as a title to merit, and with an air of exultation, could serve only for an invidious comparison of his own indigenous affection for Britain with the exotic predilections of his two immediate predecessors. The family have taken root in our soil, without imbibing anything but its juices. The plant and the produce are as radically German as ever; and, if it were otherwise liable to fail, the purity of the race is sure to be preserved by fresh importations from Germany. While this family continues in possession, there can be no Englishman on the throne.

To gratify the populace, whom he soon lost by affecting to adopt Scotland, the present king was advised or pretended to renounce Hanover, which he was determined to keep as much as either of his predecessors. The same passion or policy predominates in this Prince of Wales. They all consider it as their

private peculiar estate, to which some day or other they may possibly be forced to return, but never if they can help it.

The name of Englishman being discarded by George the Third, it was not very unnatural for the populace of Scotland to believe that the principles of the House of Stuart might be revived in his government. But why they should like him the better on that account cannot be so easily understood. For, as to that royal family, or any descendant from it, they were the first whom the people of Scotland ought to have extirpated if they had had a just sense of their own wrongs, or a ray of right reason in their heads. For never was a Christian country so tyrannically and cruelly governed as Scotland was by the Stuarts; certainly not by Cromwell nor even by our barbarous English kings, who in fact were nothing better than Normans whenever they had Scotland in their power. In an Englishman, fed and fattened in a valley, an attachment to royalty is a mere gregarious stupidity. In a Highlander, who has nothing but freedom to make him endure existence, it is downright frenzy.

Such was the outset of the present reign. The progress of it hitherto has corresponded with the beginning, and ensures the termination, in public ruin first, probably commencing but not ending with bankruptcy, and then perhaps a doubtful contest for another revolution, not likely to be attempted and still less to succeed. That issue cannot be tried in any country, unless some public virtue be left in it, as there was generally in France in 1788, a little in the capital, and none at all at Versailles; or unless some ardent spirit should be revived or inflamed, when the minds of the people are as desperate as their situation. But despair is an active, vigorous principle, and cannot be the resource of a careless, desponding, degraded population. In a nation universally corrupted and rotten to the heart (I speak collectively, and only of England), there can be no great men for national purposes. If any such were discovered, they would soon be hunted down.

Under the Stuarts there was a spirit of resistance which would have died of itself, if the last of them had not been a fool and a bigot. Under William and Queen Anne, there was national honour. George the First and Second tormented us with German politics, sold everything, and robbed us of all the money they could get. Still there were laws and principles, an English constitution, and an English heart to defend it. On

the 25th day of October, 1760, the crown devolved to a true Briton, who has nearly worn it out, and in all appearance will leave nothing to the succession but a disposition like his own to finish the work, if it should not be completed at his death, which may still be far off. In a little more than nine years from the accession of the *best* of princes, a travelling name promiscuously given to kings of all sorts until they come to the end of their journey [and what are the others if George the Third be the best of them?], it appeared necessary to forty peers of England[1] to sign and record a solemn declaration in Parliament denouncing 'a plan, which they had seen for a long time systematically carried on for lowering all the constitutional powers of the kingdom, rendering the House of Commons odious, and the House of Peers contemptible.'

. . . . . .

A life protracted in affliction, coercion, insanity and correction, with *such* a wife and *such* a progeny, is all the reward he derives from his success in plotting and effecting the ruin of this country. From these personal tribulations a seasonable fever might have saved him long ago. I believe that he was reserved for an example of retribution on earth according to his works.

. . . . . .

This is a dead language now, and as little understood in England as that of the Druids or Caractacus would be, if hereafter an attempt should be made to revive it, by the antiquarians of a future age, from samples preserved in the cabinets of the curious. Such a language, with its true meaning, will never be popular again.

Having disposed of the private and real character of the principal actors at the head of the two parties of Whig and Tory, from the treaty of Ryswick, and shown what they were made of behind the scenes, when they were not fretting and strutting on the stage, their merits, as public persons, cannot be better illustrated than by stating fairly and honestly, as I think, what the essential spirit of the two parties respectively was, or ought to have been, in relation to the government of this kingdom, considered as an island.

The Whigs and Tories themselves will now lose very little in

[1] February 1770.

point of character, by openly disclaiming or denying their professed political principles, which in fact they have seldom adhered to, but as the means and instruments of ambition, or, in one way or other, to answer some interested purposes of their own.

The Tory principle, corrected and promulgated by the Bill of Rights and by the Act of Settlement, is the true one for the general government of the island of Great Britain in its ordinary and regular courses. The hereditary succession to the crown, the navy for security to prevent invasion, and the militia alone, or a nation armed, to repel it; a reduction of useless establishments, and an end put to the extravagant waste of the public property, so that the expense of the country may be contracted far within its income, and leave a powerful effective fund or surplus for the gradual discharge and final annihilation of the public debt, accompanied, as it proceeds, with a proportionate reduction of taxes. A sinking fund, professing to buy up and annihilate annually many millions of the national debt, but never reducing any of the taxes appropriated to pay the interest of so much debt supposed to be discharged, is a mere mockery both of the creditor and debtor, but extremely convenient to a ravenous insatiable government, to which, with the help of collusion with the Bank, it has furnished a facility of swelling the total debt to its present amount in 1818. Finally, to shorten the duration of Parliaments, and effective measures to make direct and positive corruption, in the choice of a House of Commons, useless or impracticable. From these principal sources of national prosperity, if they could be recovered, the minor streams would flow of themselves pure and undisturbed, correcting abuses and removing obstacles as they met them, and giving protection and security to the remotest objects and to the minutest principles of a government by law, in which nothing is left to will and pleasure or to personal discretion that can be withheld from it, without incurring any serious practical inconvenience.

If such a system, supposing it recoverable, cannot maintain itself without the assistance of a standing army, the heart of the country is gone. Rights and charters are of no avail against bayonets. The horse cannot dismount the rider, otherwise than by breaking both their necks. But neither will these excellent principles, in the case as it exists, be called upon sincerely, or

permitted to operate steadily and effectually to the purpose they profess, without the guardian power of another principle held over the rest, which I call the reserved right of the constitution, not to be resorted to without *necessity*, much less to be talked of perpetually, until the most constitutional language is hackneyed out of its dignity, and loses its impression;—I mean the birthright of the nation to oppose a tyrannical or ruinous Government by force of arms, and to discard a treacherous, ungrateful king, as it was exercised by the Whigs at the Revolution.

I have no faith in the possibility of a reformation, such as those speculations indicate, being adopted and executed by the regular and authorised courses of law; that is, by a parliament constituted and composed, as it now is, of a venal, contemptible House of Lords, overloaded with priests and lawyers, or with their representatives, and a rotten, odious House of Commons, with a German king at the head of them, and a standing army of a hundred thousand men for the supposed defence of the two islands. Of a real nobility, in the ancient and rational sense of the English constitution, inheriting great landed property, a noble name and character, and animated by the true principles of an aristocracy, to stand between the Crown and the people, there is hardly a remnant left, and that only in a few individuals, whose spirit is overwhelmed by numbers and lost in the crowd of new peerages lavished by the executive power, and, in one way or other, sold by the chief magistrate or his minions. How long the system, as it exists, or the forms of it can hold together, is a question of time more or less. In what way it will perish must be left to conjecture. An old oak, though rotten at the root and hollow from the bottom to the top, still keeps its station, with nothing but an antiquated form and a vigorous outside to maintain it. Probably the first event will be that the machinery of the present Government will stop of itself, because it will go no longer. The calamities which that event may produce are not to be foreseen or provided for by human wisdom, if wisdom could exist without virtue.

The nominal union of the two islands under one Legislature was projected and executed by William Pitt, with the vindictive rancour of a demon against Ireland, excited by a motive hitherto little known or observed. He never forgave the Irish Parliament for sending over a deputation of their two Houses,

in 1789, to assure the Prince of Wales that they would support his absolute indisputable right to the Regency, in the case of the king's mental incapacity to act for himself. It belongs to our nature that injury should provoke and sometimes justify resentment. But to conceive how services should excite nothing but ingratitude, and that benefactors should be the objects not of requital but revenge, demands a deeper insight into the depravity of the human heart. The Prince Regent, representing and acting for his royal father, never forgave the Irish Parliament.

No. IV.

THE following fragment is headed by Mr. Parkes as a special 'Chapter' of his contemplated 'Life of Francis.' It is headed by him 'to be recast:' but it resumes so fully the conclusions to which his years of labour had led him, that I have thought it best to print it at the conclusion of this work, although incomplete, and although much of its contents has been necessarily anticipated.

ON THE CHARACTERISTICS OF JUNIUS AS AN INDIVIDUAL.—HIS COUNTRY, PROBABLE AGE, STATION, PERSONAL ACCOMPLISHMENTS, MIND, TEMPER, ANTECEDENTS, AND FUTURE.

MEN of all classes, ages, education, and circumstances have been supposed to have been the authors of the Letters; and it was an early common hypothesis that the work was the labour of more than one individual, if not of a junto of party confederates. The authorship has also been claimed for Mrs. Macaulay, the female historian. It may however be assumed, without modern dispute, that Junius was a male; impossibly of the female sex. The topics and masculine gross spirit of Junius at least afford internal demonstration of *that* fact. No woman could have been practically informed on the subject-matters, especially of the military knowledge so particularly communicated and discussed. The well-known answer of *Junius* to his female opponent *Junia* also is evidence of the author's manhood.

So far as regards his probable national origin—whether English, Welsh, Scotch, Irish, or foreign—and he has been claimed for nearly all the counties of Great Britain and Ireland, and for Switzerland and the United States—there is much internal evidence of his *Irish* extraction. His style betrays Gallicisms; he particularly uses the terms 'Englishman' and 'England' in a generic sense, and which Englishmen do not use. The dedi-

cation of the author's edition of the Letters is, finally, 'To the *English* Nation.' Junius also, in several instances, displays a national interest in Ireland uncommon in a born Briton. He also betrays a local knowledge of the Luttrell family, domiciliated in the county of Lismore. In no single instance do any one of his letters even incidentally show any association with an English or Scotch university; whereas he uses the peculiar term *collegian* in the sense of Irish university men, and as colloquially used in Ireland. In all his personal and bitter attacks on English or Scotch public men, he shows there is no single instance of any knowledge of their private academical career in Oxford or Cambridge.

So far as the context and spirit of his Letters, and apart from the transparent object of a false personation and anonymous concealment, his real age was improbably even advanced to the middle term of human life. This probability is deduced from the impetuosity of his temperament, which indicates youth, and from his frequent want of judgment and self-control, notwithstanding his superior talents, his acuteness of intellect, and his quick apprehension. His occasional affectation of advanced years, and even old age, is also to be construed in the contrary sense, and as opposed to the unmistakable indications of his real comparative youth. But the strongest proof of his political inexperience as a public writer is, that his known miscellaneous letters, as well as those under the signature of Junius, are almost entirely confined to the knowledge of public men and politics of the limited period on which his writings treat. Twice only he boldly assumes the sexagenarian character, in an assertion of his personal recollection of 'the great Walpolian battles,' and in facetiously declining Wilkes' offer of ball-room tickets for the Lord Mayor's day, on the ground that, 'my age and figure would do but little credit to my partner.' By this ingenious verbiage he neither avers that he is old or even above middle age. It was obviously meant to keep Wilkes in ignorance of his exact age and of his personal appearance. An ugly man usually thinks himself an Apollo, if not in face yet in figure, or *vice versâ*. Thus deformed men at balls are usually seen dressed in 'tights' and silk. His pretence of *age* has therefore all the character of a mask, and it is, as before remarked, in opposition to all other and numerous conclusions to the contrary. Further, most of his earlier letters,

and some preceding those signed Junius, strongly manifest the progressive formation of a distinctive style of composition; the earlier productions being inferior in all respects to the later. The first essays are those of a much less practised hand, and they are generally on secondary subjects of politics, and more exclusively personal. Their 'loose' associations and levity are specially marked with the *esprit* and levity of youth. Certainly such signs mark Junius as a writer of immature age, rather than old. In the dedication of his Letters to the English nation, his concluding words—the expression of his consolation, that civil liberty may still last his own life—would not denote any advanced age. He practises no 'restraining principle,' abandoning his mind to loose and wanton imagination. He was often coarse; and even in his graver and more carefully studied letters under the disguise of Junius, he could scarcely help being 'blasphemous,' even in controversy with 'Parson Horne.' Though he lived in a careless generation, he certainly would, if older, have controlled this bad taste. The coercion on Woodfall publicly to disavow the genuineness of his letter to Junia, on the quick perception of its immorality, and the *Philo*-Junius explanation of his trespass on popular piety by his having incautiously rated the Junius' Letters as everlasting as the Holy Bible, are evidence of thoughtlessness and youthful levity. His private letters to his publisher exhibit the pains he took to preserve gravity and force in his letters under the signature of Junius. Whenever he laid aside that designation for another, he constantly relapsed into his looser and more natural habits and associations. Indeed, the poetical squib he sent to Woodfall, well known under the title 'Harry and Nan,' was too bad for publication in the 'Public Advertiser.'

The station of Junius, or his probable class in society, are, on reflection, decisively indicated throughout his entire period of five years' genuine publications. Except an occasional insinuation or assumption of superior rank and fortune, all internal evidence demonstrates that his social position was not high; and that probably his pecuniary means were moderate, even if to be termed independent. Can any intelligent reader of Junius doubt that the author was a *plebeian*, and that the democratic origin and spirit of a commoner pervades nearly every page? It is the distinctive *die* of his entire productions; it is this peculiar phase of mind which distinguishes Junius

from Lord Bolingbroke—which to any reader of the Cavendish record of contemporary parliamentary debates contradistinguishes Junius from Lord Temple, the Earl of Chatham, and other noblemen, to whom the authorship of the letters has been mistakenly assigned. The distinction once called to a reader's attention cannot be ignored. The entire letters bear the impress of a commoner's mind. The same generic distinction runs through all the pages of Burke; and although his latter writings were Conservative, you still see Toryism treated by a man of the middle classes, not by a man of hereditary or aristocratic class. In this perception there can be no mistake. It may almost be as certainly assumed that Junius was not a member of either House of Parliament, even during the entire period of the exercise of his pen. In no single instance is there any association with senatorial rank. In no instance, if he was in Parliament, is there any evidence or presumption from his own writings of his membership in either branch of our legislature. On the contrary, it is certain that he was only occasionally an auditor of debates. This is proved by his anxiety against the exclusion of strangers at particular times: palpably his own anxiety for admission as a 'stranger.' Had Junius been himself a parliamentary debater or a 'silent member,' it is scarcely possible, in such rapid and often hasty comments on subject-matters of senatorial discussion, he should not have disclosed or unwittingly revealed the fact. His private letters to Mr. George Grenville, to Lord Chatham, even frequently to Woodfall, and to Mr. Wilkes, almost demonstrate, not only that he was not in Parliament, but that he was in no private or public position favourable to a full confidential knowledge of the arcana and prospective movements of the leading public ministerial men, or in communion with the leaders of Opposition. A contrary conclusion has been drawn; but viewing the long period of the public writing of Junius, it is remarkable (if the information in his letters is analysed and duly weighed) how few material private political secrets or public springs of action were known to or revealed by the writer. It may be admitted that there is one partial exception to this general conclusion, so far as relates to *military* men of rank and to War Office transactions in particular. On the latter subjects he *was* well informed. Such knowledge, as if from almost exclusive private sources of information, constitutes a marked and pointed indi-

cation that his identity must be sought for in relation to some of the departments of our military administration. Junius *must* have been in close and personal connection with the army. He could not have derived the particular and minute military details in his letters from second hand. Moreover, if possibly so derivable, the *animus* of his treatment of them could not have been so professional as his letters doubtless are in their tone and spirit. His letter to the 'Public Advertiser' of the 17th October 1769, on the military outrage and riots occasioned by the arrest for debt of Major Gansel, and that officer's rescue, in its exact and many unknown particulars, in its phraseology and military nomenclature, could only have been written from exact and private information direct from the Horse Guards, the Ordnance, the Commissariat Office, or the *War Office*. In the latter department, at that period, the details made public would chiefly be known. Again, when Junius finally concluded his writings under that signature, by his letter to Lord Camden of the 21st January, 1772, what possible motive, except that of personal wrong from or animosity against Lord Barrington (the Secretary of War), and some direct personal connection with the War Office, could induce the same writer, who only recently avowed his retirement from the Press, again to enter the arena, and to fulminate, *under other and repeatedly changed* anonymous signatures, thunders of wrath and personalities against the Secretary of War? Lord Barrington, during the entire career of Junius, and in known miscellaneous letters, had been always singularly less abused (with particular exceptions) and more reservedly commented upon than any other member of the Grenville, Rockingham, Chatham, and North administrations! Yet Lord Barrington, of all members, was in truth the most assailable. The noble lord had been Secretary of War throughout the ministries of Pitt (Lord Chatham) and Lord Bute; and except being *pro tempore* out of office for eleven months in the interregnum of eleven months only, his lordship had, as 'a king's man,' retained his position in the four cabinets above mentioned, being, therefore, a sort of standing Secretary at War from June 1757 to January 1772, when Junius ceased any longer to write. One public provocation only had previously moved Junius to any serious comment on Lord Barrington, viz., his lordship's letter complimentary of the military employed in the suppression of the riots. The only very vindictive allusion to Lord

Barrington is in a *private* letter of Junius to Wilkes, 7th of September 1771, in which (commenting on Article 6 of the Declaration of the supporters of the Bill of Rights, demanding impeachment of ministers) Junius says: 'As for Lord Weymouth and Lord Barrington, their own letters are a sufficient ground of impeachment.' Thus he betrayed an animus against him in private which he concealed in his public letters. In some few other occasions, and on discussions of public questions in the House of Commons, Junius had certainly mentioned Lord Barrington in terms of dispraise; but no critical reader of the letters can fail to discern that, for some unknown reasons, towards this noble and pliant placeman (always a member of the several cabinets) Junius always preserved comparative silence, and dealt out to his lordship less condemnation than to any of his colleagues. Whilst corresponding privately with his publisher Woodfall, and engaged in the completion of an authorised collected edition of the selected Letters of Junius, we find the author strangely and suddenly incensed by the retirement of two of the principal clerks of the War Office. On the 25th January, 1772, Junius, in a private letter to the publisher of the 'Public Advertiser,' encloses to Woodfall a most furious letter of attack on Lord Barrington for publication (Bohn's 'Junius,' vol. ii. p. 54).

The public letter, under the signature of 'Veteran,' was published on the 28th inst. It will be hereafter shown that the facts which form the staple of this letter were really of no public moment or interest, except so far as affording a peg on which to hang abuse of a minister; and the contents of the letter could only be confidentially known in the War Office or to the retiring clerks, D'Oyley and Francis. In this diatribe, for the first time Junius, under another fictitious signature, denounces Lord Barrington for that pliancy and suppleness of political principle which had continued his lordship in his office during so many different party administrations. The letter betrays an intimate knowledge of the *personnel* and interior of the War Office. The particular provocation by Lord Barrington was the appointment of Mr. Chamier, a Stock Exchange broker, to the vacancy caused by the *resignation* of D'Oyley. This sudden and apparently inexplicable attack was succeeded by four other public letters to Lord Barrington under the same signature, under the respective dates of 17th

Feb., the 27th, the 10th March, and the 23rd March (1772). In the latter letter, 'Veteran' says that Lord Barrington, 'not content with having *driven* Mr. D'Oyley out of the War Office, has *contrived* to expel Mr. Francis.' The words in italics were not italicised in the original letter. They are only now specially so distinguished for the reader's observation as a special use of words by 'Veteran' which will be hereafter distinctly and singularly traced to 'Veteran's' direct knowledge of the causes of the retirement of the two clerks. It will be made clear, hereafter, that neither Mr. D'Oyley nor Mr. Francis was, however, *dismissed* by Lord Barrington's conduct as their chief: they might have been 'driven' out of office. But Junius did not even here cease his anathemas.

In a private note to Woodfall, of the assigned date of Sunday, 3rd May (1772), Junius enclosed to him, for publication also, a seventh attack; and changing his signature from his late one of 'Veteran,' to that of 'Scotus.' In his private note he vouches for a fact stated by '*Scotus*.' He tells Woodfall, privately, that 'the proceedings of this wretch[1] are unaccountable: there must be some mystery in it, which I hope will soon be discovered, to his confusion.' He adds, 'Next to the Duke of Grafton, I verily believe that the blackest heart in the kingdom belongs to Lord Barrington.' 'Scotus' added to the acrimonious political and personal abuse of the Secretary at War contained in the former letters of 'Veteran.' There is a particular charge in this attack against Lord Barrington, in an accusation of insolence towards inferiors. 'Scotus' gives an instance of some case of resentment on the part, apparently, of a clerk. Under the fictitious signature of a Scotsman, 'Scotus' retaliates on Lord Barrington the charge against the Scots of fawning servility. Inadvertently—that is, if the writer assumed his anonymous disguise for non-detection—a singular incident escapes him in his retaliation: he reminds Lord Barrington, 'You have had some *lessons* which have made you more cautious than you used to be: you have reason to remember that modest, humble merit will not always bear to be insulted by an upstart in office.' The mention of a private and casual occurrence shows that the writer was, in all probability, familiar with the *dramatis personæ* of the War Office—personally acquainted with the depart-

[1] Lord Barrington.

ment, if not once in official relation to Lord Barrington. All this class of letters also demonstrate that the anonymous writer must necessarily not only have had some serious real or imaginary complaint against the Secretary of War, individually, or some great cause of personal quarrel. The letters in question further demonstrate the writer's familiar knowledge of the person, manners, family relations, early and entire career and social habits of his lordship.

This bitter and intense personal feeling of Junius did not even terminate with the letter of 'Scotus.' Four days after, 'Scotus' thus took the field in another letter, under a new signature of 'Arthur Tell-truth,' another piece of ordnance brought into the field of the 'Public Advertiser,' but addressed to the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty. Junius had noticed the appointment of Mr. Bradshaw to be a member of their board. He had always previously shown much political, if not personal, dislike of Bradshaw. On this occasion, a private letter to Woodfall (No. 52, 25th Jan. 1772) is a clue to the motives prompting the attack of 'Arthur Tell-truth:' Junius had been moved by what he believed to be a fact, viz., that Lord Barrington had 'just appointed a French broker (Chamier) his deputy, for no reason but his relation to Bradshaw.' Mr. Bradshaw was brother-in-law to Mr. Chamier. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ.* Junius writes to his publisher: 'Be careful not to let it come from me. Such an insignificant creature is not worth the generous rage of Junius.' 'Arthur Tell-truth' asserts, as was true, that Bradshaw was 'one of Lord Barrington's domestics, from whence he moved to *Ireland*, set up a shop,' and 'ultimately was appointed one of the secretaries to the Treasury.' The revelations in this letter denote an intimate acquaintance with Lord Barrington, and with the *personnel* and biography of his lordship's household. In what relation must Junius have been to Lord Barrington that he could have acquired a knowledge of such social particulars? or why should they have been obtruded on the public, unless Junius had cause of personal affront or other hatred?

The last public communication from Junius ever received by Woodfall was a further assault on Lord Barrington, under the new signature of 'Nemesis;' and expressly again requesting, as in the case of the first letter of 'Veteran,' that the writer might not be identified with or publicly known to be Junius.

This final production of a most extraordinary and chameleon public writer was enclosed by Junius to Mr. Woodfall in a private note of three lines, as follows: 'May 10, 1772.—Pray let this be announced, "*Memoirs of Lord Barrington in our next.*" Keep the author a secret.' This private letter is believed also to have been the last confidential communication to Woodfall received by the publisher, except one further private letter of the 19th January, 1773.

'Nemesis' in this final public letter gives still fuller details of Lord Barrington's public life. He enumerates the preferments of all the brothers of the noble viscount: that 'one brother was a general officer, with a regiment and chief command at Gadeloupe; a second high in the navy, with a regiment of marines; a third a judge; and the fourth a bishop.' He sarcastically records Lord Barrington's own 'singular good fortune of never being himself a moment out of place,' added to his lordship's 'extraordinary success in providing for every branch of his family.' 'Nemesis' sums up this good luck of the viscount in 'the influence of Government for a seat in the House of Commons, which he holds without its costing him a shilling.' This 'short review of his political birth' was prefaced by an apparently unguarded, though natural, averment of the writer's personal knowledge of his victim, as follows: 'He is modest enough to affirm in all companies that *his* services are unrewarded; that *he* bears the burthen; that other people engross the profits; and that *he* gets nothing. Those who know but little of his history may perhaps be inclined to pity him; but he and I have been old acquaintance, and considering the size of his understanding, I believe I shall be able to prove that no man in the kingdom ever sold himself and his services to better advantage than Lord Barrington.'

All these private letters, and the entire original manuscript of the letter of 'Scotus,' are still extant, in the possession of Mr. Woodfall, son of the publisher of the 'Public Advertiser.' All the manuscripts are in one and the same fictitious hand—that of Junius. Now, can it be credible that in the composition of these letters the writer was not impelled by some real or imagined personal wrong received from Lord Barrington, and that the cause of animosity was not *subsequent* to the publication of the letters signed Junius? No other reasonable conclusion could be maintained in any judicial investigation of

libels. The confusion and suspension only of the reasoning faculties in literary controversies could only dispute such a logical inference. Why, otherwise, should Junius single out Lord Barrington, after nearly five years of comparative immunity, for such repeated and severe personal attacks, when his series of political commentaries on his lordship's colleagues was concluded? What springs of human action could occasion this partial resumption of his pen? The passion of revenge could only be the sudden and fierce motive; the animus of the writer could only intend the injury of a nobleman who, he believed, had injured himself. If private, and not public, motives did not induce these attacks, what did? and-where was the armoury used by Junius if his weapons were not brought from the War Office? In the course of these volumes, it will be shown that Junius did arm himself from that office.

It is here observable that by the constant change of fictitious signatures, the writer (as Junius), in his assault on Lord Barrington, adopted various masks; and that his probable intention was to avoid any discovery of his identity in either character by Lord Barrington. He would not otherwise have adopted so many devices and every other conceivable mode of concealment. All these arts are proofs that he was *bonâ fide* true to his own secret, and truthful in his invariable declaration in his public and private letters, that he *was* the sole depositor of his own secret. Probably he was convinced that by no other mode could it be securely kept. The greatest risk he ran, and he was apparently sensible of it, was the indulgence at last of this overruling animosity towards Lord Barrington. Hence his repeated change of signatures, and his increased caution in intercourse with Woodfall during his editorship of the authorised edition of Junius and his correction of the proofs. At the end of 1771, he ceased epistolary communication with Wilkes. The date of Wilkes' last letter to him was 15th January, 1772. On the 18th of that month he mentions, in a private letter to Woodfall, that a 'difficulty' had occurred in their communication on the preceding night. On the 3rd of February he forbids Woodfall to forward to him anything not 'material.' On the 10th inst. he tells him only to transmit packets for him 'to the original place for once;' and, afterwards, to 'mention any *new* place' he thought proper 'west of Temple Bar.' On the Tuesday, 3rd of March, following, he apprises Woodfall that his last

'letter was twice refused last night, and the waiter as often attempted to see the person who sent for it;' and he directs Woodfall's next packet to be left at Munday's Coffee House, Maiden Lane, with orders that it should be 'delivered to a chairman who would call for it on the following evening.'

These increased apprehensions of discovery, and fresh arrangements for the preservation of his strict incognito, could not have been groundless alarms or a disturbed imagination. They must have been real causes for caution against detection. It can scarcely be doubted that, from the above, several occurrences and attempts at this particular period to detect the dreaded Public Writer, that stratagems for his surprise were resorted to by the Government—most probably on behalf of Lord Barrington. Other facts, brought to light, hereafter to be stated, will render this conclusion still more probable. At present for consecutive narrative and chronological deductions this contemporary statement is confined exclusively to circumstances recorded in the Woodfall and Junius Private Correspondence.

From first to last in all their epistolary intercourse, Junius betrays deep anxiety to continue unknown. In the very first extant private note to Woodfall, Junius desires particularly that he relies on the Publisher of the Public Ledger' to give him 'a hint' of any inquiry made about his articles (20 April, 1769). In his third note (15 July), he begs Woodfall to tell him candidly whether he knows or suspects his identity; and he directs him to address a letter on the following Monday under the name of 'Mr. William Middleton, to be left at the bar of the New Exchange Coffee House, on Monday, as early as you think proper.' The week following (21 July) he alters his address to 'Mr. John Fretley, at the same Coffee House, where it is impossible *I should be known.*' This last observation, italicised for the reader's observation, was an unwitting admission that he at least occasionally called in person for Woodfall's communications. A person of known public rank or high station would scarcely run the risk of personally receiving the letters. On October the 5th (1769), he privately writes Mr. Woodfall, *inter alia*: 'As to me, be assured that it is not in the nature of things, that they (the Cavendishes) or you, or any body else should ever know me, unless I made myself known. All arts, or enquiries, or rewards, would be equally ineffectual.' In No-

vember following, for further precaution, he instructs Woodfall, in his 'Public Advertiser's' notices to him as a Correspondent as follows: 'Instead of C. in the usual place, say only *A. letter*, when you have occasion to write to me again. I shall understand you.' At the close of that year, on 26 Dec. 1769, when Woodfall was apprehending a possible prosecution if he continued the certain course of libel, Junius in another private note says, 'I doubt much whether I shall even have the pleasure of knowing you; but if things take the turn I expect, you shall know me *by my works*.' Whether or not this italicised passage meant any indirect promise of pecuniary aid, or referred only to political or literary works he designed, is doubtful. About the beginning of February 1770, according to the Woodfall Editor's supposed date, of an undated private note, and when a prosecution for libel was pending against the 'Public Advertiser' on account of Junius' Letter to the King, Junius writes to him: 'When you consider to what excessive enmities I may be exposed, you will not wonder at my caution. I really have not known how to procure your last. If it be not of any great moment, I would wish you to recall it. If it be, give me a hint.' This note contained the first and only direct allusion to a pecuniary indemnity against any cost of a defence of legal proceedings against the Printer or Proprietary of the 'Public Advertiser,' for the publication of Junius' Letter to the King: 'If your affair (the indictment) should be tried, and you should be found guilty, you will then let me know what expense falls particularly on yourself; for I understand you are engaged with other Proprietors. Some way or other *you* shall be reimbursed. But seriously and *bonâ fide*, I think it is impossible.'

It is here observable, that the promise of a simple reimbursement of any *expenses* personally falling on Woodfall as *one* of the journal shareholders, and without any promise of any indemnity for suffering a term of imprisonment if convicted, and excluding any indemnity of the publisher's co-partners, does not indicate the affluence of Junius. Nor does the fact of his going east and west, in person, for letters and parcels of Woodfall bespeak any high station of the unknown friend and correspondent. On the contrary, the natural assumption would be that the rank and fortune of Junius were only of the middle, not of the higher class of society. Certainly if Junius was a

man of high station, or large fortune, this last note was not in the most liberal spirit.

On the 2nd January (1771), he again has a correspondence with Woodfall, involving the anxious subject of security against any 'plant' or detection. Junius writes Woodfall the following note, again changing a previous direction. On the 11th February (1771), he writes to Woodfall: 'Our correspondence is attended with difficulties, yet I should be glad to see the paper you mention; let it be left to-morrow *without further notice*.' Ten days afterwards (21st), he writes to Woodfall that, 'It will be very difficult, if not impracticable, for me to get your note,'—the day previously the notices to correspondents in the 'Public Advertiser,' have privately announced that a 'Letter' from the Publisher was in waiting for him. On the 19th April, Junius sends to Woodfall a public letter, and in enclosing it says in a private note: 'It will be impossible for me to have an opportunity of altering any part of it.' In November (15th, 1771), Junius, in a private note, instructs Woodfall: 'Don't always use the same signal—any absurd Latin verse will answer the purpose.' On the 17th December (1771), Junius writes to Woodfall, 'on no account, nor for any reason whatever, are you to write to me, until I give you notice.' The cautions and alarms given by Junius to Woodfall of the following and last year of their inter-private communications have been already recorded.

They are all remaining extant, and as published first by the son of Woodfall, with the assistance of Dr. Goode, in 1812. They do not comprise all the private letters which were written to the elder Mr. Woodfall; only those which, fortunately, he had preserved. None of the private notes of Woodfall to Junius during the entire period of their private and public correspondence, have come to light. Probably they were afterwards destroyed by Junius himself, that no such documentary records might exist for his future discovery or identification. Had the entire letters of the two correspondents been preserved and made public, it is almost certain that more alarms and cautions would have been contained in their several lost letters. Occasionally the cautions and directions of Junius may have been guards against possible treachery on the part of his publisher, although in point of fact the former put almost implicit and justifiable faith in the fidelity of Mr. Woodfall. But in the context of

these confidential and singular interchanges of private letters, it is undoubted that Junius continued his public letters under the constant and acute fears of his detection by the government. It is equally palpable that he viewed his possible discovery as his private 'ruin.' This ruin might have been a sense of sacrifice of his private reputation or honour; or more probably it might have indicated the ruin of his pecuniary condition and prospects; or, his liability to criminal prosecution, or even to parliamentary impeachment. On the 10th November, 1771, enclosing to Woodfall his letter to Garrick, he writes privately: 'I would have sent the above to Garrick directly, but that I would avoid having this hand too commonly seen. Oblige me, then, so much as to have it copied in any hand, and sent by the penny post, that is, if you dislike sending it in your own writing.' Junius adds, 'I must be more cautious than ever, *I am sure that I should not survive discovery three days*; or, if I did they would attaint me by Bill.' He then orders Woodfall to 'change to *Somerset Coffee House*, and let no mortal know the alteration.' Junius further concludes this note in a similar state of terror: 'I am persuaded you are too honest a man to contribute in any way to my *destruction*. Act honourably by me, and at a proper time you shall know me.' Three days afterwards, 10th November (1771), Junius renews his cautions to the publisher, in another private note, enclosing to him a public Letter under the new signature of *Vindex*: 'When you send to me, instead of the usual signal, say, *Vindex shall be considered*, and keep the alteration a secret to everybody.' On the 27th he desires a communication from him simply to be acknowledged in the 'Public Advertiser' by the substituted notice under the word 'received.'

All this eccentric correspondence between Junius and his publisher appears to have been as singularly, if not abruptly, dropped by the former. An interregnum of eight months—from 10th May, 1772, to 19th January, 1773, occurred—the two last letters of Junius, bearing those dates respectively. This *hiatus* in their intercouse is a circumstance to be noticed, and further as hereafter affording a clue to the cause of an unprecedented suspension in their inter-communications.

This letter is remarkable as showing—that if Junius had previously seen 'the signals' in the 'Public Advertiser' he either from absence from London or being abroad, had not been

locally able to answer them; or if at home, that he had not chosen to reply. The fact, however, affords a possible clue to his discovery. It is a reasonable inference that he may have been during the interregnum out of England; and that on his return referring to the file of the newspaper, he *then* answered the prior signal. The probability of his having been abroad is also palpable, the 'Public Advertiser' not having answered that last letter (written, at least dated on the *nineteenth* of *January*) until the *eighth* of *March*—a lapse of twenty days between the date and acknowledged receipt. It is, however, possible, but not probable, that Junius might in England have post-dated this letter for the purpose of blinding Woodfall as to his metropolitan locality. The purpose however of such a blind is not apparent. But the letter and spirit of this last communication with Woodfall imply a thorough disgust and abandonment of all interest in home politics. It is in its terms evidently meant as a farewell letter, so far as himself; although he permits Woodfall to signalise him again—'if you have anything to communicate of moment to yourself.' The acknowledgment of the receipt of this letter by Woodfall in the 'Public Advertiser' was in all probability the following 'signal' among the notices to correspondents on the 8th of March,—'The letter from *an old friend and correspondent*, dated Jan. 19, came *safe to hand*, and his directions are strictly followed. *Quod si quis existimat.*"

Mr. Woodfall's last recorded letter to Junius (of which he kept a rough copy) singularly bears date only one day previously, viz. Sunday, the 7th March. No answer appears to have been given by Junius: at least none was preserved by Woodfall, so far as the son discovered. If any reply had been written and received it is not likely to have been destroyed by the publisher. Such is the mystery in which Junius vanishes from the stage of Journalism!

Questions naturally arise, can this remarkable interregnum in the correspondence be accounted for? and also, can the cause of the delay in the acknowledgment of this last letter be discovered and explained? Was the retirement of Junius from his voluntary and favourite pursuit of political controversy solely, or only in part, occasioned by his disgust of the state of public opinion and the temporary disagreement of Liberals? Or did *other* causes of self-interest, of change of country, death,

or disturbed sanity terminate his newspaper career? Its close was 'not natural.' If Junius did not from this period live and die in a foreign country, and his early death after 1773 was not probable if a man of middle age, was it not almost certain that in the future life or future writings of so powerful and distinctly marked a writer he would be identified by some subsequent literary or political writings? The question would then arise, did he and at what period, and under what circumstances, resume his pen in the field of politics? If he did re-enter the arena the trace of resemblance to Junius might not immediately be so apparent as might be supposed. Certainly the *style* of his Junius compositions was artificial in a great degree, and the occasion and the temptation to resume the particular manner of writing might not again happen to the individual. Indeed, if Junius was in any subordinate Public State Department and afterwards quitted his office, or acquired a higher station, he was not likely again to employ his literary talents in the same manner; nor indeed would he have the temptations or materials for the personal and special topics of the celebrated Letters. If undetected, he would not, when an older man, again incur the same risks; if as Junius he had been by some leading public man discovered, though a few might have kept his secret, he would have been still more reluctant to repeat his offences against political society. Nor, if he long survived the publication of his famous Letters, could he fail to disapprove and self-condemn much which he had published under his old anonymous designations.

The Letters of Junius, it is observable, were generally based on no '*plan*,' although a plan has been imagined by many of his commentators. It may be true that at the commencement of the year 1769 he may have designed a series of more laborious and studied attacks on the Duke of Grafton's new Premiership and Ministry (and which within twelve months he much contributed to overthrow), but accidental circumstances during the progress of his letters constantly diverted as well as turned his pen. The instances are numerous: Sir William Draper unexpectedly and immediately broke his lance with Junius. Unexpected Parliamentary debates and occurrences in rapid succession took place: Wilkes supplied fresh and fresh topics for the journalist; Lord North's Ministry succeeded that of the Duke of Grafton, with changes of men and new measures; then

occurred the accident of the controversy of Horne Tooke with Junius; lastly, came the prosecution of Woodfall and other publishers of the Letters of Junius, and which legal proceedings then engaged the writer in attacks on Lords Camden and Mansfield. Such unforeseen circumstances and attractions, if any 'plan' had been designed, would necessarily act as disturbing influences, interfering with any regularly formed projected order or original scheme of the author. Moreover, the *private* letters of Junius to Woodfall and Mr. Wilkes demonstrate not only that the writer was constantly in his election of subjects undesignedly influenced in their selection, but that he at times intended to drop further contributions long before they ceased. It has been also before observed that his ultimate abandonment of his greater name and his Junius signature, and the commencement of letters under other signatures, addressed to Lord Barrington singly, *must* have originated in some fresh cause, or later occurrences personal to himself. His entire political writings of five or six years' duration, considered as a whole, must therefore be viewed as miscellaneous, and really in the main as unpremeditated compositions. The author certainly maintained a higher, more laboured, and pompous style, when using the name of Junius; but the mass of letters and articles under his different signatures and disguises were for the most part intermittent and originating in the passing temporary political occurrences of the period. Many letters also, indisputably from the same pen, are unequal in interest, style, and force; though all more or less marked by the same pungent irony and witty sarcasm. Indeed those characteristics of mind seem to have been the superior and more ingenious powers of his mind. Irony, sarcasm, powers of attack and of clever quick self-defence were ever ready to his hand; and no fishwoman could excel him in personal vituperation. He was a master of political personalities, and his ingenuity when exposed to be in the wrong was equally one of his eminent characteristics as a political controversialist. An old special pleader protecting a defendant in the wrong could not more artfully *sham*, plead, or raise better false issues.

Now, if Junius survived the publication of his letters, and engaged in after public life and political writing does it not follow there should be discovered a sequence from the same pen in political compositions of the precise style and general character?

The morality of political controversy became improved. Personalities which disgraced the political prose and poetry of the eighteenth century much declined at its close and still further lessened in the eighteenth century. Political science reared its taller head. The principles of government, and measures not men, were more discussed. Political economy became a science and more interested public writers. Legislatorial discussions also became less vulgar and personal than aforetime—the standard of political and literary writing was raised. Such a social progress would be inconsistent with the reproduction by Junius of any such compositions as his early defective though memorable letters. Moreover, the style of political writers became more natural and pure—not only less personal and coarse, but less ornate and more simple. The great literary defect of Junius was the 'polish' in his style, a manipulation which has, however, been commonly considered its peculiar merit and superiority. Junius, therefore, might live nearly half a century afterwards, and yet not practise the same overworked style or offensive peculiarities as a controversalist. Junius undoubtedly reappears with many of his characteristics, but comparatively as a subdued, if not a weakened writer. If works of the same class remain to be discovered, other than the Junius and miscellaneous Letters of Junius recorded in the Woodfall complete edition of 1812, they should be sought for before 1767 rather than after 1773.

So far the conclusions to be drawn from the avowed public Letters of Junius—from such 'miscellaneous letters' as are unquestionably the production of Junius—and from the private letters of Junius to Mr. Woodfall.

There are other and equally important sources of evidence, made public during the last few years, which supply singular and corroborative proofs of the station in life and personal motives of Junius.

Junius voluntarily wrote and sent three private and confidential letters to Lord Chatham and Mr. George Grenville; two to the former, and one to the latter. The first in date, 2nd January, 1768, was marked on the posted envelope, 'Private and Secret: to be opened by Lord Chatham only.' This letter, it is remarkable, was written a year before the commencement of his public letters under the signature of Junius. The context and spirit of this letter, written not for publicity but

simply to give Lord Chatham some political information, clearly shows that the writer was not in the Cabinet—that he was in no prominent, if any, Government situation. He prefaces his communication by the simple and expressive averment, 'I have an opportunity of knowing something, and you may depend on my veracity.' If this sentence was artless, and not intended as a blind (and there is no apparent motive for any false or artful observation of the kind,) it is a distinct admission that Junius, then signing with the initial C., by his personal situation had not the 'opportunity' of knowing everything—that is, that he was outside the circle of men fully politically informed. The special endorsement on his letter, of its privacy and secrecy, denotes that the writer had some special and personal reasons why he desired his communication to be to 'Lord Chatham only.'

Ten months afterwards, or the date 20th October, 1768, Junius (using no signature or even initial,) writes a letter to Mr. George Grenville, enclosing to him one of his well-known early miscellaneous letters under the signature 'Atticus.' This letter is invaluable as a clue to the pursuits, labour or leisure, and objects, of the writer (afterwards Junius). Unless all his indirect and apparently undesigned mentions of himself are false and fictitious, as most improbable, because objectless as such, this letter proves Junius at this period not to have been a paid or hired public writer. He described his enclosed letter of Atticus as a production 'finished with more care *than I have usually time to give to such productions.*' The latter part of the sentence clearly indicates that journalism was not his common vocation, and that his time was otherwise occupied. The writer then assures Mr. Grenville 'that no man living suspects the author.' The literal truth of *this* assertion is manifest in the fact that for half a century afterwards, even if known, Junius remained unknown. His next assertion is, that he had 'no connection with any party, except a voluntary attachment to your cause and person.' This freedom from all party advocacy or influence was singularly manifested throughout the whole of the acknowledged and known of the anonymous writings of Junius. Indeed such independence of party, in so industrious and voluminous a writer, not only peculiarly distinguished Junius from all other political writers of his day but it is a rare quality in any political writer of any age. This,

therefore, is his second assertion, proven to be literally true. The writer therefore is entitled to some credit, when he immediately afterwards volunteers, for no purpose of imposition on Mr. Grenville, a singular confession of the motives and origin of his contributions to the Press. He says that his political authorship 'began with amusement, grew into habit, was confirmed by a closer attention to your principles and conduct, and is now heated into passion.' This assertion is consistent with his previous proud assertion of disinterestedness, and in which spirit he had also addressed Lord Chatham. The sentence also accurately agrees with the idea of Mr. Woodfall, his subsequent publisher, that Junius had been some time a contributor to his journal under various signatures. Junius, in this letter to Mr. Grenville, further says, 'The Grand Council was mine, and I may say, with truth, almost everything that for two years past has attracted the attention of the public.' He further consistently describes himself, as 'a man who writes absolutely without materials or instruction.' This singularly candid and uncalled-for avowal is therefore the more probably a true report of his isolation from political channels of information, and from the society of leading public statesmen, but it was not likely to find favour with Mr. Grenville, the recipient of an anonymous letter from a stranger. The whole letter also is evidence that the writer and Mr. Grenville were not intimate, even if personally known to each other. The former expresses a desire to advocate the political plans and interest of the latter, but says that he lacks hints and promptings. Not only, therefore, if this state of Junius' personal isolation from the *opposition* leaders be true, was he not then in any personal access to Mr. Grenville, but he certainly, by his meaning, could not have been in any indirect communication with Mr. Grenville's friends or party. If the fact had been otherwise, what could have been the possible object of his letter to that gentleman? Junius distinctly says: 'Until you are Minister I must not permit myself the honour of being known to you.' The sentence following this extract indicates a latent intention of claiming some reward for his devotion to Mr. Grenville: 'When that happens, you will not find me a needy or a troublesome dependent.' He concludes as follows: 'In the mean time, I must console myself with reflecting that, by resisting every temptation of vanity, and even the great desire I have of being honoured with your

notice, I give you some assurance that you may depend upon my firmness and fidelity hereafter.'

The natural influence from this apparently truthful letter is, that the writer was calculating on Mr. Grenville's early return to office: and that besides the conscientious advocacy of the ex-Premier's political interest the writer was not unnaturally laying claim to a participation in the future sweets of some secondary office, or an official berth better than one he may have then enjoyed. Certainly if a man of the conscious powers of Junius was, when composing his letters, in any subordinate office, he might well have indulged in the hope and just claim of future advancement. He might be and probably was no 'needy or troublesome dependent;' but by this suspicious allusion to sinister objects (not repudiated by his peculiar mention of future place), Junius evidently had, or may have had, an eye to future advancement on his own account. The object and expected gain of office may, and probably was, one of the incentives of his laborious works. The public press had then long been a recognised ladder of ascent to State employment. It ought, within bounds, and honourable use of its large modern powers, to be so; England and France have been successively ministerially governed by professors of journalism. Bishops and Judges without end have gained their political positions by their talent of public writing as well as by eloquence. In the eighteenth century the press had become a fourth estate of our constitutional form of government, and by Mr. Fox's Libel Act the liberty of the press has been established.

On the 14th of January, 1772, Junius addressed a second letter to Lord Chatham, in his own and invariable handwriting. The subject was on the argument and proof-sheets of his letter to Lord Mansfield; its object was to induce Lord Chatham to move an impeachment of the Lord Chief Justice. This letter was marked 'Most Secret,' and it expressed an implicit reliance on the known honour of the noble Earl. This volunteered communication contained a special mention (whether true or false) of his own condition in private life: 'Retired and unknown, I live in the shade, and have only a *speculative ambition*.' The latter peculiar assertion is apparently a repetition of the same description of his own 'order,' which he had indirectly conveyed to Mr. Grenville (two years previously), that though not an adventurer he might nevertheless have hopes of

prospective self-advantage. At least no other sense can be extracted from an otherwise ambiguous and senseless expression.

One certain and important deduction results from this letter, almost at the close of the career of Junius, viz. that Lord Chatham must have been wholly ignorant of the identity of his correspondent; unless he was, as has been contended, Junius himself! But this positive and repeated consistent statement of his inferior or middle class status, is further confirmed by a similar intermediate assertion to the same exact effect in another private, and a fourth anonymous correspondence with Mr. Wilkes. Junius voluntarily commenced the anonymous epistolary communications which passed between them; and to Wilkes only did Junius (so far as documentary proofs exist) open his mind and political plans freely and confidentially. The private letters between Junius and Wilkes thus supply most important clues to the probable private position of Junius, and to his political ends in view as a public writer. His account of himself to Wilkes may or may not be wholly true; but corroborated, as many of his autobiographical statements to Wilkes certainly are, by other direct and indirect evidences, his general representations to Wilkes are remarkably consistent with and confirmatory of his similar private averments to Woodfall and Lord Chatham. Junius, in his first letter to Wilkes, dated London, 21st August, 1771, explains that his unexpected and voluntary letter to him was exclusively occasioned by his desire to uphold for the public weal Wilkes' position—that the cause of the nation was his sole cause of that private communication. He disclaims any sinister or personal motive of his own, but he counsels Wilkes not to scrutinize motives. Then follows an after peculiar passage in the letter: viz.—'With regard to me, Sir, any refinement in this way would assuredly mislead you; and *though I do not disclaim the idea of some personal views to future honour and advantage* (you would not believe me if I did), yet I can truly affirm, *that neither are they little* in themselves, *nor can they by any possible conjecture be collected from my writings.*' This incidental and almost indiscreet admission of future personal gain in the arena of politics, bears the stamp of sincerity and truth: if an untruth, a more unnecessary and damaging confession could not have been made.

In this letter, chiefly of counsel and advice to Wilkes on his policy in the City Municipal Corporation, Junius again truly

or falsely makes allusion to his own private position in society: 'I offer you the sincere opinion of a man, who, perhaps, has more leisure to make reflections than you have, and who, though he stands clear of business and intrigue, mixes sufficiently, for the purposes of intelligence, in the conversation of the world.' This account of his limited means of knowledge of political intrigues among leading public men, it will doubtless be perceived, is again singularly consistent with his request for hints and private information from Mr. Grenville, and of the similar representation of his occupying a private or commoner's position, which Junius also made to Lord Chatham.

In a subsequent letter to Wilkes (7th September, 1771), Junius speaks of the noble possessors of close boroughs in terms no member of the aristocracy would use. He was justifying his own praise of Lord Chatham as a eulogy, 'nobly deserved,' and was paid by him because he 'should be glad to mortify those contemptible creatures who call themselves Noblemen, whose worthless importance depends entirely upon their influence over boroughs, &c.' In this private letter, there is another sentence which is indirectly an admission of personal advantage, but not for his political services as the great anonymous writer: he says, 'As JUNIUS I can never expect to be rewarded. The secret is too important to be committed to any great man's discretion. If views of interest or ambition could tempt me to betray my own secret, how could I flatter myself that the man I trusted would not act upon the same principles, and sacrifice me at once to the King's curiosity and resentment? Speaking therefore, as a disinterested man, I have a claim to your attention.' This allusion to a possible 'sacrifice,' of him to the king's 'resentment,' if his identity was discovered, in the context of its meaning may imply that Junius had some social position and pecuniary interests he might lose by detection. The same letter contains an *incidental* but curious, and probably undesigned, allusion to his private and social habits. On the 'domestic society,' which Wilkes had described as most agreeable to himself, Junius observes, 'I fancy I should like it still better than you do. I too am no enemy to good fellowship, and have often cursed that canting parson,[1] for wishing to deny

[1] Horne.

you your claret. It is for *him*, and men like *him*, to beware of intoxication. Though I do not place the little pleasures of life in competition with the glorious business of instructing and directing the people, yet I see no reason why a wise man may not unite the public virtues of Cato, with the indulgence of Epicurus.' Probably this confession of sociality of disposition, and an appreciation of pure claret occasionally, really distinguished Junius at home and abroad. It is certainly not the confession of an ascetic or of a teetotaller.

Another portion of this correspondence again indicates the commoner station of Junius. Wilkes, in a private letter to him, 25th September, 1771, had expressed a hope that Junius approved his then recent address to the Livery of London. Wilkes, in that address, had scornfully alluded to the 'tardy tribute of praise to the persecuted patriots' by the '*great* men' who, when the City and the Nation had declared in favour of the Sheriffs, 'joined the public cry,' and 'thronged to the Tower' to pay their respects to the imprisoned magistrates. 'Wilkes sarcastically intimated that the people, obliged to do their *own* business, may always be sure of the concurrence and applause of the *great*.' Now, if Junius had been one of the 'great' who crowded to the prison of the King's Bench, he would scarcely have responded to these sentiments of Wilkes, in his answer of the 16th October, as follows: 'Nothing can be more true than what you say about *great men*. They are indeed a worthless, pitiful race. Chatham has gallantly thrown away the scabbard, and never flinched. From that moment I began to like him.' Would Lord Chatham have privately penned this qualified praise of himself? Would the Duke of Portland, Earl Temple, Earl Shelburne, Lord Camden, Lord Chesterfield, or Lord Littleton (to all of whom these letters of Junius have been severally ascribed), have thus written of themselves, or of their fellow 'great?' In this letter Junius alludes to his difference with Wilkes and the supporters of the Bill of Rights, on the subject of Pressing. For a friend of liberty, an advocate of popular rights, especially at such a period, the opinion of Junius in favour of Impressment was a singular and exceptional sentiment. His argument, under the original signature of *Philo Junius*, was—that though an undoubted evil, he defended it on the broad principle that it was the duty of a government to provide for, at least not to

hazard, the safety of the community; but that he would gladly see a remedy by the substitution of some other plan of recruiting. This adhesion to the unpopular practice of Press Gangs was natural if Junius was in the Army, or connected with our military departments. As such an indication this observation is to be remarked.

In a following letter to Wilkes, Junius, 21st October, 1771, abjures the character of a 'party-man.' In his next communication, 6th November, urging Wilkes to procure him copies of the information against Eyre, he casually states some further particulars of himself. In the concluding part of the private note he begs Wilkes to assure Dr. Lee, with whom, on some points of our differences with our Transatlantic colonies, he had differed, 'that to my heart and understanding the names of American and Englishman are synonymous, and that as to any future taxation of America, I look upon it as near to impossible as the highest impossibility can be.' He adds this account of his isolated situation, so far as the necessary secrecy he was forced or chose to practise:—'I hope that, since he (Dr. Lee) has opposed me where he thinks me wrong, he will be equally ready to assist me when he thinks me right. Besides the fallibility natural to us all, no man writes under so many disadvantages as I do. I cannot consult the learned; I cannot directly ask the opinion of my acquaintance; and in the newspapers I never am assisted. Those who are conversant with books well know how often they mislead us, when we have not a living monitor at hand to assist us in comparing practice with theory.'

This concludes his confidential correspondence with Wilkes, so far as known; and the first publicity of it was by Mr. H. S. Woodfall (son of the original publisher of the public Letters of Junius), in his new edition of Junius in 1812.

Junius subsequently, through the intervention of Woodfall, enlisted Wilkes in the editorship of the first authorised edition of Junius (1772). On the 8th Nov., 1771, by a private letter, 8th Nov., 1771, Junius directs Woodfall to 'show the Dedication and Preface to Mr. Wilkes, and if he has any *material* objection, let me know. I say *material*, because of the difficulty of getting your letter.' On the 10th instant, by another note to Woodfall, he urges him: 'Prevail upon Mr. Wilkes to let you have extracts of my second and third letters to him. It

will make the book still more new. I would see them before they are printed, but keep this last to yourself.' On the outside of this note was marked the *official* superscription, 'Private and Particular.' All these accumulative natural statements about himself and his *habits*, throughout his entire correspondences, indicate some higher or inferior official situation under government, or in the diplomacy.

Wilkes, there is every reason to believe, lived and died in perfect ignorance of the personal identity of his mysterious correspondent. This utter ignorance is almost undeniable, as between 1776 and 1784, he passed some time with Mr. Butler in endeavours to discover, if practicable, the unknown author. The labour was in vain.[1]

The private correspondence of Junius with Wilkes demonstrates another remarkable fact—that the writer of the *Letters of Junius*, whoever he might be, had an intimate knowledge of the *dramatis personæ* of the City of London Corporation—at least, of the City biography and characters of the aldermen of London. Those personages played an important and conspicuous part in the political drama of the times. Alderman Beckford, in fortune and hard-headed qualities of public and private life, and as a man of large fortune, was in front of the stage and the political battle; and being also a member of the House of Commons. But Junius, in his correspondence and amicable differences with Wilkes, displayed such a full knowledge of the men who, under Wilkes, played second parts, that no noble claimant to the authorship of the Junius' Letters could probably, from his higher station of society, have had without immediate means of discovery by Wilkes. Junius knew thoroughly the parts and personal characteristics of Sawbridge, Crosby, Bridgen, Townsend, Sir Joseph Mawbey, and the smaller fry of the Common Council. The identification of any particular individual with the authorship of the Letters of Junius must reconcile this intimate knowledge of Junius with these conspicuous personages of the municipal and political body of the Corporation and City of London. Lords Chatham, Rockingham, and Temple, had, of course, a certain *party* knowledge of these middle-class and City public men. But Junius displays a much commoner intimacy with their individual characteristics—with

[1] Butler's 'Reminiscences.' vol. i. p. 78 *et seq.*

their comparative talents for political agitation, and with their several selfish objects of municipal exaltation. The object of the first voluntary letter of Junius to Wilkes was in August 1771, to persuade Wilkes to support Sawbridge for the Mayoralty of the City against Townsend. Junius describes Sawbridge as 'a man of unquestionable probity,' though perhaps not of pliancy sufficient for the purposes of Wilkes. Sawbridge was descended from a Kentish family of county standing. He had been sheriff of London, with Townsend, and had been mainly instrumental in the return of Wilkes to Parliament; and he had supported Wilkes in defiance of resolutions of the House of Commons. Of the character of Crosby, Junius shows equal intuition. Crosby was early in life an attorney in Cumberland, who afterwards settled in the City of London as a solicitor. He had been Lord Mayor of London in 1770, and as a magistrate, committing to Newgate the Sergeant-at-Arms of the House of Commons for executing a warrant of that House, arresting the persons of several printers, citizens of London, he had himself been committed to the Tower, with Alderman Oliver, by the House of Commons, and on the expiration of the session liberated by *habeas corpus*. But Junius exhibits not only a knowledge of the public, but of the private character of a corporator who had married three wives with a gross fortune of 200,000*l*. Of the low character of Bridgen, Junius was also thoroughly informed, as another letter to Wilkes demonstrates. Now, this knowledge of City men was not an acquisition of lords. A commoner only could have gained such intimacy with the characteristics of the municipal body. For whom has such a knowledge of the City been pretended among the claimants to the authorship of Junius? Noble lords—Lord Temple for one—had sought and suspended their social intimacy with Wilkes according to the ebb and flow of his popular power, and their own interest in the advancement of the demagogue's power. But what peer or commoner claims this knowledge of the merits and demerits of the City politicians of the Junius era?

These extracts, from the private and public letters of Junius so far are the principal lights on his autiobiography. Undeniably they are scanty, and not entitled, unsupported, to any credence approaching confident reliance. His paramount purpose was, to blind the public, his publisher, and his private correspondents—certainly to preserve a complete incognito.

Many passages may and have been brought forward in contradiction of some of these extracted 'hints' on his station, age, and worldly pursuits and objects; but the selection in this chapter is impartial, and has never received as autobiographical matter the just weight it deserved. Separately, some statements of Junius, thus extracted, may be disentitled to credit; but, as a whole, they appear to be the safest *data* for his discovery. At least the evidences of identity in after pages will test their reliability. Many of the statements quoted could not on his part have been designed fictions. It is scarcely possible that a public writer of such voluminous productions, constantly during a period of six or more years, writing under so many anonymous signatures, and thus corresponding privately by letter with several public persons, should not in the course of his divers works have unavoidably, unwittingly, and from natural self-estimation have dropped some accidental information respecting his own personality, affording clues for his ultimate discovery. Indeed, the fear of traces of his identity appears to have haunted his mind more or less from 1768 to 1773, when he closed all communication with his publisher. He was palpably in constant dread lest his own handwriting, his place of residence, or of private or public business, his own person, or his messengers, the occasional 'conveyancers' of his letters, should be tracked. Had Mr. Woodfall, or even Mr. Wilkes, been untrue to him, he would have been, in all human probability, discovered. In his last year of authorship he doubtless ran the greatest hazard. If his letters under the various signatures of Veteran, Scotus, Arthur Tell-truth, and Nemesis, for instance, had been known and proved to have been by one and the same writer, and his private notes to Woodfall inclosing those particular letters had been betrayed to the government, Lord Barrington would at least have discovered and identified his assailant. The fidelity of his printer and his correspondents alone protected him. It is only marvellous that he escaped being identified during the later progress of the letters. The enigma of his fortunate concealment may be explained by his being in some relation to the public administration, or especially of the War Office, on which suspicion would never naturally alight. Anonymous letters in private life, it is well known, have often ultimately been fixed on parties ostensibly the least likely to have written them. Junius was alone behind his own

scenes. In his unsuspected position he may have practised many arts to direct suspicion away from himself, or even to fix it on others.' We know that he practised similar and repeated devices in his public letters, and he has been suspected, on good grounds, of even having written mock replies to letters of Junius, that he might thus by specious arguments confute his opponents, and better elaborate his own reasoning. The letters of *Philo Junius*, as those of *Junius* himself, were long unacknowledged. He was repeatedly charged with changes of signature, and manifest disguises. Contemporary adversaries indeed fixed upon the authorship of letters under signatures other than that of Junius Horne Tooke, in July 1771, publicly tells him that he had then written full two years under the name of Junius, 'and more under *others*.' The same acute critic says: 'The darkness in which Junius thinks himself shrouded has not concealed him; nor the artifice of only *attacking under that signature* those he would pull down (whilst he recommends *by other ways* those he would have promoted), disguised from me whose partisan he was.' The italics are Horne Tooke's own marked notes of emphasis. It is clear, therefore, that this extraordinary masquerader must have probably changed his vizor more frequently than has been detected. All his public performances could not have been known, although occasionally he failed in some attempts at change of personation. The habit of anonymous political writing, so peculiar and so unprecedented, may, however, have become so inveterate in the real individual as to supply a most probable clue to his future identity as Junius, by his resort to similar disguises in after life. There are few populous communities in which there are not individuals with fixed and known *habits* of anonymous private letter-writing. Thus Junius might be identified by his use of the same description of weapons, though differently used, in other political contests. Anonymous public writing was the general practice of his earlier period of life.

INDEX.

ADDINGTON ministry, fall of, ii. 333
'*Advertiser, The Public*,' Francis's connection with it, i. 69, 102, 212. Commentaries on Francis's retirement from the War Office, 276. On the debates at the India House previous to his going out. 343
Allen, Rev. Mr., British chaplain at Lisbon, i. 42. Curious letter of Francis to, 106. To Francis, ii. 134
Almon, Rex *v.*, i. 86, 90. 'Political Register,' 159
America, policy of Grenville and other ministers, Francis's opinions respecting, i. 104, 161, 250. Letters to Francis from, 1767–1773. Appendix, No. X. i. Francis's purchase of land in, 324. Appendix, No. X. i.
Amherst, Sir Jeffrey, his deprival of the Government of Virginia, i. 213
'*Anti-Sejanus*,' whether by Francis, i. 131
'*Autobiographical Fragment*,' by Francis, Appendix, I. No. i.

BAGGS, Major Philip, cousin of Francis (see pedigree), i. 247, 248, 253. His duel with 'Fighting Fitzgerald,' ii. 99. Goes to Calcutta, 136. Sent back from India, 180. Whether as an agent of Francis, 206. Death, 302, 417 *n.*
Baggs, Rev. Stephen, i. 269. Lends his name to Francis's translation of Pinto's 'Essay on Circulation,' 321
Barrington, Lord, Secretary at War, i. 64, 105. His conduct as to the riots on the liberation of Wilkes, 189. His political character, 272. His quarrel with Doyly and Francis, 273; ii. 532. Letters of Veteran, i. 276. His relations in later life with Francis, 329. Informs Francis of his resignation, ii. 160
Barwell, W., appointed on the Council of Bengal, i. 325. Sides with Hastings, ii. 10, 31, 61. Marriage, 31. Fights Gen. Clavering, 33. Character, by Francis, 62. Losses at whist, 68. Negotiation with Francis, 111. Anxious on his own account to reconcile him with Hastings, 175. Goes to England, 188
Bedford, John, fourth Duke of, his party, or the Bloomsbury House gang. Francis's hostility to, i. 172. Affair between him and the Bedford corporation, 236. John, sixth Duke of, letter from, ii. 405. Character, 452
Bengal, Francis's opinion of the people, ii. 45. Scheme for 'perpetual settlement' of the land-revenue, ii. 70, 348
Berry, the Misses, ii. 341, 365
'*Bifrons*' letters, the, i. 184, 192–196
Bligh, General, Francis accompanies his expedition to Cherbourg, i. 19–25
Botetourt, Lord, i. 213.
Boyd, Hugh, suspected author of Junius, i. 280
Bradshaw, Thomas, i. 185. Placed *pro tempore*, in the War Office, 276. His death, 329
Breton, General, on Napoleon's projected invasion of England, ii. 321
Bristow, John, appointed by Francis resident in Oude, ii. 32. Recalled, 73. Goes to England, 121. Returns to India, 179
Brougham, Lord, Character of Francis, in his 'Statesmen,' i. 348; ii. 8, 351
Browning, Mr., letter from, on authorship of Junius, ii. 404
Burke, Edmund, i. 157. Francis's hints to fix on him the authorship of

Junius, 220, 243. First acquaintance with Francis, 340. Letter to, introducing his brother William, ii. 103. Opinion of Francis's scheme for settlement of the Bengal revenue, 125. His eulogy on, in 1783, 221. Endeavours to maintain Francis on the list of managers of the impeachment, 238. Correspondence with Francis on the Hastings' proceedings, 245–264. Difference with Francis on the French Revolution, 280. Bisset's life of him, 286

Burke, William, goes to India, ii. 101

Bute, Lord, formation of his second ministry, 1762, i. 59. His resignation, 62

Byron, Lord, supposed to have been offended by Francis, ii. 344

CALCRAFT, John, his connection with Lord Holland and character, i. 13–16. Obtains Francis's appointment to accompany General Bligh's expedition, 23. Quarrels with Lord Holland, 64. Intimacy with Francis in 1768, 215. His partisanship in 1770 for Lord Chatham, 240, 251. His attachment to Francis ill requited, 282. Character of, by Francis, 284. Question whether he was privy to the composition of Junius, discussed, 287. His death, 310. Codicils to his will containing bequests to Francis, 317. His character, by Francis, 359

Camden, Lord, part taken by him on the libel question, i. 94. On the embargo proclamation, 1766, 126

Campbell, Dr., author of the 'Political Survey of Great Britain,' a friend of Francis, i. 311

'*Candor*' pamphlets, Francis's authorship of, i. 71–80, 99

Canning, G., letter of Francis to, ii. 364. Misunderstanding with Francis, 409

Cartwright, Major, letter to, ii. 366

Chambers, Sir Robert, Justice of the Supreme Court of Bengal, ii. 12. Differs from his brethren in the case of Brand *v.* Francis, 142

Chamier, Anthony, appointed deputy-secretary at war, 273. Particulars respecting him, 277

Champion, Colonel, transactions with Hastings, ii. 54

Chandler, George, i. 204. His generosity to Francis, 346. One of his trustees during his absence in India, 349

'*Characteristics* of the Kings of England,' essay by Francis, Appendix, No. III. ii.

Chatham, Lord, his war administration of 1757, i. 18. Employs Francis as occasional amanuensis, 52. Comment on his speech of Jan. 24, 1766, by Anti-Sejanus, 110. His acceptance of a peerage and the Privy Seal, 118. Attacked by Francis on that account, 122. Again in 1767, 133–136. His bodily condition at the end of 1767, 164, 170. Francis from this time ceases to attack him, 174. Attempts, promoted by Calcraft and Francis, to make him premier in 1770, 240. Review of his policy by Francis, 357

Cholwell, Mr., offered Indian councillorship, ii. 119

Clavering, General, appointed on the Council of Bengal, i. 325. Appointed commander-in-chief in India, 344. Wants to fight the Duke of Richmond, 367. Quarrels with and fights Barwell, ii. 33. Hostility between Francis and him, 43. Made K.C.B., 86. Unsuccessful attempt to supersede Hastings, 87. Death, 94

Clive, Lord, i. 322. Becomes intimate with Francis on the latter's appointment to India, i. 331. His influence in Indian affairs, 332. Death, 334

Clive, second Lord, i. 337; ii. 42

Clive, Lady, letter to Francis by, i. 335

Collings, Mr., ii. 25

Cooper, Sir Grey, private secretary to Lord North, ii. 41, 85

Coote, Sir Eyre, his arrival in Bengal, ii. 153. Conduct in Council, 154–168. Character, 169

Cornwallis, Lord, ii. 70, 348

Croker, J. W., his article in the 'Quarterly,' attributing Junius to Lord Lyttelton, i. 284

DAY, Sir John, Advocate-General in India, ii. ch. ii. p. 129, 155. His attempts to negotiate between Francis and Hastings, 191

Devonshire, Duchess of, correspondence with, ii. 306

Devonshire, Marchioness of, correspondence with, ii. ch. v.

Doyly, Christopher, appointed Deputy Secretary-at-War, 1762, i. 65. His intimacy with Francis, 65, 167, 246. Resigns his office, 270. Was he privy to the composition of Junius?

294. Returned to Parliament, for Wareham, 345. Trustee of Francis while in India, 349. Under Secretary in the American department, ii. 43. Francis takes offence with him, 89. Resignation, 133. Death, 392

Draper, Sir William, early acquaintance of with Francis, i. 11. Anonymous conflict with Francis in 'The Public Advertiser,' 1767, 142. Junius correspondence, and personal career of, 224, 227, 229.

Dubois, Edward, ii. 327. Account of him, 383 *n.*

Ducarel, M., friend of Lord Clive, and intimate with Francis in India, ii. ch. i. ii. Assists in his minutes, 4. His agent in reconciliation with Hastings, 176

Dundas, Henry, ii. 219

EGREMONT, Lord, Francis under him in the War Office, i. 59, 63

Elliot, Alexander, goes to India, 1777, ii. 101. Negotiates for Hastings, 116

Elliot, Gilbert (first Lord Minto), i. 273

Ellis, Welbore, appoints Francis first clerk in the War Office, i. 65. Correspondent of Francis in India, ii. 26, 96

FALKLAND Islands, affair of, commented on by Junius and by Francis, i. 248–253

Fowke, Francis, resident at Benares, ii. 65. Recalled, 73. Disputes about his reappointment, 182

Fowke, Joseph, ii. 49, 64. Account of the family, *ib.* Hostility of Hastings to him, 182. Francis on his conduct, 200

Fox, Charles, correspondence of, with 'The Public Advertiser,' i. 255. Said to have asked for an Indian councillorship in 1779, ii. 172. India Bill, 220. His secession from Parliament, 304. Alleged breach of faith with Francis as to the governor-generalship, 352. Francis's opinion of his government, 363. Character of, Appendix, No. II. ii.

Francis, Sir Philip, his birth, 1740, and parentage, i. 1. Education, 4–12. Appointed to a clerkship in the Secretary of State's office, 13. Attached to General Bligh's expedition to Cherbourg, 19. Secretary to Lord Kinnoul's mission to Portugal, 26.

Returns to England, 48. His studies: occasional amanuensis to Pitt (Lord Chatham) in 1760, 52. Engagement and marriage with Miss Mackrabie, 54–58. First clerk in the War Office, 1762, 65. His first connection with the Press, 67. 'Public Ledger,' 69. 'Public Advertiser,' 71. His use of the initial C., 74. The 'Candor' pamphlet, 74–80, 99. Penmanship, 84. 'Enquiry into the Doctrine of Libels,' 85. Approves of George Grenville's American policy, 104, 162, 250. Anti-Sejanus, 104, 130. Cato Redivivus, 111. Atticus, 112. Letter to the Duke of Richmond, 119. Attacks Lord Chatham on his acceptance of a peerage, 1776, 121–124. His life in London at that period, 128, 130. Lusitanicus, 132. Onustus, 137. Poplicola, 140. Visit to Flanders, 1767, 146. 'The Grand Council,' 155. His work in the War Office at this time, 167. His opportunities for acquaintance with the interior of the several political parties, 168. First anonymous letter to Lord Chatham, 171. To George Grenville, 174. Memnon, 177. On the affair of Wilkes, 180. Attacks on the Duke of Grafton, 184. 'Bifrons,' 185. 'Fiat Justitia,' 189. Authorship of Junius, reasons for ascribing to him, 197-201; Appendix, No. IV. ii. His schemes for the purchase of land in America, i. 204. Proof of his connection with the 'Advertiser' in 1768, 217. Second anonymous letter to Grenville, 214. Illness, 218. His suggestions, ascribing the Junius letters to Burke, 220, 243. Christmas visits to his father at Bath, 222, 254, 269. Correspondence between Junius and Sir W. Draper, 224. His parliamentary reporting, 238. Aids Calcraft in the service of Lord Chatham after the Duke of Grafton's resignation, 240. Use of the post-office for sending letters to the newspaper, 242. Absence from town in the summer of 1770, 242–246. His letter to Calcraft on the courts of justice, 247, 363. His political and personal interest in the affair of the Falkland Islands, 248–253, 358. Change in his American politics, 250. Illness, March 1771, 260. Impaired prospects, 262. Tour in the country, 264. Position of, in the War Office, particularly described, 273. Quarrels

with Lord Barrington, 274. Leaves the War Office in March 1772, 280. His ingratitude to Calcraft, 282. His writings in 1768–1770, for other papers besides the 'Advertiser,' 299. Continental tour with Godfrey, 1772, 303–310, 364. Interview with the Pope, 311. Affectation of rakishness common to him and Junius, 316. Visits Ingress, after the death of Calcraft, 317. Visits his father at Bath, 319. Visits the Hague, and translates Pinto's 'Essay on Circulation,' 321, 366. His appointment to the Council of Bengal, 1773, 324, 367. Supposed causes of it, 325. Applications to him for Indian patronage, 328. His relations with Lord Barrington, 329–330. Visits Lord Clive in Shropshire, 331. First correspondence with Burke, 1773, 340. His pecuniary and family arrangements for his absence in India, 346, 350. Charged with parsimony, how far truly, 348. Leaves England, 351. His fragment of Autobiography, Appendix, No. I. i. Complaints of the Instructions under the Regulating Act. 368. His industry in writing, ii. 3. Character of, by Macaulay, 6. Pecuniary disinterestedness, 7. Voyage to India, 1774, 11–15. 'Hints for his own conduct,' 16. His house and establishment in India, 23. Plan addressed to Lord North for the government of India, 27. His conduct in the matter of Nuncomar's trial, 35. Winnings at whist, 40, 68. Troubles about Indian patronage, 41. Disagrees with Clavering, 43. 'Private memorandum' of proceedings in India, 44–64. His scheme for the 'perpetual settlement' of the land in Bengal, 70, 125. His struggle with Hastings described, 80. His 'Journal in India,' 83. Aids Clavering in the attempt to supersede Hastings, 1777, 87. Difference with Doyly, 89. Letter on government of India, 98. Correspondence about W. Burke, 103. Intercourse with Wheler, 117, &c. Increasing fortune, 122. Affair with Madame Grand, and action against by her husband, 136–150. Encouraged by W. Ellis in his hopes of the governor-generalship, 159, 192. Temporary reconcilement with Hastings, 1779, 175. Final breach, 192. Duel, 198. Leaves India: detention at St. Helena, 1781, 202. How received on his return to England, 203. Anonymous writing, 205. Edits (presumedly), the Booksellers' edition of Junius, 207. Domestic life, and income, 210. Cypher used by him, 214. Visits Lord Barrington at Bocket, 217. Visit to Spa, 1783, 218. To Paris, *ib.* Returned to the House of Commons for Yarmouth, 1784, 220. Speeches on Indian affairs, 224. Character as a speaker, 227. Excluded from the management of the impeachment of Hastings, 238. Visit to Nice, 1786, 247. To Ireland, 1787, 255. Social life and qualities, 265. Duelling experiences, 267. Returned for Blechingley, 279. Opinions on the French Revolution, and difference with Burke, 280. On Parliamentary Reform, 289. Style as a writer, 292. Moves to St. James's Square, 294. Opposes Fox's secession, and correspondence on it, 305. Intimacy with the Thanets, 315. Returned for Appleby, 1802, 318. Intimacy with the Prince of Wales, 319. His family affairs and losses, 338–344. His disappointment on not obtaining the governor-generalship of India in 1806, 350. Made a K.C.B., 355. Re-elected for Appleby in 1806, 357. Leaves Parliament, *ib.* 'Thoughts on the Regency Question,' 358. Opinion on the conduct of the Peninsular war, 369. Memorial of his claims, addressed to the Prince of Wales, 1812, 373. On missionary exertion in India, 375. Second marriage, 378. His conduct when suspected of the authorship of Junius, 385–393. Personal peculiarities, 394–400. Table talk, 403. Last illness and death, 413. Note of Mr. Parkes on his religious opinions, 418. Contents of his Library, Appendix, No. I. ii.

Francis, Dr., father of Sir Philip, his church preferments, i. 3. His establishment at Holland House, 13. His translation from the classics, 17. Opposes and resents his son's marriage, 58. Writes for the newspaper press on the side of Lord Bute, 61. The 'Political Theatre,' 81. Paralytic attack, 165. Letters to his son respecting Wilkes, 207. Correspondence with Calcraft on the education of his son, 216. Acquaintance with Sir W. Draper, 224. Return of illness, 262. Death, 320, 364. His remarks on Junius, Appendix, No. IV. i.

Francis, Catherine (Mrs. Cholmondeley), daughter of Sir P., marriage of, ii. 338

Francis, Elizabeth, daughter of Sir P., her death, ii. 342

Francis, Harriet, daughter of Sir P., her death at Nice, ii. 341

Francis, Mary (Mrs. Johnson), daughter of Sir P., her marriage, ii. 298

Francis, Philip, son of Sir P., i. 351. Sent to Harrow, ii. 69. Letter to Lord Thanet, 334. Marriage and family, 338. Reception at the Tuileries, 1802, 339. Anecdote of him and the Prince of Wales, 356

Francis, Tench (see pedigree), i. 2, 31

Francis, Turbutt, Colonel in American army (see pedigree), i. 2. His correspondence with Francis respecting the purchase of land in America, 245, 324, 442, &c.

GARRICK, his connection with 'The Public Advertiser,' i. 67. Letter to Woodfall, 292

George the Third, Junius's address to, i. 237. Letter to Lord North on Francis's application for office in India, 325. Story of his words to Gen. Desaguliers, 326

George the Fourth (Prince of Wales), marriage with Mrs. Fitzherbert, ii. 276. Intimacy with Francis, 319. Kindness to Francis in 1806, 355

Godfrey, Daniel, early friend of Francis, i. 128, 266. Accompanies Francis on his continental tour, 1772, 303. One of his trustees during his absence in India; correspondence with, ii. ch. i. ii.

Grafton, Duke of, becomes First Lord of the Treasury, 1766, i. 116. Attacks on him by 'Bifrons,' &c., 184. Junius on his marriage, 232. His Chancellorship of Cambridge, 234. Break up of his ministry, 237. Lord Privy Seal, 263

Grand, M. and Madame, affair with Francis, ii. 136. His action, 141. Her subsequent history, and marriage with Talleyrand, 142

Grant, Abbé, Francis's cicerone in Rome, i. 312

Grant, Charles, ii. 4, 119

Gravier, David, early friend of Francis, i. 128. Visits Flanders with him in 1767, 146

Grenville, George, Francis's approval of his American policy, i. 102, 137, 161, 250. First letter of C. to, 201. Second, 214

Grenville, Lord, i. 327. His reported knowledge of the Junius secret, ii. 354

Grey, Charles (Lord), motion on parliamentary reform, ii. 289. Letter from Fox to, 304

HASTINGS, Warren, appointed Governor-general of Bengal, i. 325. Hostility of Lord North's councillors to him, ii. 9, 14, 20. Rohilla War, 10, 52. Sends Maclean to tender his resignation, 21. Affair of Nuncomar, 35. Francis's account of his mode of government prior to 1774, 47. Of his early life and character, 58, 81. Recovers a majority in the Council by the death of Monson, 72. Defeats the attempt of Clavering and Francis to supersede him, 87. Marries Mrs. Imhoff, 92. His alleged intrigues on the arrival of Wheler, 113. His opinion on the government of dependencies, 165. Temporary reconcilement with Francis, 175. Final breach, 192. Duel, 198. Agitation in England respecting his conduct, 1783, 219. Leaves India in 1785, 220. Charges against him, and impeachment, 235. Acquittal, 302

Holland, First Lord, patron of Dr. Francis, i. 13. His share in the formation of Lord Bute's second ministry, 59. Conduct to Dr. Francis, 360. Verses supposed to be written by him, 388

Horne (Tooke), suspected of writing for 'The Public Advertiser,' i. 141. Correspondence with Junius, 1771, 264. Relations with Fox, ii. 449

Hutchinson, Lord, letter to Francis, ii. 371

Hyde, Justice of the Supreme Court of Bengal, ii. 12, 94, 142

IMPEY, Sir Elijah, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Bengal, ii. 12, 76, 94. Sails to India at the same time with the three councillors, *ib.* Trial of Nuncomar, 35. Of the case of Grand *v.* Francis, 142. Visit to Paris, 149. Joint attack on the Supreme Court by Francis and Hastings, 177. Accepts the Judgeship of the Sudder Dewanny on the instance of Hastings, 178. Recalled, 220, 252

Impey, E. B., memoir of his father by, quoted, ii. 76, 144, 149, 178
India House, debates in, on Lord North's Regulating Act, i. 341, 343, 367
'*Irenarch*,' the, supposed pamphlet of Junius, i. 101, 344

JESUITS, their expulsion from Portugal, i. 47. Burning of Jesuit books at Paris in 1761, 192–196
Johnson, Dr., his 'False Alarm,' i. 231
Junius, first use of the signature, Jan. 1769, i. 197. Mode of delivery of letters, 259. Conclusion of, 271. Legal knowledge displayed in, 272. Handwriting, *ib.* Observations on the preservation of the secret, 286. Literary and political characteristics of, 296. False claims to authorship of, 298. Conjectures as to origin of the signature, 301. 'Private letters,' notes by Mr. Parkes on the handwriting, &c. of, Appendix, No. II. i. 'Booksellers' edition' of, ii. 207. Peculiarities of style, 292. Mr. Parkes on characteristics of, Appendix, No. IV. ii.

KINNOUL, Lord, his mission to Portugal, i. 26–46, 355

LEMAISTRE, Justice of the supreme Court of Bengal, ii. 12, 58, 94
Lennox, Lady Sarah, pupil of Dr. Francis, married by him to Sir C. Bunbury, i. 360
Leslie, Colonel, his expedition and death, ii. 129, 136
Livius, Mr., ii. 25
'*Lowther grant*,' the, i. 177, 182, 187

MACAULAY, Lord, his essay on Warren Hastings and Clive, ii. 5, 87, 221
Mackintosh, travels of, ii. 3, 153. Francis's concern with, 205
Maclean, Laughlin, sent by Hastings to England to offer his resignation, ii. 21, 55
Macnamara, Captain, his duel with Harvey Aston, ii. 270
Mackrabie, Alexander, Francis's brother-in-law, goes to America on a mercantile speculation, i. 162. Francis's letters to him there, ch. v. vi. vii. His answers, Appendix. No. X. i. Returns to England, 324. Leaves it with Francis, 1774, as his private secretary, 351. Journal of the voyage out, ii. 11–15. Appointed Sheriff of Calcutta, 32. Diary of Calcutta life, extracts from, 37. Death, 75
Mackrabie, Elizabeth (Mrs. Francis), her marriage to Philip, i. 57. Pecuniary affairs during his absence in India, 349. Her domestic journal, ii. 2. Death, 343
Mansfield, Lord, his conduct in Rex *v.* Almon, i. 88. Attack on, 247. Mistake of Junius respecting his admitting Eyre to bail, 271. Case of Rex *v.* Woodfall, 363
Middleton, Nathaniel, resident in Oude, ii. 56, 157
Mill ('History of British India') his account of the final quarrel between Hastings and Francis, ii. 192
Monson, Colonel, appointed on the Council of Bengal, i. 325; ii. 15, 56. Death, 72
Monson, Lady Anne, ii. 13, 22

NAPOLEON, First Consul, reception at the Tuileries, ii. 339
Naylor, Mr., attached for contempt by the Supreme Court at Calcutta, ii. 187
North, Lord, i. 233. Becomes premier, 1770, 240. His Regulating Act, for India, 1773, i. 323. Appealed to by both parties in the Indian Council, ii. ch. i. ii. Indian letters of Francis to him, *ib.* Letter to Clavering, 106. Bristow's account of him, 180
Nuncomar, Rajah, his trial and execution, ii. 35

PARR, Dr., Character of Francis, ii. 229, 393
Paul's, St., schools, Francis educated at, i. ch. i. Excellence of penmanship there, i. 6
Pigott, Lord, his imprisonment at Madras, ii. 70
Pinto, Isaac, his 'Essay on Circulation,' i. 321
Pitt, Thomas, first Lord Camelford, his visit to Portugal, i. 30. Character, ii. 217
Pitt, William, his dislike of Francis, ii. 227. His change of policy on the impeachment of Hastings, 237. His ministry in 1805, 345. Character of, 467
Portland, Duke of, transfer of his crown

estate to Sir James Lowther, i. 177, 182

Portugal, mission to, i. 26. State of, as described by Francis, i. 34, 37, 40, 355. Letter to the Duke of Richmond on, 118. In 'The Public Advertiser,' 132. Duke of Wellington's campaigns in, ii. 369

Pownal, Governor, one of the alleged authors of Junius, i. 298

Price, Capt. Joseph, ii. 3. Cause of his hostility to Francis, 133, 134. His pamphlets against him, 207, 211

RAMUS, Henry, recommended to Francis for patronage, ii. 41

Ribouville, Mr., tutor to Francis's son, i. 351, 403. Letter to him, on education, Appendix, No. IX. i.

Richmond, Charles, third Duke of, i. 120, 325

Robinson, Mr., Secretary to the Treasury under Lord North, i. 342

Rockingham, ministry, first, fall of, i. 115. Party, 362. Marquis, character of, ii. 467

Rosenhagen, Philip, schoolfellow of Francis, i. 8. Answers Dr. Johnson's 'False Alarm,' 231. His absence from England during the Junian period, 261. Account of him in Paris, 1772, 309; ii. 274. Letter to Francis on Indian affairs, ii. 222. Refuses to marry the Prince of Wales to Mrs. Fitzherbert, 275. Archdeacon of Colombo, 277. Death, *ib.*

Rumbold, Sir T., sent to Madras, ii. 128. His proceedings there, 188, 211

SANDWICH, Earl of, private letter to Woodfall, i. 281

Scott, Major, agent of Hastings, ii. 175, 237

Shee, Mr. (Sir George), witness in the Grand case, ii. 141

Sheridan, R. B., anecdote of, ii. 360. Relations with Fox, 449

Shore (Lord Teignmouth), assists Francis in his Indian minutes, ii. 4

Smith, Lieut. Lucius, a correspondent of Francis in India, ii. 113, 120

Stanhope, Lord, his account of Indian affairs in 1773, quoted, i. 322

Stanley, Hans, his mission to Paris in 1761, i. 55. His despatch about the burning of the Jesuit books, 194. His death, 330

Strachey, Sir Henry, correspondent of Francis, i. 334; ii. ch. i. ii.

Sulivan, Mr., Director of the East India Company and friend of Hastings, ii. 195, 217

Sutton, Sir Richard, his quarrel with Francis, ii. 267

TALLEYRAND, his marriage with Madame Grand, ii. 143

Taylor, John, 'Junius identified,' i. 200; ii. 383 *n.* Letter from, on 'Bookseller's edition' of Junius, ii. 207

Temple, Lord, authorship of 'Candor' attributed to him, i. 78, 85

Thanet, Lord and Lady, intimacy of Francis with, ii. 315. Letters to, ch. iv. v.

Thicknesse, George, head-master of St. Paul's school, i. 5; ii. 259, 279. *Philip*, his brother, ii. 279

Tierney, George, ii. 307, 449

Tilghman (or Tilman), Richard, American cousin of Francis (see pedigree). Studies law in England, i. ch. vii. Supposed to have supplied law to Junius, i. 267. Returns to America, 269. His letters from thence to Francis, Appendix, No. X. i. Joins Francis in India, ii. 30, 98, 111. Comes to England with him, 202. Return to India, and death, 232

Townsend, Viscount, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in 1767, attacks on, in 'The Public Advertiser,' i. 148. His caricatures, 149, 153

VETERAN, letter of, to Lord Barrington, i. 276

WALPOLE, Horace, i. 237. Private letter to Woodfall, 281

Watkins, Emma (Lady Francis), i. 11. Marriage, ii. 378. Her reminiscences, account of, 383

Wellington, Duke of, criticism of Francis on his Portuguese campaign, ii. 369

Whitbread, Mr., Francis respecting him, ii. 404

Wilkes, statements of Francis respecting, and connection with, i. 78, 180, 207. Relations of with Junius, ii. 549

Windham, Mr., his admiration of Francis, ii. 228. Letter on Catholic claims, 346

WOO

Wood, Robert, Secretary to the Treasury, early patron of Francis, i. 18, 358 *n.*

Woodfall, Henry Sampson, account of, i. 70. His relations with Francis and with Junius discussed, ch. vii.; Appendix, No. IV. ii. Whether cognisant of the authorship of Junius, i. 288

YOR

Woodfall, William, called 'Memory Woodfall,' i. 293

YORK, Duke of, Francis on proceedings in the House of Commons respecting, ii. 357

THE END.

LONDON
PRINTED BY SPOTTISWOODE AND CO.
NEW-STREET SQUARE.

Specimen of the current epistolary hand writing of Francis

Mydearest, dearest Betsy.

This is the only Christian-like looking Town that I have seen since I left London, & we are just entered. Our Journey has been as prosperous as we could expect, tho' we have seen nothing yet but the bare face of the Country. The Dutchess of Bedford, & be d—d to her, wo^d. not let us see Wooburn Abbey, which we all greatly regret.

Si quid apud vos auctoritas mea ponderis
habeb, in iis præsertim rebus, quas vos
audistis, ego pené cerno, magno opere vos
et hortor et moneo, ut his proviciis
seriùs vos quidem, quàm decuit, sed
aliquando tamen Consulatis. —

vide .... Cic. Ep. ad Familiares.
15. 1. —

Lord Mansfield then said it was true he had
concealed his Opinion upon the Middlesex Election,
& had commissioned a Friend to make that Declaration
for him in the House of Commons; but he had never
said, ~~that~~ he should carry his Opinion with him
to his Grave. On the Contrary, he was as
ready as any Man to deliver his Sentiments
if ever the Question came, in a parliamentary
& constitutional Way, before him. — As for the
rest, he had no Connexion or Correspondence
with the Ministry, consequently his Advice
could neither have been offered nor demanded.)

Aprops, since it is
not impossible, tho highly improbable that my
eldest Girls ~~ ~~ ~~ ~~ may have
Proposals ..... I hereby give
you full and entire Authority to act for me in
that Case. In Addition to the ordinary Precautions
taken on such Occasions, observe that Rank
..... in Life ..... must be
attended to. —

Author of "Candor" to Woodfall.

Sir Excuse this second trouble. In the additions which I sent this morning to Candors Letter, I recollect inadvertently to have thrown in, speaking of Perjury, the words wilful & corrupt Perjury; now I beg the favour of your not forgetting to strike out wilful & as slipping under my pen by mistake. And if you reprint the Letter with the additions & alterations alluded to, I beg you to transpose the addition last mentioned in the following manner

were words of course like corrupt in an Indictment for Perjury or like those in an Indictment for murder &c

Nothing but haste made me do otherwise at first. I have nothing further to add, unless it be that, it was Sir Samuel Bernardiston & not Sir Barnardiston; And that you may if you please instead of plain Your humble servant conclude Letter by saying I am Sir &c

Candor

friday

for

it is essentially necessary that the inclosed should be published to morrow, as the great Question comes on on Monday, & Lord Granby is already staggered.

if You sh. receive any answer to it, You will oblige me much by not publishing it, till after Monday.

C

Sir

I return you the letters you sent me yesterday. A man, who can neither write common English, nor spell, is hardly worth attending to. It is probably a trap for me. However I shall be glad to know what the fool means. If he writes again, open his letter, & if it contains any thing worth my knowing send it. otherwise not.

Instead of C in the usual place — say only a letter, when you have occasion to write to me again. — I shall understand you.

00021393

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 26 June, 2018